THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".

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No. 1.—Vol. I. APRIL, 1899.

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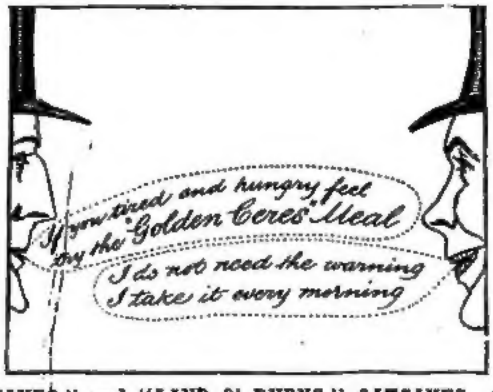

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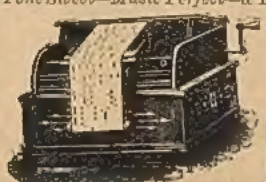

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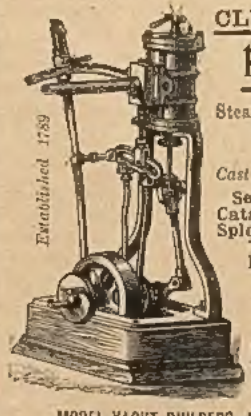

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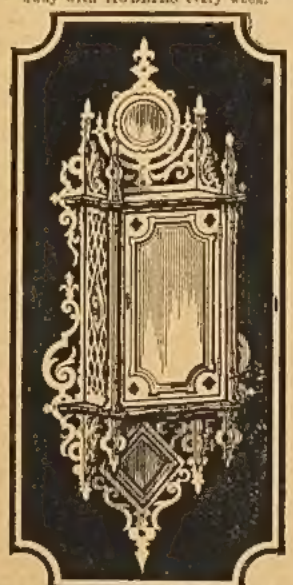

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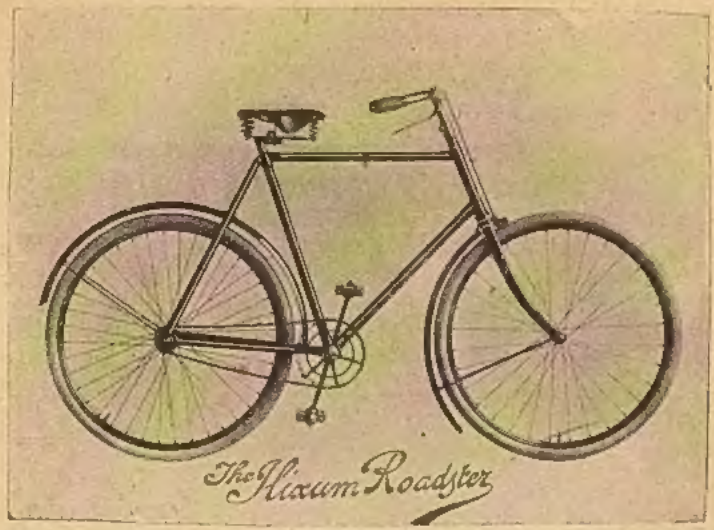

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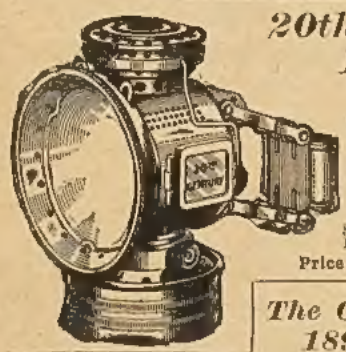

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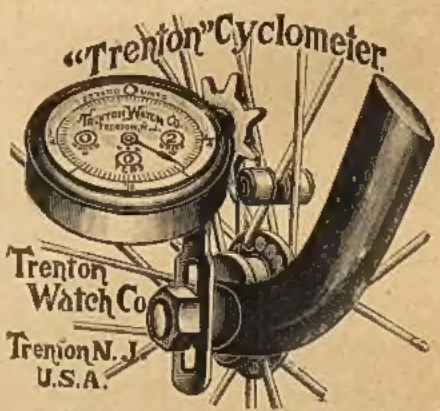

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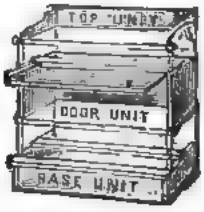

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LONDON COLOUR PRINTING COMPANY, EXMOOR STREET, NORTH KENSINGTON.

MR. HENTY AT WORK IN HIS STUDY

Drawn from life for THE CAPTAIN *by Walker Hodgson.*

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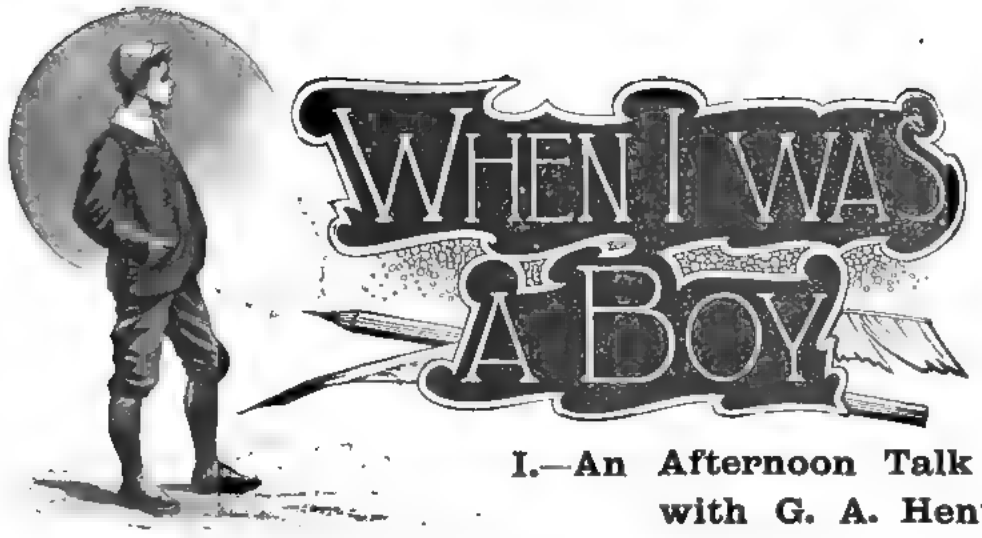


I.—An Afternoon Talk with G. A. Henty.

By George Knight.

"WANT to know about my boyhood, eh?" said Mr. Henty. He is a big, "comfortable" man, whose clothes "fit where they touch him." A well-worn sofa stood by the window side of his writing table, and he lay upon it in an attitude suggestive of a strong inclination to doze. He might have been asleep for the thirty seconds which followed his remark, only that people do not smoke in their sleep, and the white puffs were stealing out between Mr. Henty's grey moustache and flowing grey beard, which parted elsewhere to admit the stem of a charred brown briar.

"Yes, please," ventured the interviewer. The observation recalled the novelist from his reverie.

"I spent my boyhood—to the best of my recollection," he began, "in bed."

The interviewer tried to look as if that were the usual way of getting through the period in question. Mr. Henty smiled genially and explained.

"I was a very weakly youngster," he went on; "they did not expect me ever to see 'man's estate' at all. Until I was fourteen I was practically a confirmed invalid. The life of one invalid is pretty much like that of another, isn't it? So now you know all about my boyhood."

And Mr. Henty returned to his pipe and his lounge with infinite relish. After the lapse of several moments, he looked up and found the interviewer still waiting patiently.

"Haven't I told you enough?" he asked.

The interviewer sighed, and Mr. Henty melted.

"I'll try and remember some more," he said, and fell to sucking thoughtfully at his briar.

"I was born in Trumpington, near Cambridge," he decided, upon reflection, "in 1832—December 8th—went to Canterbury at the age of five, and remained there till I was ten years old. We lived in a fine old house whose garden went down to the River Stour. There were grand trout in the Stour in those days; I have seen a score of them together off the bank at the garden end. No doubt the stream is polluted now—I fancy I have heard so. But it was through living in such a spot that my mind was turned towards the study of plants and insects. Not that I know much of botany—I am more of an entomologist. But both helped me to beguile many a long day in the saddle or on foot in after years, when I was far enough away from dear old Canterbury.

"My first school? Oh, when I wasn't (as I've told you I generally was) in bed, I used to attend a dame's school. But that didn't amount to much. When I was laid up I read ravenously—all sorts, romance, adventure, indeed, anything and everything. My grandfather was deeply interested in general scientific matters, and when my tastes showed them-

selves in sympathy with his, I got all the assistance I wanted. With the microscope and its workings I soon became familiar. The result was that at fourteen, though I knew little of Latin and Greek, my head was crammed with a store of general knowledge which I should not have had time to acquire later in life, but which has helped me greatly in writing my books. Indeed, my early life as boy and man might, as I look back on it now, have been expressly designed to equip me for the profession which I have followed so long.

AFTER THE CRIMEA—AGED 23.

"From Canterbury I came, when only ten, to London, and went to a private school which was kept by a Mr. Pollard. It stood, by Brompton Church, on the spot where the Oratory is now, and contained about sixty boys, mostly boarders. But my ill-health still interfered with my education. Before I was fourteen I had had a formidable list of more or less serious ailments, among them being rheumatic fever. Also, I suffered from a curious and rather rare affection—a tendency to profuse bleeding from the gums. I forget how many physicians consulted over me, but they dosed me so thoroughly with 'camphine,' which was then the specific for my particular trouble, that Dr. Southy (a well-known specialist of the time) gave an extraordinary warning to my nurses.

"'I don't say,' said he, 'that if you put a light to him he will catch fire, but I advise you not to risk it.' He told them also that I was not to be allowed to handle pins, forks, or other sharp instruments, for if I pricked myself in my then condition, I should infallibly bleed to death.

MR. HENTY AT 45.

"At fourteen I went to Westminster School, then under Liddell, afterwards, of course, Dean of Christchurch. I was not a boarder—only what they called a 'half-boarder'—had my breakfast and dinner at school and slept at home. While at Westminster I had a very painful experience. Before I went there, I am ashamed to say, I wrote poetry, and what is more—owing to the well-meant, but mistaken, kindness of a friend—published, or rather printed it. There was an assortment of verse in the book. I forget most of it now, but the long poem—of course there was a long poem!—told of a 'fair lady' who was beloved by a regular 'bad lot.' He arranged that a band of ruffians should sweep down on her, and make as if to carry her off, when he was to appear on the scene and 'rescue' her, trusting that her gratitude would lead her to relent and become his bride. Obviously the true lover—all fair ladies have a true lover, haven't they?—got wind of the plot, and everything came right.

MR. HENTY AT 28.

"Well, I was very proud of having my work in print, and mentioned the subject at Westminster. I wished I hadn't for a long while after. How I was bullied! It seemed as if the whole school bore a personal animosity towards poets and poetry. But perhaps they meant no harm—I expect they looked upon my publishing the unlucky book as a bit of 'side' unworthy of a self-respecting scholar of Westminster, and so resented it accordingly.

"It was at Westminster that I first realised the incompleteness of an education which does not include a knowledge of boxing. Very early in my Westminster career I met a bully, defied him, challenged him, and was licked off-hand. Well I might be, for fisticuffs was a new science to me. But I soon changed all that. When I got out of Westminster into Cambridge

I improved myself still further. Nat Langham gave me some very useful lessons. He was the only man, by the way, who ever beat Tom Sayers. So it would have gone hard but he could teach me a great deal.

"Boating in my time was the great feature of Westminster athletics. Boating or cricket, you had your choice, but once you had made it you had to make yourself perfect in one or other game. If you did not attend to business you were licked. Fellows rowed then, and played cricket then. They had to.

"Where did we row? On the Thames, off Westminster. Where St. Thomas's Hospital is now was then the site of the boat-houses. The 'jacks' used to come across for us and take us over. But when the embankments were built the current was greatly increased. Then the steamers cut up the Westminster rowing awfully, and it went all to pieces. The old Westminsters' Club tried to move the sport to Putney, and gave the school boats and launches, but it never regained its old standing as a rowing centre.

"For all we were known best as a boating school, we were a great cricketing one as well. At one time we had five Westminster men in the All England eleven. That is a record that will take a lot of beating, I think. I know we were proud of it.

"No, I wasn't a cricketing fellow myself. I chose rowing to begin with, and you couldn't manage them both at Westminster. The standard of each was too high. But I have played cricket—under pressure. Once at Cambridge a team of boating men were to play one of cricketers. The boating men were short, and I went in to make up. To my surprise and delight, I got together a score of four against one of the 'Varsity bowlers! I had made sure of getting a duck's egg. Another time I had even greater luck—though I don't know if it ought not to be called by a stronger term. I was playing in a scratch team, 'Married *v.* Single,' down at Porchester. I was a 'married,' and in my first over put up a ball into the hands of my groom, who was among the 'singles.' He dropped it—I do not pause to ask how; he did drop it, and that was enough. I went on and hit up the largest score on our side. But the 'singles' put my hapless servitor where he couldn't do any more harm—at all events, while I was batting.

"When I was at Cambridge I was a sort of walking skeleton, though I did measure 42ins. round the chest. When, later on, I

INVITATION CARD OF SAVAGE CLUB DINNER TO LORD KITCHENER, AT WHICH MR. HENTY PRESIDED.

filled out to something like my present proportions, and when, since then, I have been down to the Caius annual dinners—that was my college—while I knew most of the fellows of my own standing, not one recognised me. When I was nineteen I had only weighed nine and a-half stone—now, unhappily, I am over seventeen.

"When I came to take to the wild trade of a war correspondent I thanked my stars that my youthful experience had made me a pretty good man with my hands. I learned to wrestle before I was twenty—from Jamieson, of Newcastle. He was at one time champion of the Cumberland style. Those experiences came in handy with the Garibaldian camp-followers in Italy. I learned from experiment that, if necessary, I could deal with about four of them at once, and they were the sort of gentry who would make no bones about getting one down and stabbing one, if they got the chance. And when, coming down country from the Abyssinian business, the Gallas stopped us, and proposed to loot the entire caravan, I was able to half-choke the life out of the gentleman who tackled me personally.

"By the way, I ought to credit Westminster with one thing. She did give me a good drilling in Latin—not elegant Latin, but good, every-day, colloquial stuff. The school was great on Terence, and then, as now, used to act the comedies—the Queen scholars were the players, but everybody else had to get them up. When I went out to the Crimea, and, later, to Italy, I found that every-day Latin perfectly invaluable. It was the key to modern Italian—and a very good key, too. But more than that, it meant that wherever I could come across a priest I had a friend and an interpreter. Without my recollections of Terence I really don't know where I should have been when I first tackled life as a war correspondent.

"Boating, to which Westminster introduced me, has always remained a passion with me. Roberts, the man from whom we got our boats on the Surrey side, had a half-decker which I learned to handle. When I was stationed at Belfast I had a ten tonner. When I gave up going abroad some twelve years ago, I started again with a sixteen tonner, went on to a thirty-two, and finished up with one of eighty-three, my present possession, the 'Egret.' And now I really think I have told you all I can remember about my boyhood, as well as a great deal that doesn't really come under that description."

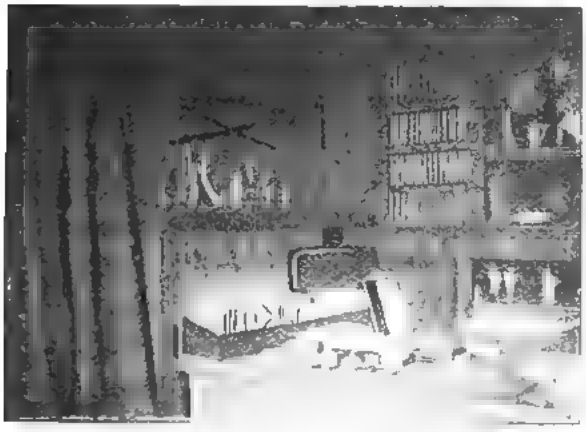
Photograph by *Kirk, Cowes.*

MR. HENTY'S YACHT "THE EGRET."

"And what happened next?" demanded the

interviewer mercilessly. Mr. Henty resigned himself to the inevitable, refilled his pipe, and lit it.

"I went in for a burst of hard reading at



WHERE MR. HENTY WRITES HIS STORIES.

Cambridge. I hadn't been as industrious as I might, and when I realised that I had to buckle to I read night and day for about three weeks. It knocked me over, as you may guess, and I went down for a year. That spell of 'rest' had a good deal of influence upon my career, for in it I went into Wales to a place where my father had a coal mine and iron works. Once, in the future, at a critical time in my career as war correspondent, that experience gave me a sort of right to call myself an engineer. It was when the Italian fleet sailed into Ancona harbour after the Lissa fight. Reporting myself as an English engineer who wished to study the effects of the gun-fire in what was practically the first battle between iron-clads, I got on board, and was able to write home a series of articles for the *Standard*, which ran to fourteen columns, and was quoted and discussed all the world over. A curious connection, isn't it—between iron in Wales and a fleet in Italian waters?

"Soon after I went up to Cambridge again the war with Russia broke out, and, being offered an appointment in the commissariat department of the army, left the 'Varsity for good in order to get out to the Crimea—everyone was wild to go. A year later I was invalided home, unfortunately, but remained in the service for five years altogether, being stationed first at Belfast and then at Portsmouth, where I was in charge of the whole South-West of England. Seeing no great prospect of promotion, I left the Army and took, in the end, to the profession of a war correspondent. I had acted as correspondent for the *Advertiser* during my experience in the Crimea, and, thanks to that and to my knowledge of Italian, I obtained an appointment on the staff of the *Standard* and went out to Italy."

"How was it you understood Italian?"

"Oh, I had been out there twice. Once, when I was in the service, I was sent out to organise the hospitals in the Italian Legion, and once to look after a mining property. I was about nine months away on each occasion.

"That was in '66—in '67 my first novel appeared, in '68 my first boy's book—'Out on the Pampas,' it was called. Then came 'The Young Franc-Tireurs.' Since then there have been—*those!*'"

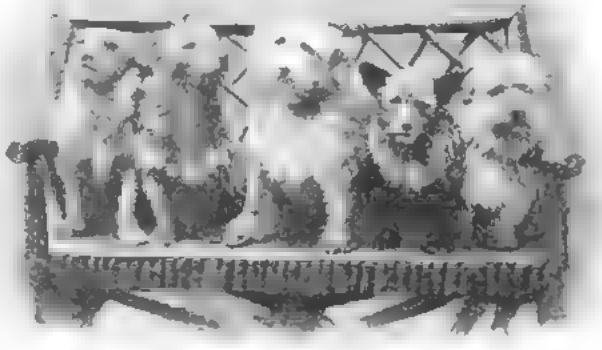
Mr. Henty pointed to a compartment of a massive bookcase. Three feet or so wide and five or six shelves deep, it was filled with rows of volumes bound in green calf and gilt lettered.

"How many?" asked the interviewer.

The author laughed.

"On my word, I don't know," he said, "ninety or thereabouts."

What a show in a library catalogue!—only to be challenged by that of Miss Braddon.



A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.—SOME OF MR. HENTY'S PETS.

"You like writing?" the interviewer put the question, yet felt that it was a foolish one.

"I do three books a year," was the answer, "and I wouldn't leave them undone if I had

to do them for nothing." But I can't work anywhere else but here."

"Here" was Mr. Henty's "room"—a fine bay-windowed chamber, hung with a wonderful French paper, for all the world like tapestry. Against it the trophies of arms from the Crimea, Japan, Ashanti, India, and Abyssinia look handsome without being "shoppy." Mr. Henty is very proud of that paper.

"Like to see the dogs?" suggested the novelist, and forthwith a canine invasion took place. Nice little beasts, Mr. Henty's dogs are, rough-coated Scotch terriers, Pompey, Cæsar, Jack, and Rough, respectively. But don't they yelp when they scent a stranger! Mr. Henty has to be extravagantly friendly to the visitor in order to assure them that he is not, at the least, a ticket-of-leave man or a pickpocket. Jack has to be muzzled on his first introduction—five minutes after, he is as friendly as the rest. Rough is a yellow fellow, with wonderful eyes, and a knack of sitting up with his paws on your knee that would—the knack, that is—melt the heart of a stone idol. There is another dog—Prince. Prince is a mystery. He is own brother to Jack and Pompey, and yet he is a graceful little dandy of a Yorkshire-terrier-Italian-greyhound cross. He has the most engaging manners, and had he been small enough to go into the deep pocket of a frieze overcoat, Mr. Henty would have missed him when the interviewer took his departure.

Photograph by Treble, Clapham Junction.

MR. HENTY AS HE IS TO-DAY.

One question Mr. Henty had yet to be asked, though with tact. It came in his form:—

"Are war correspondents ever afraid—under fire, for instance?" Mr. Henty pondered.

"No," he decided. "At first you are too flustered really to be afraid, and when you get used to that you've got your business to think about. You're there for a purpose, you must remember. Besides, use enables one to estimate danger very quickly, and often that estimate reveals the fact that there is no danger at all. You know, I got out of Paris during the Commune, and went to join the Versailles people. We used to go up on to Meudon to watch the enemy's firing. When the flash showed at the far-off battery, one listened for the shell—that horrible whistle growing louder and louder as the shell travelled towards one. Until it was about thirty yards away it was impossible to tell if it was coming within dangerous proximity or not. Thirty yards off the sound altered if it were moving at an angle that would carry it out of range. If the sound didn't alter one fell flat on one's face, if it did one stood still. A matter of nerve, perhaps, but nerve backed up by knowledge

"But in no case is artillery fire really dangerous except at point-blank range. With elevation, shells don't do much damage unless they drop straight on top of you. Why, in the Turco-Servian war I was with some four thousand men on a knoll twice the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Into that space the enemy dropped three thousand shells in eight hours and killed—three or four men! One chance in a thousand wasn't worth being afraid of. Well, good-bye, and good luck to THE CAPTAIN!"

The subject of next month's interview will be

Dr. W. G. GRACE.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Winchester

F. D. H. JOY

Ernest Shears

ETON

Hurstpierpoint

P.S. Sheffie.

Oundle

Norman. R. Campbell

Rossall

H. Fyson

Brighton College

Sherborne

L. G. Sunderland.

P.L. King

Leatherhead

C L. Woolley

Charterhouse

W. D. Sturrock

Radley

G. H. Marel.

Eastbourne

G. E. Soames.

(FIRST SERIES.)

The Poets' "Gentleman."

A man, a true gentleman, will always pay back small benefits, and he will always forget small injuries. That is essential to his own self-respect.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

SIR LANCELOT, as became a noble knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the same
In open battle or the tilting-field,
Forbore his own advantage; and the king,
In open battle or the tilting-field,
Forebore his own advantage; and these two
Were the most nobly-mannered men of all;
For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

TENNYSON.

Olivia: "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." —"I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon."

SHAKESPEARE.

He made
His answers with a very graceful bow,
As if born for the ministerial trade.
Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow
Nature had written "gentleman." He said
Little, but to the purpose; and his manner
Flung hovering graces o'er him like a banner.

BYRON.

Where virtue is, there is
A nobleman, although
Not where there is a nobleman
Must virtue be also.

DANTE.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme that he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
Trouthe and honour, freedom and curteisie.

* * *

And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yit no vileynye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight,
He was a verray perfight gentil knight.

CHAUCER.

My mother! he, whom Nature at his birth
Endowed with virtuous qualities, although
An Æthiop and a slave, is nobly born.

COWPER.

He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honey'd tongue;
He's social with the grey-haired one, and merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech, or joins the rustic game;
And shines as Nature's gentleman in every place the same.

ELIZA COOK.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be? . . .
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won . . .
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended.

MILTON.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let old and young accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

THE London coach swung round an angle of the road and took the steep rise as it had never been known to take it before.

The three bays and the grey seemed to understand all about it, and in the twinkle of an eye the yellow-bodied vehicle had gained the top, and was rattling down the long mile of hill which led to the village at a hand gallop.

Dust flew in clouds on to the hedgerows, and half hid the white bills with which the coach had been placarded; the seven outside passengers got ready to shout again as they had been doing all the way from town; and Toby, the guard, blew such a blast from his horn that every living being within earshot started at the sound.

THE LONDON COACH SWUNG ROUND AN ANGLE OF THE ROAD.

Old Mark, the shepherd, on the hill, and young Mark, his son, climbed on to a stile to look down into the road, and old Mark said, "Run, lad, an' get the news, for news there be."

And there *was* news, as the ancient stone-breaker presently heard, for the seven outside passengers, and Toby, the guard, and "Amersham Joe," the driver, all filled their lungs as the coach swayed past him, seated in his usual corner, and yelled in chorus, "Another victory! a great victory! huzza for Old England, huzza!"

"Huzza!" cried the ancient stone-breaker, getting up as fast as his rheumatics would allow him. "Not another stroke will I do this day," and he hobbled after the coach.

He had drawn a sabre himself in Burgoyne's Light Horse, but though that was "nigh on forty year agone," the fire re-kindled in his sunken eye as he shambled towards the distant gables of the "Peacock," before which the whole village would be speedily assembled to hear the news of the battle!

It was a fine September morning, the September of 1812; with a light mist wreathing among the mellow woods, and the blue smoke curling straight upwards from the "Peacock's" twisted chimneys.

There was always a knot of people to see the

coach change horses there, when that echoing horn had heralded its arrival, but as Toby was never known to sound until they had passed Dead Man's Copse unless for some very special reason, whisper went round in that mysterious way that whisper has, and the whole village poured out to see.

They came running, and laughing, and tumbling over each other across the green—at least the children did, and their elders were little more sedate.

Cobble, the tailor, did not stay to put on his coat, nay, he even forgot to lay aside the schoolmaster's black small-clothes which he was patching; and Humphrey Weld, the smith, who was shoeing a farm-horse at the time, ran up as the coach stopped with a bar of red-hot iron in his pincers, and a hammer in the other hand.

in as many plunges, and lunges, and terrified snortings, until the sergeant was fain to raise his hand and bid the drummers stop.

Then copies of the *Gazette* and the *London Evening Post* were handed down from the coach top, and those who could read retailed the two months' old intelligence to their less accomplished brethren, while the perspiring ostlers managed to put the horses to.

"We're eight minutes behind time; let 'em go!" growled the driver. And with another joyous tooting from Toby, and frantic cheers from the crowd and the seven outside passengers—who had begun to look upon themselves somehow as heroes—the coach started forward with a jerk that shot a solitary old lady inside into the straw on the bottom, together with a bushel of packages.

"HIP, HIP, HUZZA!" CRIED THE CROWD.

"Victory!" shouted the seven outside passengers. "A great victory has been fought at Salamanca, and the French driven out of Madrid. We have captured two eagles, and six colours, and seven thousand prisoners!" And they summed up the whole thing, with all its remaining details, in a wild cheer, which was continued by the crowd.

A portly individual, in a scarlet coat with yellow facings, and a sergeant's sash girt about his ample waist, took off his shako — gaily decked with recruiting ribbons—and waved it in the air, at the same time motioning to three little drummers in yellow, who seized their drumsticks and beat an inspiriting roll.

"God save the king, gentlemen all!" cried the sergeant. "And sing it with a will!" And they did sing it—in many keys; and the ostlers with the fresh team went capering madly all over the road for full five minutes. For the fresh team objected to the drums, and said so

She was a very deaf old lady, who could not understand the tumult in the least, and before she had recovered her seat and rescued her luggage, the coach had passed on its way, and was gone.

Scarcely had it disappeared beyond the schoolhouse than a hale, middle-aged gentleman and a handsome, curly-headed lad trotted out of a by-lane on two well-bred roadsters, to be greeted by a loud shout of welcome.

"Three cheers for Squire Mortimer and the young master!" cried Humphrey Weld, and the hearty response showed the local popularity of the new comers.

"Thank you, my good friends," said the squire, laughing all over his clean-shaven, healthy face. "But perhaps you'll tell us what this uproar is about? All the world and his wife in front of the 'Peacock' at eleven of a forenoon savours of something unusual, and we could hear the shouting at the far end of the home meadow."

The recruiting sergeant, swelling with importance as beseemed a soldier under the circumstances, took on himself the office of spokesman, and advanced with a copy of the news-sheet in his hand.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "Boney is beat, and the Marquis of Wellington is in Madrid!"

He delivered himself of these words with such magnificent emphasis that the little tailor thought it would be a good opportunity to cheer again, and was in the act of waving the dominie's nether garments in the air, when the dominie himself gently rescued them.

"I am delighted to hear it, sergeant," cried the squire, running his eye quickly over the despatch as he sat in the saddle. "Good news, indeed; and not the least of the good in it is that we may now hope to see the backs of you and your drummers, sergeant, for you have hardly left us a young fellow in these parts. My son and I had to jump every gate this morning, since there was no one to open them for us."

"In truth, squire, we'd rather you saw our backs than the French," said the sergeant, slily.

"A brave answer," laughed the squire, "and here's a crown to drink confusion to Boney. Why, there goes the flag on the church tower. Sexton John is keeping pace with the times in spite of his fourscore years."

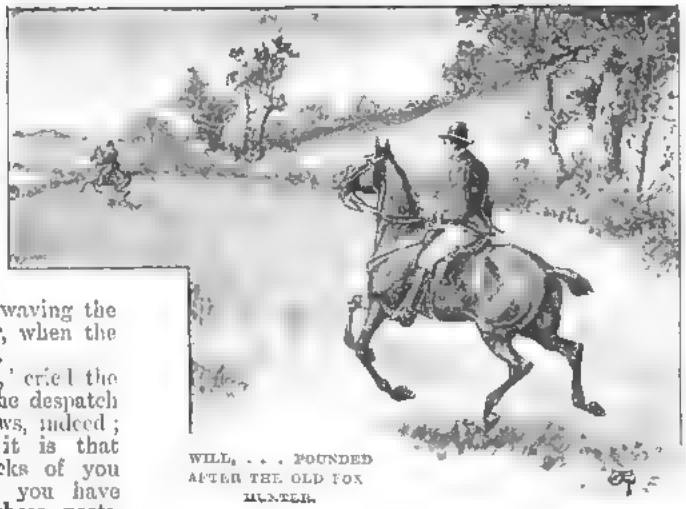
All eyes were turned towards the square of grey masonry, old as the Plantagenets, and there floated the British ensign above the tree tops, the fresh wind fluttering the folds against the rolling sky.

"Hip, hip, huzza!" cried the crowd, the squire leading with his hunting whip; but Master Mortimer sat silent on his horse, biting his ruddy lips, and devouring every detail of the sergeant's uniform, from the figure of Britannia on the front of his shako to the black cloth gaiters that clad his well-filled calves.

Behind the sergeant stood the three little drummers, and while they glanced respectfully at the young master, envying him his green riding coat and the silvered spurs on the heels of his top-boots, he in his turn was thinking how willingly he would have exchanged everything he possessed for one of those coarse, yellow jackets with the white tape braiding on the sleeves, and even have carried the heavy drum if it only would have made a soldier of him.

"Heigho!" he sighed to himself. "I will ask the squire again for the hundredth time before we return from our ride, and if he won't consent—I'll run away and take the king's shilling!"

But Will Mortimer's patience was to undergo more than one trial before the resumption of that ride; for who should come up but the doctor, and after him, the parson, which meant three cheers apiece from the villagers, and a three-cornered argument of some length from the squire.



WILL . . . FOUNDED AFTER THE OLD FOX HUNTER.

When the argument was finished, the doctor, who was a jovial blade, looked first at the squire and then at the open door of the "Peacock."

"Squire," said he, "yonder, as we all know, is a cosy parlour with a rose-grown porch looking out upon the bowling green, where it would be a loyal act to quaff a tankard of 'nutbrown' in honour of our successes."

"Nay," interposed the parson, settling his cocked hat on his ample bagwig; "ale is well enough, but this is no vulgar victory. 'Tis but a step to the parsonage, where we will toast the conquerors in a magnum of my port." And he had turned to lead the way when the squire stopped him.

Mr. Mortimer had been watching his son out of the corner of his grey eye, marking the impatience in his face, and the ill-concealed admiration with which he regarded the sergeant.

"Parson," cried he, gathering up his reins, "I must excuse myself to-day. To-morrow we shall expect you to dine with us, and you, doctor, if you will do us the honour. Come along, Will, my son; a mouthful of this sweet morning is worth all the port in Christendom," and with a wave of their whips they started off at a brisk trot.

"Parson," said the doctor, as the two cronies watched them put their nags at a hazel hedge and vanish out of view, "there go the pride of the county—a man with the heart of a boy still, and a boy who is the manliest lad from here to London town."

At the gate of the parsonage the worthy old gentleman stopped and looked at his companion with his hand on the latch.

"Think you yon lad's shoulders are broad enough for the King's Red Coat, doctor?" he said.

"Aye, surely," replied his friend; "and that is where he and his father are at outs, as all the village knows."

"Then, mark me," said the parson, with a smile, "they will be at outs no longer. This news from Spain will conquer the squire's last opposition—but not a word in the meantime," and the good man led the way into a trim garden full of mignonette, and sweet scents, and tortoise shell butterflies hovering gorgeously wherever one looked.

* * * * *

When Squire Mortimer and Will took the hazel hedge together, they found themselves in a large tract of pasture land, known as Ten-acre Mead, through which the little river came winding in great bends under the pollard willows.

Will, a thoughtful frown on his face, and the tell-tale colour coming and going in his cheeks, had opened his mouth three times in as many horse-lengths to speak, but the squire kept persistently ahead, and as often as Will got level with him, so he would touch the roadster with his heel and start away again.

"Father!" cried Will.

"We'll breathe them as far as the mill," shouted the squire, breaking into a hand gallop.

"But, father!"

"Halloo, halloo!" cried the squire, who either could not or would not listen to him, and poor Will, his heart swelling with vexation, pounded after the old fox-hunter, until the rushing of the wind and the glorious exhilaration of the pace banished the frown altogether.

Into the lane, over, and out again; sending a flock of black-faced sheep helter-skelter up the hill-side, where they clustered together and bleated their disapproval; starting a hare from her form in the stubble, and a covey of partridges, which latter made the squire rein in on the ridge of the field and watch their flight.

This was Will's opportunity, and he was not slow to grasp it.

"Father," said he, riding up alongside and allowing his black mare to shunt out her neck, "I have been trying to speak to you ever since we left the 'Peacock.'"

The squire looked at him, and said: "What is it, my boy?" and then gravely pretended to count the covey.

"You know what it is, sir," said Will, very red from a variety of causes. "The war will be over before you have made up your mind. Three of our fellows received commissions at Bartlemy-tide; fourteen of the village men have 'listed for the 9th Regiment only this week, everyone is going, and I have to return to Westminster and hear all about other fellows' brothers storming trenches—and fellows, too, that I've licked over and over again—why, sir, Roger Massey wasn't fourteen when he got his ensigney in the Guards, and I shall be sixteen next week!"

Poor Will's voice was very pathetic, and his eyes were suspiciously moist as they fixed themselves on his father's face with anxious expectation.

"Oh," said the squire, suddenly turning towards him. "So everyone is going, eh? I intend to stay where I am, and I don't think the parson has any thoughts of enlisting."

"You always make fun of it, father," said Will. "But it is very serious to me."

The squire leaned forward and laid a kindly hand on the lad's shoulder.

"Will," said he, "for many centuries this valley as far as eye can reach has belonged to us—in fact, from the Norman Conquest there has always been a Mortimer here.

"There has also never been a time when one of our family was not fighting his king's battles either by land or sea, as you know, Will, until my own day," and the squire's mouth twitched at the corners as though at an unpleasant memory.

"As you are well aware, your grandfather inherited an estate squandered and mortgaged by his father, and when a bullet laid him low I was a mere child, as full of dreams of glory and prancing chargers as you are to-day.

"Fortunately, though I felt it very hard, your grandmother was a wise woman, and, instead of sending me out into the world with a gilt gorget and a crimson sash, she set herself to disencumber the property; kept me at home to be initiated into all the mysteries of farming and the duties of a landlord, and so well did she succeed that to-day every acre we originally held is ours again, with the exception of the Moat Farm.

"Now, my boy, I am getting on in years; there is no one to put his hand to the plough when mine is relaxed, and I had hoped to see you settle down in my place, loved by your people, taking your pleasure in horse and hound, and rod and gun a country squire to the end of your days."

Mr. Mortimer spoke so quietly, yet with such emotion that Will hung his head as though he had committed a crime

"I never knew you wished to be a soldier, father," he faltered at last, for want of something better to say to break the awkward silence.

"No, I never told you," replied the squire, smiling, "but I have felt all you are feeling, and I have lived my young days over again in you" the squire's grasp tightened on Will's arm until it almost hurt him—"you have thought me hard, I know, but I wished to make absolutely sure that it was no passing whim, but the stubborn determination of the Mortimers that possessed you, and the money is already lodged for a cornetcy in the cavalry!"

"*Father, dear old father!*" cried Will, his mouth opening wide and then refusing to emit another sound.

"Yes, I thought it would astonish you," said the squire, clearing his throat. "Now, not another word either to me or to your mother; I had not intended you to know until you were gazetted, but your long face, and the presence of that confounded sergeant in the village—there, let us for home, unless the news has taken away your appetite for dinner," and Mr. Mortimer rode straight down into the valley at a pace that astonished his horse not a little, accustomed as that gallant animal was to hard going!

CHAPTER II.

MORTIMER HALL.

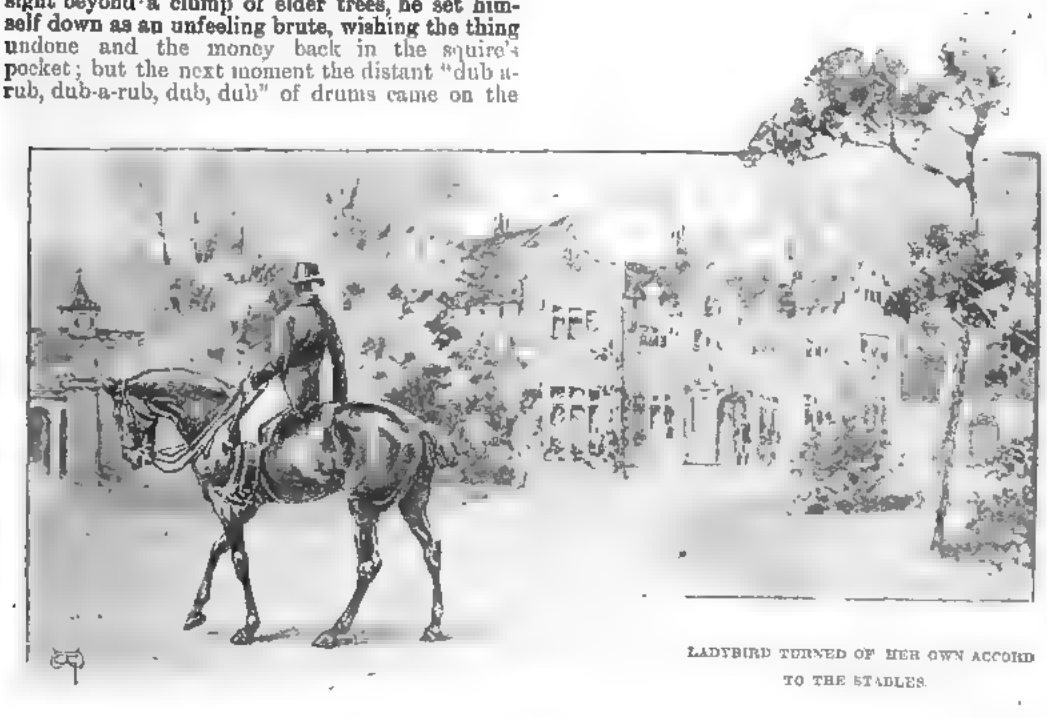
If you have ever longed for something apparently unattainable, and had the wish suddenly gratified at the very moment when it seemed farthest from your grasp, you will understand Will Mortimer's feelings as the squire galloped off like a highwayman when the hue and cry was hot.

Manly and self-reliant, with a fearless, open brow and a square chin, Will had a very sensitive heart, and that break in his father's voice caused a great revulsion to come over him.

For an instant, as the well-known figure grew smaller and smaller, and finally passed out of sight beyond a clump of elder trees, he set himself down as an unfeeling brute, wishing the thing undone and the money back in the squire's pocket; but the next moment the distant "dub a-rub, dub-a-rub, dub, dub" of drums came on the charlock along a hedgeside, and how beautiful they were; and the greeny blue sky beyond the red-tiled roofs of the village, though he could not have told you why he did so, for he had seen them all a thousand times before.

He was simply happy, that was all—happy in the magnificent inconsequence of "sixteen next birthday," with the great absorbing desire of his life about to be fulfilled.

"What would the other fellows at Mother Grant's say?"—Mother Grant's, by the way, being the boarding-house where he lived during the Westminster term—"Why, of all the envied ones, not one had been gazetted into the cavalry!"



LADYBIRD TURNED OF HER OWN ACCORD TO THE STABLES.

breeze, and the revulsion passed like a cloud from the sun.

"Whoop, Ladybird!" he cried to the mare, who had been wondering why the young master lingered alone on the ridge; "I'm off to the wars at last, and I only hope you will go with me."

Will's face was radiant with joy, and the whole landscape seemed to smile at him.

The distance to the park gates was certainly not half a mile, but the memory of it, and the things he noticed before he reached the avenue, returned to him more than once in other lands, when, cloaked to his ears, he watched the French camp fires glowing in the darkness, or rode with his troop into some gloomy defile where the enemy were thought to be in ambush among the rocks.

He remembered particularly a great belt of white campion, and another belt of yellow

His thoughts were interrupted by a gate, which Ladybird cleared nimbly, and, slackening her pace, she crossed the high road and trotted up the avenue of Scotch firs that led to the house.

A more delightful home than Mortimer Hall it would have been impossible to find in this dear old country of ours, where delightful homes have ever been plentiful.

One's first glimpse of it suggested gardens and old red walls set about with sculptured urns, round which the delicate tendrils clung and roses grew.

The house was not of great size, yet large enough to contain a handsome banqueting-chamber with a musicians' gallery, and to have many panelled corridors, and a ghost-room, and a fine porch that was a room in itself, with a sun dial above the Tudor doorway.

There was the east wing, and the west wing,

and in front of the house a terrace garden that led down to a large meadow, from which it was separated by a sunk fence called a "ha-ha." Most of our old country mansions boast one of two traditions: either Queen Elizabeth or Oliver Cromwell have visited them; but Mortimer Hall was said to have been honoured by both of those personages, and it *must* have been true, for there was the very bed Good Queen Bess slept in, and in the hall hung a rapier, which the Protector left behind him in a hurry when Rupert's cavaliers dashed unexpectedly up the avenue, and well nigh changed the fate of the nation.

Will's enthusiasm received another shock as he saw his mother and the squire standing together in the porch, his arm placed affectionately round her, and a gaunt staghound rubbing against the squire's top-boots.

HE WAS TALKING EARNESTLY TO MRS. MORTIMER.

It required all the persuasion of those distant drums to prevent him from leaping from the saddle and running up to them, to vow he would stay there all his days; but the south wind brought the sound again, the blood of a hundred war-like Mortimers redoubled its wild coursing in his veins, and the opportunity was lost, as Ladybird turned of her own accord to the stables.

Will had scarcely flung himself out of his stirrups than a pink little hand was placed on his brown paw, and his sister.

Patty looked up at him with a troubled light in her eyes.

"What is the matter, Will?" she whispered. "Surely you and father have not quarrelled, for you both came back alone, and the squire went straight up to mother and drew her on to the terrace?"

Will crimsoned to the roots of his brown curls and hung his head, while Ladybird poked a velvet muzzle into Patty's neck and snuffed for apples.

"You know father and I have never quarrelled, Patty, and please heaven we never shall, but I am a selfish pig, and I've got my own way and I hate myself for having it, and yet——"

"Rub-a-dub, a-dub, a-dub-a-dr-rub, dr-rub," came the rolling of the recruiting drums, as the sergeant beat up the hedge-bottoms where the ploughmen rested in the dinner hour.

"I'm going to be a soldier, Patty, and that's the end of it," he blurted out, rather savagely, and speaking at a great rate. "Now you needn't say a word—it *was* to happen; it's in the Mortimers to be where knocks are going, and I wish you were a brother instead of a girl. I'd just thrash you until you howled, and I'd feel better. Here, Martin, take the mare—what are you gaping at?"

Certainly Master Will was in the worst of tempers, and Martin said so to Sim Marrow, the gardener, who told Silas Bracken, who said nothing, because, naturally, he was a close man, being the gamekeeper; but Silas Bracken went out sadly into the wood and smoked a thoughtful pipe all by himself.

Patty, who was a very pretty young lady of fifteen, and as gentle as her brother was, for the moment, the reverse, went into the hall with a scared look on her face, and took her seat at table without a word, Will coming in shortly after, still red, and evidently struggling between inclination and heart.

Mrs. Mortimer, grey-haired, and bearing traces of the beauty that had proclaimed her the belle of a long-forgotten season, struggled bravely with the sorrow that was apparent in her face, and the squire drummed on the cloth with his fingers and kept his eyes on his plate.

It was the most uncomfortable dinner any of them could remember, and the unfortunate cause of it all fidgetted and fumed, and glanced furtively from one to another like a guilty culprit.

As for poor old Hopkinson, the ancient butler, who had been in the family more than fifty years, he was so unnerved by a state of things altogether beyond his comprehension that he spilled claret on the sideboard, tumbled over a dog, and by so doing shot a dish of partridge clean into the air, from whence they plumped down in all their luscious glory on to the squire himself.

"Upon my soul, those birds are strong on the wing still!" said Mr. Mortimer, sarcastically, mopping himself with a napkin. "You are out of health, Hopkinson, and must be bled to-morrow when Dr. Blister comes. If you feel well enough in the meantime you may carry the decanter and my pipe into the garden, whither I shall be glad if you will accompany me, my dear," and with the fine courtesy of that time, now only to be read of in books, the squire offered his arm to Mrs. Mortimer with a bow, and passed out.

"Oh, Will, must you really go?" cried Patty when they were alone. "Would not the Loyal

RENDERED BY THE SERGEANT, WITH WONDROUS VARIATIONS.

Light Horse do instead, and then you could stay at home always? I am sure the uniform is beautiful."

Will's sense of humour got the better of his rage, and he laughed aloud.

"No, Patty; I should disgrace our yeomanry. Besides, they wouldn't have me; a man must have the regulation girth round the stomach for the Loyal Light Elephants. Why, the squire is the thinnest officer of the troop, and I don't believe they would let him command them if he were not the squire."

He looked wistfully out of the window at the green seat that surrounded the hawthorn tree as he spoke.

The squire's long pipe was unlit, and he was talking earnestly to Mrs. Mortimer, who had her kerchief in her hands.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed Will; "I'll go into the woods and think." Whistling to his dogs—there were five of them waiting patiently for the summons—he went out by a back door, feeling ill-used, and wicked, and a brute, and a poor, injured creature, all at one and the same time, which sounds rather complicated, and yet is perfectly possible, because I have felt it all myself.

CHAPTER III.

GALLOPING HOOFS IN THE NIGHT.

WILL'S heart was beating like the proverbial sledge-hammer.

He knew his mother and Patty would cry—women always do, even when you are only going back to school and have next holidays to look forward to, but the knowledge that the squire was proud of him; nay, that he was even glad in a way, conquered the last qualm, and Master Will Mortimer felt as if the ground were an air cushion and he were walking on the points of his toes.

He wanted to tell his good fortune to somebody; he wanted to talk about it, and to let them know how happy he was, but the only person in sight was one of the milkmaids with her kirtle pinned up, and she would not have appreciated the news, especially as her sweetheart had taken the king's shilling only the week before!

He told the dogs, but they treated the whole affair as a huge joke, and barked and rolled when he wanted to be taken seriously, so he sallied into the stables, to find Martin away on an errand, and nothing but the horses and an old hound, and a hutch full of ferrets, which latter sniffed superciliously at him with their little pink noses because he was not a rabbit.

"I wonder what has become of Patty," he thought. "I was horribly snappish with her, I know, but girls are so stupid," and he went off to find her, without success.

Patty had carried the news, and her own sorrows thereat, to her bosom friend, the parson's daughter, who was even a prettier young lady than Patty herself—at least Will thought so.

Although Patty had left no word, her brother

shrewdly suspected where she had gone, and, half in doubt whether to follow her, half regretting that he had not stayed with Silas Bracken in the wood, poor Will began to find time hang heavily, and set about for some new distraction.

Should he go and angle for bream in the lake yonder?—no, he did not want to sit still.

Or saddle Ladybird and ride over to tell Jack Lawrence?—again he found an objection, for it was market day at the county-town, and Jack always went thither with his father.

"Bother! What *is* a fellow to do?—and goodness knows how long I may not have to wait like this."

Finally, he stated for the village—there would be plenty of folk there to congratulate him and, besides, if Patty had gone to the parsonage he could escort her home, which was all very brotherly and nice in its way, but perfectly transparent for the matter of that.

As he passed the "Peacock," its doors and windows wide open, he caught a glimpse of the sergeant, his shako on the table, and a circle of admiring yokels sitting round him, while he beat time with a long clay pipe and sang that fine old military ditty, "Why, soldiers, why, should we be melancholy, boys?" which General Wolfe sang the night before he went up to the storming of Quebec, to die.

The quaint air, that suits the stirring words so well, was rendered very freely by the sergeant, with wondrous variations; and his face was flushed, and his stock unfastened, but it was all the same to the country yobs, who tried to join in, and when they found the melody beyond them, imported an *obbligato* of mug-rattling on the table top, and hobnail shoes on the sanded floor.

Will paused to listen, but he no longer envied the drummers.

A few hours had wrought a complete change in his ideas, and, though he did not know it, before the morning they were to be turned and twisted, and taken and shaken until he hardly knew what to think, and ended by not thinking at all, which is a mighty relief to the brain, if one can only do it.

He sauntered on until he came to the bridge, where a post boy off duty was leaning on the wooden rail chewing a long straw, which he removed to wish our hero "Good evening."

"Good evening, Peter," replied Will, tapping his boot with his riding switch and feeling tremendously important, "then you've not enlisted yet?"

"Nay, Master Will," retorted the post-boy. "I can't a-bear them soger chaps—it's all flog an' no fun, for all that ee tells 'em up yander," and Peter jerked a knowing thumb in the direction of the inn.

"Oh, you'll hear a different tale when I come back from Spain," said Will, loftily. He had got it out at last, and watched the effect.

"Well, Master Will, I hopes I'll drive ye the first stage out," said Peter, absolutely unmoved, and then he resumed his straw and his contemplation of the little rushing river with it.

Will went on, his pride a trifle damped, until, beyond the hedge of sweetbriar that surrounded Parson Robin's garden, he spied two heads, which came to a sudden standstill as he approached.

Will straightened himself as he had seen his friend the sergeant do on important occasions, and, whether it was the effect of the sun which was just settling comfortably down into the horizon, I don't profess to know, but his face grew very red as he marched up to the gate.

It grew redder next moment, and he stopped, for Miss Mary Robin turned and ran precipitately indoors with a great flutter of lace kerchief and a whisk of her pretty grey gown, which I also do not profess to understand, although I have certain suspicions nevertheless, and Patty came out of the garden looking as angry as it was possible for Patty Mortimer to look.

"Why, Patty," exclaimed Will, "I wanted to tell Miss Mary the news!"

"I have already told her," said Patty severely. "Please don't say any more, Will; I want to go home," and she put her little nose in the air.

* * *

The squire read prayers that night with unusual solemnity, and when the domestics had filed out the rest of the family took each a silver candlestick and mounted the old oak staircase to bed.

Not a word beyond the usual "Good night" was said, though Will was sorely tempted to linger over his mother's passionate embrace, and open his heart to her; but the squire was impatient and, somehow, the opportunity was lost, just as it had been when Ladybird turned to the stables.

Then there came the sound of closing doors, and a great silence fell upon the Hall.

Perhaps a dog downstairs moved uneasily on its mat, or a mouse scuttled along behind the panelling, but that was all, and the round full moon outside had it all her own way.

Will's room was at one end of the picture gallery, and he turned to look at the great window through which the moon was shining on to a long array of painted Mortimers, from the famous Admiral Anthony, *circa* 1587—he lost his nose while boarding the flagship of the Armada—down to Will's grandfather, who was killed under Tarleton in the American War of Independence.

They were a brave company, those gorgeous gentlemen in their carved frames; especially Brigadier Philip, who served with Marlborough in Flanders, and who was depicted in a steel cuirass and black peruke, with a deadly combat going on behind him to which he did not seem to be paying the slightest attention.

And of the Brigadier they told a fearsome tale; for his was the spectre that stalked the terrace outside; nay, his scarlet sleeve with the gold lace cuff was known to have issued from the canvas and grasped at the terrified passer-by—generally, it was noticed, about the time when the maids went timidly to their rooms.

Somehow, he had behaved better since the squire cut down the sycamore whose branch used to sway against the window just beyond the picture, but I make that observation for what it is worth, and without any prejudice to the Brigadier and his legend.

The sight of his fighting ancestors dispelled

the gloom which had again been dulling Will's happiness, and placing the candlestick on a chest of drawers in his own room, he opened the window and leaned out into the moonlight.

Everything was as bright as day.

He could see the flag drooping pendant from the church tower, the glint of the stream, and the feathery elms that fringed the high road.

A barnyard cock, deceived by the brilliance, crowed drowsily, and was answered by another from a farm in the valley.

Along the water's edge a silver mist muffled the willows, and not a soul was abroad, unless that black spot on the edge of the hazel copse yonder were Silas Bracken, which was not improbable.

When the cocks gave it up as a bad job there was not a sound to be heard, until the south wind began to whisper up the meadows, bringing the scent of roses, and rustling the sleeping leaves; and after a time another far-off noise, very faint, yet growing louder, until Will was listening with all his ears.

"There's someone on the road, and riding hard," he said, settling on to his elbow and leaning farther out.

"He's passed the cross-ways, and isn't he spurring!—I wonder if it is a highwayman? I don't hear any pursuit after him!"

Then—after a pause—"He hasn't stopped at the 'Peacock,' so he must be coming on—there he is—why, he's jumped the fence, and he's a soldier!"

The horseman evidently knew his ground, for he made direct for the avenue across the field, and almost before Will could cry "Hallo, there!" the horse was pulled up on to its haunches under the window, and its rider looked up.

"Hallo you, sir!" cried the night rider in a loud, cheery voice, at the same time throwing open his cloak and showing a dazzle of gleaming lace, and a pair of mud-spattered leathers in the moonlight. "Is it Will?"

"What! It can't be you, Uncle Dick?" replied our hero in amazement.

"Can't it, though? And on your business too, you rascal," said the new comer. "So, Cornet William Mortimer, of the First Royal Dragoons, perhaps you'll let me in like a dutiful nephew, and wake the squire. To-morrow you return to town with me, for in four days we're off to Spain together!" and he sprang to the ground with a mighty clatter of spurs and clanking sabre!

A LONG ARRAY OF PAINTED MORTICIANS.

CHAPTER IV.

SHOWING HOW CAPTAIN DICK DATCHETT TURNED NIGHT INTO DAY AND HIS NEPHEW INTO A SOLDIER.

"WHO's there, and *what* does he want?" called the squire, gruffly. He was standing on the landing in his night-shirt, having been awakened by the knocking.

"Father," cried Will, "it's Uncle Dick with my commission, and I'm to go to-morrow!"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Mortimer. "Wait until I get some clothes on." But Will had flown down stairs in half-a-dozen bounds and was shooting back the heavy bolts of the hall door.

As he flung it open a gloved hand grasped his own, and a tall, good-looking man in hussar uniform shook him backwards and forwards, crying in a loud, hearty voice: "Good luck to you, my boy!—the best of good luck, Will!—egad! and it has been quick work, too, for your papers were only signed this morning. I heard of it by accident at the Prince Regent's *levée* this afternoon, and here I am, spoiling my best uniform in order that you may be in time to go with me to the front on Thursday!"

He did not give our hero any time to express either thanks or astonishment, but rattled on in a manner that was peculiar to him, bending down as he did so to pat the yelping dogs that welcomed him with noisy greetings.

Dick Datchett's stories of the retreat to Corunna, in which he served with the 10th Hussars, were sufficient to excite military ardour in any breast, and he had taught Will the cavalry sword exercise, and how to use his fists, and sundry other little accomplishments dear to the heart of a manly schoolboy.

He looked particularly magnificent, standing

there in the moonlight; his blue cloak thrown back to show the smart pelisse buttoned on as an extra jacket, glittering with silver braid, and trimmed with grey fur; his tall busby set rather on one side with its pendant bag of scarlet cloth and gold lines, and his tight white leather breeches and tasselled hessians, against which dangled the steel scabbard and blue embroidered sabretache.

"I'll tell you what it is, youngster," laughed Captain Dick, "you're a fortunate young dog; you might have been gazetted to some never-heard of corps broiling in India—or heaven knows where instead of which you blossom out into a scarlet dragoon and face the enemy almost before the ink on your commission is dry."

"I wish it had been your regiment, uncle; it would have been good fun then."

"My dear fellow, you may thank your stars it isn't," replied the captain, pulling the moustache which in those days was only worn by the hussars. "We are tired to death of garrison duty after our taste of campaigning, and that's why I have badgered the bigwigs until they've given me a staff billet to get me out of the way. I'm nothing if I'm not persistent—but here's the squire, yawning like a twelve-pounder."

Mr. Mortimer came down the staircase, candle in hand, looking rather touzled and very agitated.

"What is all this about, Dick?" he cried to his brother-in-law. "He cannot possibly go to-morrow. The thing's absurd. Mrs. Mortimer in a dead faint up there, and the whole place upside down."

"Squire," replied Captain Dick, opening his sabretache, "nothing is impossible to the British Army. See, here is the document which proclaims Will an officer in His Majesty's service, and here is a note requesting that the aforesaid Cornet shall join at once. I've set the ball rolling already, for I called at Laurie's about his horse furniture on my way here, and my snip promises to have his uniform finished in time, provided he can run a measure over him to-morrow!"

"What is the uniform?" asked Will, eagerly, hoping it would be after the fashion of his uncle's.

"Oh, very smart, but plain," said the captain. "Scarlet and gold, and blue facings, and all the rest of it. But what about my horse? Your front steps are undoubtedly good, squire, but I've slept on softer ground, even if I had the sky for a canopy and a dead man for a bed-fellow."

"I beg your pardon, Dick," said the squire absently. "Come in while Will takes your nag round to the stables: this sudden news has staggered me," and, walking like a man in a dream, Mr. Mortimer led the way to the dining room, his candle throwing curious undulations of light and shadow about the brown panelling.

His brother-in-law followed, with a musical jingle of spurs, and threw off his cloak, hung his sword-belt on the back of a chair, and began to unbutton his pelisse.

"Dick," said the squire, placing the candle on the polished table, which shone like a mirror, "this is a great wrench, but you are right; the lad must go out into the world one day, and the sooner it is over the better."

"Now you are talking like yourself, squire," chimed in the captain. "I'll take him under my wing, I promise you—all the better, as I happen to be on the staff of his brigade."

"And you'll keep him from extravagance—and cards—and wine, and all the——"

"Squire," interrupted Captain Dick, resolutely. "I'm not going to make a booby of the lad, and he'll have to take his chance like everyone else. He's got enough good sense to steer him clear of serious mischief, and if I see him kicking over the traces I'll pull him up short; but I never heard of a Mortimer yet who could live in a glass case, and I hope I never shall."

The paternal bosom heaved forth a great sigh, but the captain brought his spurred heel down with a bang.

"Now, my dear squire," said he, "the die is cast, and we must march with the first streak of dawn, or soon after. Leave moralising to the parson, and think what has to be done in three days, for on the fourth we sail. Don't let my sister cumber the boy with a chaise-load of shirts and woollen comforters, and home-made dainties, as though he were going back to Westminster School; but just have a valise packed ready, be prepared with money enough to buy him a good horse, and to pay the tailor, with something over for his own use, and cut the leave-taking as short as possible. I'm nothing if I'm not practical!"

Poor Mr. Mortimer looked alternately from the captain to the empty fire-grate, quite bewildered at it all, and finally took up the candle as though he were going to pack the valise there and then.

"I think I will go upstairs, Dick, and see how Mrs. Mortimer is getting on," he said, and away he went, leaving the captain in the dark if Will had not come in at the moment, smelling strongly of the stables, with a horn lantern in his hand.

"Ha, lad! I've an idea," said Captain Dick. "You were riding a likely filly when I was here last Christmas: have you got her still?"

"What, Ladybird?" cried Will. "I should rather think so. She's the cleverest and the best, and the neatest fencer anywhere round. I've been half hoping——"

"So have I," laughed his uncle, winking knowingly. "Let us go and have a look at her. They want blacks for the Royals, and you might do worse than trust to a horse that loves you. *I'll* settle it with the squire."

They went out again into the moonlight, Will swinging his lantern in high feather, and in the stable they found Martin rubbing down the hussar's nag, more than half asleep, and not in the best of tempers.

He brightened at sight of Dick Datchett though, for the captain's crown pieces had a habit of finding their way into other folks' pockets, and moreover, he had a profound knowledge of all things appertaining to the horse, which is a certain passport to a stableman's heart, if he be an honest stableman.

Ladybird was not quite so cordial in her greeting, having, in the first place, a violent antipathy to strange animals near her stall, and secondly, being rather shy of the captain's silver lace, which glistened in the lantern light.

But in five minutes they were good friends, and the captain straightway presumed on Ladybird's generous nature to open her mouth, look into her ears, lift each shapely leg in succession, and take all manner of strange liberties, while Martin held the lantern, and Will his breath, waiting anxiously for the verdict.

"Boy! She'll beat any charger in the dragoons, and you'll be the envy of all your brother officers, if the squire will let her go," said the captain, enthusiastically.

"She's yours, Will," said a quiet voice behind them, and, turning round, they saw the squire, a gentle smile illuminating his serious face, as only the smile of a gentle father can.

The captain followed Martin hastily into the outer stable, for the squire's arm was about his son's neck, and Will's head was buried in his shoulder to hide the unbidden tears that did our hero honour!

The captain glared for two whole minutes at the animal he had ridden as if he had never seen a horse before, and then the squire came out and Will with him.

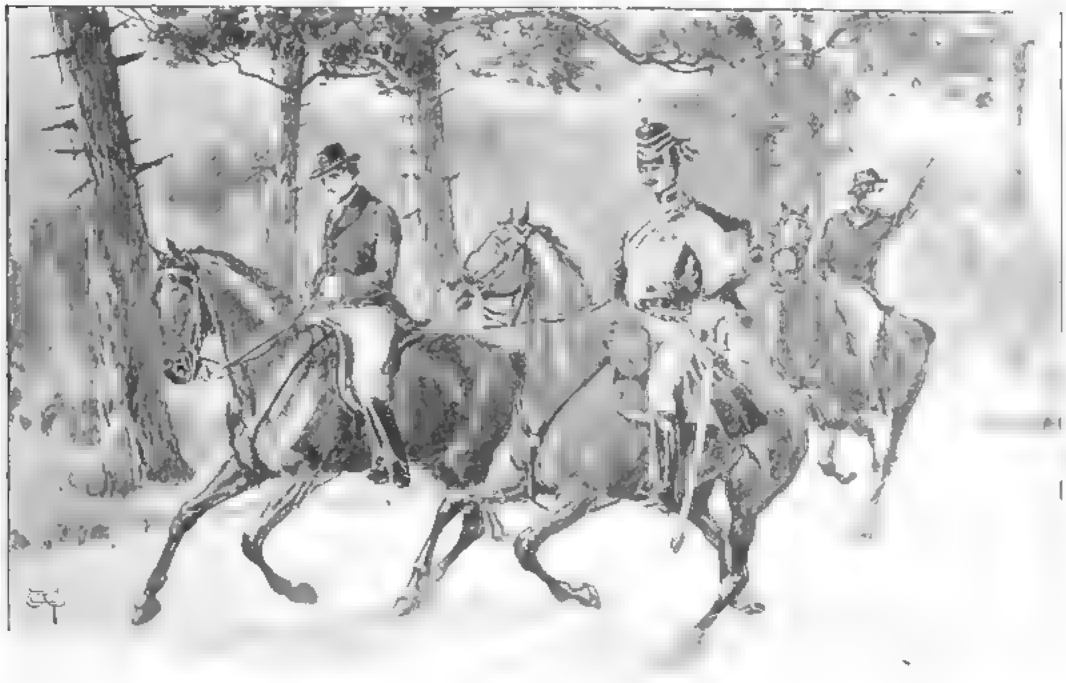
"Well, Dick," he said, "we can respond to the summons of war, you see, even at sleepy old Mortimer Hall; the charger is provided, the shirts were even being packed when I came away, and Hopkinson has so far risen to a sense of his situation as to lay some cold sirloin in the dining-room for you."

"Squire," cried the captain, "I'm nothing if I'm not as hungry as a wolf!" and they went along the terrace to the house as the village clock chimed eleven.

* * * * *

It was over—that parting—and they owed it to Captain Dick that, if it had been sharp, it had, at any rate, been short, which is what all partings should be.

From early morn the hussar had kept everyone busy, giving no one time to brood, and inventing all manner of errands and odd jobs for all and sundry whenever a handkerchief appeared or a sob made itself heard in the dread silence of expectancy that pervaded the hall as the hands of the solemn timepiece at the head of the stairs drew nearer and nearer to the moment of departure.



"OFF TO THE WARS!"

The squire had been very nervous on Mrs. Mortimer's account, but, strange to say, when she came to the great door with Patty beside her, she was calm and collected, though her eyes told a tale of weeping.

There were tears, and kisses, and blessings, long, yearning looks and tender promises, and the dogs, lifting up their noses, howled, and the maids, lifting up their aprons, cried; and old Hopkinson was detected wiping his eye with the handle of the corkscrew, which all the morning he had been offering to anyone who expressed a wish for anything, no matter what.

And then Silas Bracken, and Sim Marrow, and

Martin, and Tompkins, and goodness knows how many more, had a last word for the young master until Captain Dick lost all patience, and vaulted lightly into his saddle.

In another minute Will had torn himself from his mother's arms, and, with a very red face and a misty vision of other very red faces, he had mounted Ladybird and was following the squire, who blew his nose like a trumpet, while Captain Dick brought up the rear, making his horse curvet beautifully to show off his dangling jacket, which nobody paid any heed to as the trio filed down the avenue into the road.

A last glance over his shoulder, a long wave of his hand, a great drop which trickled down his upper lip and tasted very salt as he set his teeth hard, and Will Mortimer had left the home of his ancestors behind him and was on the road to glory

(To be continued.)

BIG GAME.

The huntsman he
Had a talk with me,
And we argued long to find
The argument good:
If an elephant could
Or couldn't kick up behind.

"Be gently brave!"
I cried, "Behave!
Politely during a hunt!
'Tis etiquette,
I believe, to let
The elephant go in front."

"For a man has got
Two hands, but not
(A fact you won't deny)
A tail. Whereas
An elephant has."
So the huntsman hung thereby.

In the jungle's jaws
I muttered,
"Pause!
I'm not in a bit
of a funk.

It seems absurd,
But I think I heard
An elephant blow its trunk!"

The elephant bucked,
And jibbed, and ducked;
And thus we managed to find
The argument good:
That an elephant could,
And did, kick up behind.

YE MICROBE.

Going to School Seventy Years Ago.

By a Very Old Boy.

Well do I remember, seventy years ago, when I lived with my father in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and endeavouring, between my tears, to eat hot rolls and to drink still hotter coffee. Then off to the "Old White Horse" Club, Piccadilly, to meet one of "Cooper's Coaches." There we found the other passengers, all huddled together, big, farmer-like men most of them. Myself, a small, pale boy, sitting there so lonely and forlorn, and vainly endeavouring to smile at my father, who was standing on the pavement trying to look as cheerful as possible, and urging upon me to be a good boy and to always say my prayers; because, you see, in those days we were much simpler in our ways and words. Nowadays a father would not stand on the platform of a railway station, and, before half-a-dozen cold-looking passengers, remind his little son of his religious duties; but then the world did not go round so fast, and it took fifteen hours to get to Bristol, instead of two and a half as it does now.

Presently, out rolled Mr. Weller, senior, with Sam the ostler, cracking jokes in the dusky morning light, and by turns rebuking and caressing the horses.

"Right away!" shouted the guard, tootling on his horn, and up Piccadilly we rolled. Not the Piccadilly of to-day, with its wood paving, its electric light, and its smart shop-fronts, but a very much more roomy thoroughfare. For instance, the present Royal Academy was at that time Burlington House — a splendid mansion standing in its own grounds.

On past Hyde Park Corner, and through Kensington, out to Hounslow, Uxbridge, Maidenhead, Reading, Newbury, and Bath.

The first stop would be at Brentford, where the panting team would be changed for fresh horses, but I myself would not stir from my perch until mid-day. At dinner-time I would gorge my small inside with boiled beef, potatoes, carrots, and dumplings, and a hunch of bread, followed by a big currant pudding and fresh country water. In those days you could get a rare good dinner for half-a-crown at a wayside hotel—and, mind you, it was good stuff.

Then on again, through the gathering gloom of the afternoon, bounding past bleak meadow and hedgerow—on and on, our horses galloping up hill and down hill.

Mail coaches in those days were splendidly horsed, but horribly harnessed. The horses we had were of a kind superior to the finest coach horses of the present day.

During most of the journey I sat shivering, for in those days we did not wear such thick clothes as you have now.

I will tell you how we dressed. First we put on our little shirts, and then our coats; after this we would pull our trousers on and button them over the coats. The trousers were what you would call peg-tops, and reached down to our ankles, after which there was an expanse of sock, and then came the long, broad bottomed shoes. We wore our hair long, and smothered with pomatum—how different to the close-cropped boy of the present day! Instead of a collar, we wore a broad starched frill, and "cheese-cutter" caps adorned our heads.

Ah, well! I daresay, fifty years hence, that the boys of 1949 will be laughing at you youngsters, and thinking what guys you were in your Eton jackets and your curious knicker-bockers, and your extraordinary football costumes. And now to finish off my journey to school.

Picture me, after a long ride of twenty hours, arrived at my destination—a little frozen boy deposited with my trunk at the porter's gate; picture me being solemnly patted on the head by the head master's wife, and heavily patted on the shoulder by the head master himself

Then a hasty basin of soup, into which my tears flowed freely, and off I would be bundled into a cold, long dormitory at the top of the house, to forget the pangs of home-leaving in a long night's slumber.

MR. C. B FRY.

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Google

How to Train for Sports.

By C. B. Fry.

THE term "training" covers the whole preparation for an athletic contest—manner of life, diet, and exercise. There is no such thing as a method of training, absolute and fixed; the course of preparation to be pursued in a particular case depends both upon the object in view and upon the person concerned. Each athletic event requires a special method of training, and this again must be modified to suit individuals. It is possible to give a general idea of the way to train, and some general hints upon the special requirements of certain events or groups of events, but nothing save observation, common sense, and experience can teach an athlete how best to adapt the recognised methods of training to his own case.

DIFFERENT RULES FOR MAN AND BOY.

It is well worth notice that the advice given in athletic books, being intended for adults, is liable to be misleading for the purposes of school sports. The *régime* and exercise suitable to a grown man are quite the reverse for a boy. A man can both stand and requires stiffer work; he is stronger, his muscles are more set, his habit of body is less adaptable, and in most cases his general condition is inferior. Then, again, in after life, an athlete is usually a specialist, confining himself to one event; at school, however, one usually trains with a view to competing in several events. The following remarks are made from the point of view of school athletics.

DON'T BOTHER ABOUT FOOD.

First, as regards *régime* and manner of life. Training demands, as a primary condition, regular, healthy habits, and a proper amount of simple, wholesome food. A man, on going into training, may have to alter his habits and diet; but with a boy at school the case is different. It would be impossible to invent a system of living better suited to training than the ordinary *régime* of an English school. To bed early, up early, regular hours in every way; the food of exactly the sort required for training. Boys often make a great mistake over this point. Knowing that at the 'Varsities, and in general, athletes make alterations in life and food, they think the same course incumbent on themselves; they overlook the fact that their daily life is precisely similar to that in favour of which a man makes a change on going into training. It is almost universally accepted nowadays that, for athletic purposes, the less the ordinary diet is altered the better. Certainly a boy at school has no need to bother himself on the point. He is always, as far as food is concerned, in training. If a boy tries to refine upon his school life and diet he is almost sure to do himself far more harm than good; instead of improving in health he simply becomes jaded and peaked. Of course, it is a great mistake to eat between meals; the "grub-shop," or whatever you call it, must be abjured; heavy afternoon teas are out of order, along with pastry, stodgy puddings, and such like. But beyond a few such obvious prescriptions, the best course for a boy is *to forget that diet in any way affects athletic prowess.*

BOYS ARE ALWAYS FIT.

Now let us turn to the question of exercise and practice. First observe that here again there is a difference between school and after life. Before beginning special exercise and practice for an athletic event a certain basis of solid health and fitness is necessary. This can only be acquired by a preliminary course of training, varying in length and rigour in different cases. A man who leads a sedentary life needs at least six weeks' gradual but regular training to get his muscles into the required state of fitness; a 'Varsity man needs about three weeks; at school the necessity may be disregarded. Boys play games and take any amount of hard exercise week in, week out. They are in just the right fettle to begin straight away upon special practice.

WHEN TO BEGIN.

At most schools the final Sports Day is at the end of the Easter term, the heats and one or two long races being run off during the preceding fortnight, so there is generally a month or two clear of football which may

be devoted to training. But, if possible, it is better to begin training about six weeks before the "final" day. A well-spent month suffices, but as "slow and sure" is one of the secrets of training, the extra fortnight is worth while.

Here it is well to emphasise an important point. Your object in training is to be at your very best on a certain date, and to secure this result you must do exactly the right amount of work, neither too little nor too much. But impress upon yourself thoroughly that to overtrain is the worst you can do. Overwork is the commonest and most fatal mistake in training at school. Boys overtrain in two ways—either they begin too late and crowd so much work into so brief a space of time that they simply exhaust themselves, or else, though starting in time, they are in such a hurry that they wind themselves up too soon. It is infinitely better to be under than overtrained; indeed, many boys perform better when half than when fully trained. To avoid overtraining you must give yourself time, and set about your preparation gradually and systematically. It is a mistake to start vaguely and, as it were, train from day to day. If keen, you are sure to get training fever; you will suddenly imagine you have not time to get fit and are short of work; you will fidget, grow nervous, and overdo yourself.

MAKE A TIME-TABLE.

The best way is to map out your work on paper, arranging your daily bit for the time you have at your disposal. The main lines thus settled, you can, if necessary, from time to time make alterations. In this arrangement you should aim at distributing the work evenly, so that the different kinds of exercise may alternate.

With six weeks before you the first fortnight may be devoted to general work, the second to specialised practice, the third to winding up. This is a skeleton outline that suits every kind of work; the detail must be filled in according to the particular events in view.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to take each event separately and describe in detail the course of preparation required for it. But in any case that is unnecessary, as at school there is not much specialising; a competitor rarely takes up one event alone—he goes in for a batch. For our purpose athletes may be divided into classes—sprinters and long-distance runners. To the former belong all distances up to the quarter; to the latter all beyond it. The quarter is common ground; the hurdles and the jumps are extras.

SOME ADVICE FOR THE SPRINTER.

Let us take the sprinter first. His main object is to cultivate sheer pace—incidentally, he must learn to start well. He must avoid such work as may render him stiff-limbed or slow, for he should come to the post springy, elastic, and fresh. His preliminary fortnight may be arranged somewhat thus. The first week should include two brisk five-mile walks—say one on Sunday and one in the middle of the week and three days of light running work. If the training is on a cinder track, running must be gingerly and carefully begun, to avoid sore feet. In any case, two easy sprints of 50yds. and a slow striding 150 is enough work each day. In the second fortnight he may devote four days to running. The work may be increased slightly; three or four high-pressure dashes of 40yds. and either a fairly stiff 200 or an easy striding lap make a typical day's work. This is quite enough. Runs across country are bad, and heavy work of any kind is bad—they take the edge off a sprinter's pace. In the fifth week three days' sprinting is enough; in the sixth two, and those light. The work should be divided evenly through the week; intermediate days may be filled with walks, or such games as racquets and fives. An occasional rest of a day or two is time well spent.

With regard to a sprinter's special practice, pace comes from an ability to repeat the stride rapidly—the quicker the repetition the faster you go. At the same time, the longer you stride the more ground you cover. Hence sprint practice should aim at quickening and lengthening the stride. The best way to cultivate sheer pace is to run frequently at top speed short bursts of 40yds. To improve the stride it is useful to stride through 200yds. or so, paying attention to form, poise of body, and lengthening of stride. The two processes should be followed together. A typical day's work would be to stride through 150yds. and then sprint four bursts of 40yds., or to begin with four short dashes and then race 80yds. In training for a particular distance, the best course is to supplement the short distances by racing two-thirds the distance twice a week and the full distance once. With a view to getting off quickly and into full speed at once, every start should be to the pistol, just as in a race.

AND FOR THE MILER.

For a long-distance runner, the essentials are stamina and stride; he must be able to last his distance without losing his form. His training must be based on this consideration.

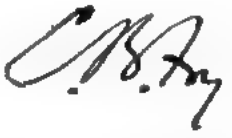
During the first fortnight the long distance runner should take three long, grinding walks a week. Two days a week is enough on the path. In the first week he should run half his distance one day, or, if he be training for several distances, half of his best distance and two-thirds another day; in the second, two-thirds briskly, and the full distance easily. During the next three weeks, four days a week should be devoted to the path, and the other three to moderate walks. The distance run each day may vary from half to three-quarters the full distance, the longer and shorter trips alternating. The full distance should be run in earnest twice, at the end of the third and the middle of the fifth week. Two light days is enough for the last week.

The runner must learn by experience, and know by heart, the best pace at which he can go his distance, otherwise he may either lag or get run off his legs in the race. A friend with a stop-watch is helpful. If stale, or over-done, it is a mistake not to knock off work at once for a day or two. The great difficulty in training for long distances is to get fit without over-working. A runner must diminish or increase his work as he finds occasion; but let him not forget that *it is suicidal to overtrain.*

HURDLERS may follow in general the methods suggested for sprinters; they should practice over three or four flights, and run the full distance twice a week.

JUMPERS should not practise more than three days a week. Three or four serious jumps is enough at a time, but miniature jumps often and in small quantities is excellent training. The jumper must supplement this by running nearly as much as a sprinter.

It cannot be too emphatically repeated that every individual must look out his own training for himself. The general lines suggested above are intended rather as an example than a pattern, but some such plan should be followed. Vague training is of little use.



(*Next month Mr. Fry will contribute an article entitled,* "*How to Bat and How Not to Bat.*")

Pitchforked into Electricity.

A WELL-KNOWN electrical engineer has been grumbling about the number of youths who, to quote his words, are "constantly being pitchforked into electricity." "During the last two or three years," he says, "electrical engineering, as a calling, has been regarded somewhat like the Church—as convenient for younger sons when nothing else offers. And we all know what a lot of incompetent curates there are about! If a boy has bought a battery or two, and put up an electric bell, he is held to have indicated a 'decided taste' for electrical engineering. The 'decided taste' alone is not sufficient. There is no calling which requires a more thorough course of training. To start with, one should become a good mechanic first, and this means a year or two spent as an apprentice, or learner, in some general engineering works. A premium is generally required, and, if the firm chosen be a good one the money is very well spent. In some of the large and widely-known engineering works so many pupils are taken that there can be no individual supervision, and the tendency then is rather to play than to work. A learner should go to a small firm, where only two or three pupils are taken. He should get to work at six in the morning with the other men, and have his time booked. Besides the practical daily work, time should be spent in the laboratory, where the technical side of the subject can be studied. If a training such as this be conscientiously carried out, a man will soon find himself in an excellent position, with the whole great field of electricity before him. There must be no half-heartedness about him. Only the absolutely earnest electrician can ever hope to succeed."

"WHAT I WANTED TO BE."

SOME BOYISH ASPIRATIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.

FOR the benefit of the readers of this magazine the editor has been at pains to collect the early impressions of famous men as to the callings they had a desire to adopt on reaching the estate of manhood. It is very seldom that the dreams of boyhood are realised in after years, as the following letters plainly show:—

From MR. H. M. STANLEY, M.P.

2, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, S.W.,
January 28th, 1899.

DEAR SIR,—A boy's mind is too impressionable for any fixity of purpose, and I have no reason to think that mine was an exception. But though, as probable enough, my expressed intentions were as various as the days of my boyhood, I have reason to remember one occasion in the year 1855, and the resolve that I then uttered.

I had been reading the life of a brave missionary, and, fired with admiration at his goodness and other virtues, I remember that while a sleepless group of us boys gazed out of a window charmed by a midsummer night's scene, we discussed what we intended to be when we should be men, and I was led to state my choice, and that was to be a missionary after the example of my hero.

Sad to say, however, were it not for the glamour of that summer night, or something else, which has caused the memory of the scene to be indelible in the mind, I should have long forgotten the incident, and my resolution, as completely as I have forgotten my hero's name.

Yours faithfully
Henry M. Stanley

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, celebrated as an author and playwright, and one of the most popular men in this country, writes as follows:—

My ambition as a boy was to be a circus rider, and it was gratified to this extent—that night after night at school I used to lie awake and see myself in pink fleshings galloping round the ring and leaping barriers. So real was the impression that I heard the applause and smelt the orange-peel.

P.S.—I should still like to be a circus rider better than anything else.

The Royal Hospital, Dublin.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter Lord Roberts wishes me to say that he always intended to be a soldier.—I remain, yours truly,

H. STREATFEILD, Major.

Whilst recruiting at Bournemouth after his severe illness SIR HENRY IRVING wrote:—

I have no clear recollection of having ever desired to be anything except an actor—a clear case of monomania in the earliest consciousness! With all good wishes,

Yours truly
Henry Irving.

But MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM had other dreams:—

Criterion Theatre,
December 20th, 1898.

Mr. Wyndham has much pleasure in complying with your request. As a boy his great ambition was to be a clergyman.

The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" drags the following out of his memory's lumber-room:—

I remember my master asking me what I would be. I said, "A civil engineer." He answered: "You may be an engineer, Doyle, but from what I have seen of you I should think it very unlikely that you will be a civil one!"

A. Conan Doyle.

The following is from that marvel of versatility, Mr. Grant Allen. He got up one morning and found our letter waiting for him. But before attending to it he had to finish a chapter of a new novel, add a bit to a play, knock out some jokes for a comic paper, write the introduction to a guide book, correct the proofs of a paper entitled "Ants that Sing Songs," indite an angry letter to the *Times*, pay a plumber's bill, oil his bicycle, and poke the fire before finally

settling down to answer THE CAPTAIN's letter. And this is what he said :—

From my earliest boyhood my one desire was to be a poet. I never had the slightest inclination for soldiering; and, as I was brought up in a remote part of Canada, I never saw a gamekeeper, a station-master, or a bishop. But I can't remember the time when I did not read and love poetry, and want to be a poet. My first literary attempts were in verse; and to this day, only the accident that I can't make other people think as well of my rhymes as I think of them myself has prevented me from printing reams of them.—Faithfully yours,

Grant Allen

LORD BRAMPTON (until recently known as Mr. Justice Hawkins) sent this terse reply :—

'Must I say'

SIR JOHN BRIDGE, of "Bow Street" fame, Chief Police Magistrate for London, beat Lord Brampton by one word :—

I cannot tell you.

From the "Society Clown" :—

My ambition at the age of five or six was to be a Prince of Wales and have my portrait in the *Illustrated London News*. I had a hazy notion (gathered by early pantomime recollections) that it was a recognised profession, obtainable by the consent of a king and queen. In one important respect I was evidently right. This fleeting ambition was followed by a desire to be a tight-rope walker, in consequence of a profound admiration for Blondin, whom I had seen. This dream vanished when (still a small boy) I used to see Tom Sayers and his beautiful big dog walking in the Camden Town district. Accordingly, I settled on pugilism as a profession. After half-a-dozen encounters with my school-fellows, and an equal number of black eyes, I decided that the prize-ring was not my destiny. I then casually began to sing songs to my own accompaniment, and I have been doing so ever since, and I shall continue this vocation as long as a kind and indulgent public tolerates me.

Geo: Grossmith

MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., says :—

I always wanted to be a painter, and by hard work and perseverance I became one.

L Alma-Tadema

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, P.C., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., D.L., M.P. (head of the banking firm of Robarts, Lubbock & Co.), sums up his youthful hopes thus :—

SIR,—My great desire as a boy was to be a naturalist.

I am Yours ob. Serv.
Avebury

MR. JOHN M. LE SAGE, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, pined for the sword, but had to be content with the pen. He says :—

My one ambition when I was a boy—and much later in life—was to be a cavalry officer. Although I never had the honour of becoming one, I have often been on the field of battle when acting as Special Correspondent for this journal.

From "our leading dramatist" :—

MY DEAR SIR,—"What I Wanted to Be?"—AN OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR. When I was a boy, the conductor stood upon a little circular step at the back of the omnibus on the near side, holding on by a strap. It was a position, to my juvenile mind, fraught with much excitement and peril; and, after all, my present mode of life does not deviate materially from my earlier ambition. There is much in common between dramatic authorship and the perilous slippery perch of the old-fashioned omnibus conductor.—Yours faithfully,

Wilson Barrett

From Sir Thomas Lipton, who means to lick the Americans at yachting:—

When I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age my idea was to go to sea and be a ship captain. I was so much imbued with this idea that I ran away from home and went to sea, but when I returned, after being away from home for some time, my parents prevented me from going back, so that I was compelled to give up my ambition in this respect.—Yours faithfully,

Thomas Lipton

Madame Tussaud & Sons,
Ltd., London, W.

I enclose herewith a pencil drawing made by a friend of mine. As the drawing indicates, I had, as a youngster, a desire, among many other things, to be a poet.

John Tussaud

From the author of *The Mikado*:—

Harrow Weald,
January 31st, 1899.

Dear Sir,—At the age of seventeen, when I first saw, at the Chobham Camp, a field battery "unlimber and action front," I made up my mind to be a Horse Artilleryman. A year later war was declared with Russia, and for two years I studied classics, mathematics, chemistry, engineering, and land surveying, with a view to obtaining, by competitive examination, a direct commission in the Royal Artillery. The examination for which I was reading was to have taken place at Christmas, 1855. The age limit was twenty, and I was due to be twenty on the 18th of November, in that year, but, owing to the exercise of a little indirect influence with Lord Panmure, my overplus of six weeks was forgiven me. But (unhappily, as thought I then, but most fortunately as I think now) Sevastopol fell into the hands of the allies on the 9th September, 1855, and as it was supposed that peace would soon be declared—or that, at all events, there would be no immediate demand for more gunners—the examination was postponed for six months. My influence, effective enough up to six weeks, was not equal to this further strain upon its powers, and I had to give up all hope of ever wearing the "jacket." I went to the bar and, in a few years, sacrificed my infant practice on the altar of dramatic literature. And I am very glad I did.—Yours faithfully,

W. S. Gilbert.

From Mr. S. R. Crockett:—

Dear Sir,—My desires were, I think, quite normal. I wanted to be an engine-driver. And I nearly realised the ambition, too, for I used to spend most of my time on good old George Williamson's engine at Castle Douglas Station for several years. I was only discouraged by the thought of having to be a stoker first. If they had given me an express to run during my first week I might have been running it now. Possibly not, however.

Yours truly
S R Crockett

From Mr. William Whiteley:—

Westbourne Grove, W.

In reply to your letter, I have been trying to review that part of my life which would come under the designation of "the knickerbocker period." At the moment I do not recall any aspiration or desire asserting itself, in my case, to be of any particular craft or profession when I reached manhood's estate. I daresay, like most boys, certain very singular ideas occasionally flitted through my mind, but it is quite evident that I was not, at that time, impressed with a longing to be anything in particular. The old proverb, "What's worth doing at all is worth doing well," has, so far as I can remember, been uppermost in my mind almost from my infancy onwards, and anything I have undertaken I have striven to carry into effect upon such lines. I am sorry not to be able to furnish any suitable contribution for your article, but am much obliged to you all the same for inviting me to do so.

Yours very truly
William Whiteley

St. James's Theatre,
January 7th, 1899.

Dear Sir,—I find your letter on my return from abroad. From my cradle I always wished to be an actor.—Yours faithfully,

Geo Alexander

Mr. George Manville Fenn says:—

Syon Lodge, Isleworth,
December 24th, 1898.

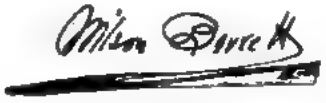
Dear Sir,—My ambition as a boy, due, no doubt, to my home being near the Horse Guards

was to be a soldier; and for years my tastes were distinctly military. When out, I attended parades and troopings of colours, walked with the Guards across the park, and at home I studied army lists and Ackerman's illustrations till I could have passed a very fair examination in the uniforms and facings of most of the regiments in the British and East India Company's services. I need hardly say that nature had found me in the most unsuitable mould for mounting the ready breach, and seeking glory in a cavalry charge. But, of course, boys will be boys until the end of the chapter.

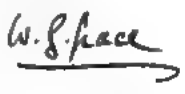
From "MARCUS SUPERBUS":—

DEAR SIR,—An actor.

Faithfully yours,



I do not remember ever being told.



From SIR ARTHUR ARNOLD:—

Hyde Hill, Dartmouth.

DEAR SIR,—"What I Wanted to Be" when I was a boy was a member of Parliament. Sometimes I would, as a boy, have exchanged this ambition for the power of writing logic and political economy like Mill, or of history like Macaulay. But the lesser and the lower ambition was more veritable to my capacity, and after a defeat at Huntingdon in 1873, I reached success at Salford in 1880.—Yours faithfully,

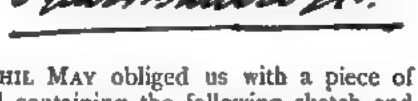
From the organiser and "boss" of the Barnum and Bailey Show, Olympia:—

I am requested by Mr. Bailey to say to you in reply to your note of inquiry, that from his earliest days he had no other desire than to be the proprietor of a big show. That when a boy he was drawn towards that life by seeing for the first time a "show," which came to the little village of Pontiac, Michigan, in the United States. And so, when an opportunity occurred, which was the following year, he sought and obtained employment with the 'advance manager' of a travelling show, remaining with it for many years. He worked himself up from the smallest position, through all the stages, to his present place. He also thanks you for the privilege of conveying this small bit of information.

From SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, K.B.:—

18, Berkeley Square,
December 8th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—I can remember no earlier wish than to be an actor, although I never knew one until I went upon the stage.—Yours faithfully,



MR. PHIL MAY obliged us with a piece of cardboard containing the following sketch and confession:—

SUMMARY.

H. M. Stanley	Missionary.
George R. Sims	Circus Rider.
Lord Roberts	Soldier.
Sir Henry Irving	Actor.
Charles Wyndham	Clergyman.
Conan Doyle	Civil Engineer.
Grant Allen	Poet.
Lord Brampton	Judge.
Sir John Bridge	Couldn't say.
George Grossmith	A Prince of Wales.
Alma Tadema	Painter.
Sir John Lubbock	Naturalist.
John M. Le Sage	Cavalry Officer.
Phil May	Circus Clown.
A. W. Pinero	Omnibus Conductor.
Sir T. Lipton	Ship Captain.
John T. Toussaud	Poet.
W. S. Gilbert	Horse Artilleryman.
S. R. Crockett	Engine Driver.
William Whiteley	Couldn't say.
George Alexander	Actor.
George Manville Fenn	Soldier.
Wilson Barrett	Actor.
W. G. Grace	Couldn't say.
Sir Arthur Arnold	An M.P.
J. A. Bailey	Showman.
Sir Squire Pinero't	Actor.

"GREYS! GREYS! KEEP 'EM OUT, GREYHOUSE!"

(Drawn by J. Finnemore, R.B.A.*)*

The Storming of Greyhouse

by R. S. Warren Bell

It was all on a June day—on a day when the topmost branches of the great oaks in the avenue were nodding and bowing to each other in most decorous fashion, when the drowsy hum of working bees came from among the flowers in the Head's garden, when the birds sang gaily, and when all was peace and sweet summer-tide.

Upon this fair scene there broke a horde of savage men. Their curses drowned the peaceful buzzing among the roses; as if in dismay the birds decamped, and even the bees flew away to another garden. But slowly—the men are not yet come.

The strike at Petershall—situated four miles from Greyhouse School—had lasted several days when the mob, setting at defiance the handful of police which had been told off to watch them, swooped down upon the residence of the biggest manufacturer. His residence was quite close to Greyhouse. He had chosen it on this account, wishing to educate both of his sons at a big public school, and yet at the same time keep them under home influence.

There were about fifty Day-greys (otherwise Greyhouse day boys), and on this particular morning several of them had been molested on their way to school. The Head—Dr. Graham—and his staff, on hearing the tales of these adventures, had promptly held a council of war, and it had been decided that sleeping accommodation should be provided for the Day-greys in the school dormitories. The Head knew this would be a matter of much inconvenience, and went round during the lunch hour to see Mr. Winslow, who, being the biggest manufacturer in Petershall, had been chiefly instrumental in resisting the strikers' demands.

The Head was a strong man in every sense of the word. He had his faults, as all men of forceful character have, but they were over-balanced by his virtues. His temper was quick but what man of real character wears a perpetual smile? The Head was a man of action—and decisive action. Had he entered the navy as a boy he would have risen to a high command; had he adopted politics as a career he would have become a minister before he was fifty; as it was, he was a schoolmaster and a man.

"Now, sir," said he, entering Mr. Winslow's study abruptly, "when is this strike going to end? Are you prepared to feed and lodge all my day boys?"

"*Dr. Graham!*" retorted the manufacturer. "I must request you to remember——"

"Request be *hanged*, sir!" thundered the Head. "This is no time for ceremony. You know as well as I do that the strike is costing thousands of pounds—that the men are becoming brute beasts, and that the women and children are starving. They are begging of the cottagers out here; they have wandered all this way to look for bread. You are the leading man in the district—cannot you arrive at a compromise? *I* will act as mediator, if you like——"

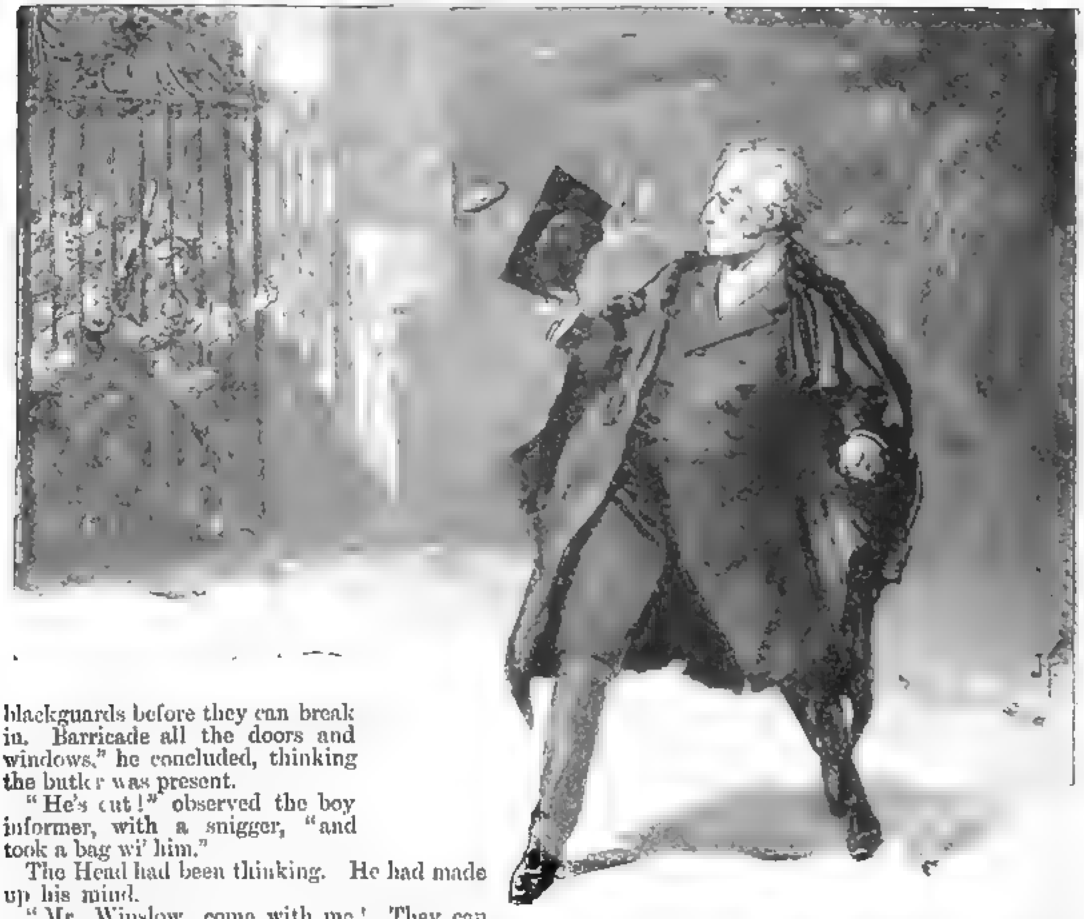
"I will not trouble you——" Mr. Winslow was beginning, when the butler entered without even knocking.

"If you please, sir," he exclaimed hastily, "there's a boy come to say that a huge crowd of strikers is marching along the high road. People are hiding in the fields; they've raided every public-house they've come to, and are mad with drink."

"Bring the lad in," commanded Mr. Winslow. "Thank God!" he added, as the servant left the room, "I've sent my women-folk away. I am prepared for the worst."

The lad—a little country boy—corroborated the butler's statement. The strikers were advancing in a dense crowd—shouting and singing, waving sticks, and calling out the name of the chief manufacturer in the district.

"They can come if they like!" exclaimed Mr. Winslow, recklessly. "I'll shoot a dozen of the



QUICK AS THOUGHT DR. GRAHAM WARDED OFF THE FLINT WITH HIS "SQUARE"

blackguards before they can break in. Barricade all the doors and windows," he concluded, thinking the butler was present.

"He's cut!" observed the boy informer, with a snigger, "and took a bag wi' him."

The Head had been thinking. He had made up his mind.

"Mr. Winslow, come with me! They can smash up this modern villa of yours, but Greyhouse is made of sterner stuff. Will you accept the shelter of my school, sir?"

The manufacturer hesitated, clasped his hands nervously, looked from the head master to the boy and back again, and at length inclined his head.

"Yes," he said, dejectedly.

"Just as well," returned the Head, shortly. "Because if you stay here they'll kill you."

The manufacturer was not a coward, but the trying events of the past week had unmanned him. Without a word he followed Dr. Graham's towering form.

Immediately on re-entering his own domain, Dr. Graham had all the gates closed, and caused the bell to be tolled for attendance in the great school-room. Three hundred Greys sat mute as mice; a rumour of the strikers' approach had reached them, and they suspected that this unusual summons was due to it.

The Head came in, his strong jaw set more rigidly than ever. He swept his eye over the serried ranks of his young army.

"Boys, there is a likelihood of our having to fight to-day. I have invited Mr. Winslow to accept the shelter of Greyhouse. The strikers are bound to find out that he is here, for several malcontents in this village saw him enter our gates. It is not safe for him to endeavour to escape in any other direction, for gangs of strikers are all over the country side. Therefore he must stay with us, and we will defend our guest against any odds. You must arm yourself with stumps, bats, and everything that is likely to be serviceable. The members of the cadet corps will arm themselves. As long as possible we will keep on the right side of the law, but if the worst comes to the worst we must meet madmen with the only weapons that will awe them."

At this moment old Joe, the school porter (a Royal Navy veteran), hobbled into the school-room.

"They'se coomin'! they'se coomin', sir!" he cried, his broad accent betraying his excitement. "They'se bin told Mnister Winslow's 'ere, and they ain't gone near 'is 'ouse, but are keepin' straight on to 'ere!"

"*Dismiss!*" thundered the Head, and the assembled Greys broke away from their places like hounds from the leash. Anything that would hit—and *hurt*—was a good enough weapon. The door

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of the armoury was rushed by the school cadets (a hundred in number), who strapped on belts and bayonets, and, with their rifles at the trail, hastened to join the younger fry in the playing fields which fronted the main buildings. Soon the whole school was assembled there awaiting the foe's arrival. The masters, with equal alacrity, swelled the defending host, and came equipped with heavy walking sticks, golf-clubs, and such like weapons. Even Mr. Kitt, the little music master, proved himself equal to the occasion, and came striding along by the side of his sworn chum - Herr Klopk; who taught foreign tongues—carrying a "brassey' over his shoulder.

Now along the foot of the playing fields ran a stone wall—Greyhouse was once a monastery—almost 6ft high. The entrance to the drive was guarded by two solid iron gates, full 10ft. high, hung on two immense stone pillars, the summit of each of these being crowned by a stone urn. The gates were closed and bolted. At the back Greyhouse was surrounded by a wall of gigantic dimensions and practically unscalable. Half-a-dozen boys were posted at the various dormitory windows to give the alarm in case any attempt was made to climb this wall.

The strikers did not advance like Russians - with stealthy tread, mute, watchful—but they came on more in the manner of Dervishes, with hoarse, raucous shoutings, oaths, and cryings-out of the name of "*Winslow!*" The distant murmur swelled and grew into a near roar, and soon a dense cloud of dust told that they were close at hand.

Arrived at the gates the foremost of the mob hammered on the iron railings and demanded admittance. In his scholastic robes, dignified and stern, Dr. Graham walked down to interview them.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We wants Winslow," roared a hundred voices. "Give 'im oop and we won't touch the laddies."

"What do you want Mr. Winslow for?"

"Never mind what!" returned the leader of the mob. "Mebbe to make a hangel of 'un!"

This coarse sally was received with a hurricane of drunken cheers and laughter.

"You can't have him for that or any other purpose," replied the Head, coolly. "So you had better go away."

So saying, he retired, wisely keeping his face towards them. The leader bent down, and, seizing a stone, flung it through the bars of the gate at the head master. Quick as thought, Dr. Graham warded off the flint with his "square."

The disappointed mob-leader seized the gate, and shook it as a wild beast claws its bars. The strikers had struck the first blow. The battle had commenced.

The strikers began to swarm up the wall and gate—"legged up" by their companions but the Greys were ready for them. Laying down their rifles for the nonce, the cadets—being the biggest fellows—seized stumps and bats, and, whenever a hand or head appeared, smacked at it with a hearty goodwill which elicited shrieks and evil words from the host without. Up came a close-cropped head. *Thwack!* The head disappeared, its owner having sustained a broken s'ip. Up came a horny hand. *Bang!*—a yell and the imprecations following told that the beaten-off one had fallen amongst his comrades. It was the same all along the staunch fortress wall. Heads and hands appeared and disappeared with marvellous rapidity. The Greys and their masters were guarding the wall from one end of the playing-fields to the other. Several strikers toppled right over; in a trice they were pounced upon and pinioned by the Greys in their neighbourhood old Joe having thoughtfully procured about a mile of rope from the box-room. These topplings-over became more frequent, and soon a score of strikers had been taken prisoners. When bound, the little fellows in the First were caused to stand guard over them—a duty the "Midgets" undertook with tremendous satisfaction, and it is to be feared that they were not very kind custodians, judging by the way they speared at a prisoner with their stump-points if he so much as stirred a limb.

The mob must have been a thousand strong, but so gal'ant was the defence of the Greys that it looked as if the men from Petershall would not effect an entrance by the over-the-wall method The Greys thwacked hard and accurately, and many broken heads and hands must have gone back to Petershall that night.

The strikers, however, surged most thickly round the gates, guessing that this was the weakest point in the defences. Here half-a dozen of the masters, helped by several of the Sixth, had posted themselves, and the fight may be said to have been hand-to-hand as far as a fight of that sort could be carried on through gate bars.

"It'll give way soon, lods!" yelled a man in front, who was hacking at one of the hinges with a crowbar, "and then we'll have 'em!"

"And make 'em pay for this!" was the savage addition of another, whose head was bound up in a red handkerchief.

"With a will, lads, with a will; we'll have 'em soon!" growled the mob outside.

"Greys! Greys! Greyhouse for ever! Keep 'em out, Greyhouse! Never say die, Greyhouse! Greys! Greys!"

Such were the cries that came from all over the field while the fight raged.

The strikers' blood was up; they were sweating and gnashing their teeth; in their heat and gore they looked more like wild animals than men. No wonder the more timid of the schoolboys shuddered as they gazed on the scene—too frightened to fight and not daring to run away. Truly an unenviable predicament!

Of a sudden, to the wonder and dismay of all who perceived it, the Captain of Greyhouse and half a-dozen of the biggest fellows started running at top speed towards the school buildings. The strikers saw them, too, and raised a hearse chorus of triumph.

"They're frighted! Coom on, lods! Down wi' this gate and we'll dance on they—sure!"

But the rest of the Greys, though they felt a bit damped by their leader's disappearance, didn't intend to let their assailants in. Still they

guarded the walls, hammering intruding hands and heads and legs with increased vigour, and sustaining many wounds from stones and sticks in their turn.

But the old gate was shaking; the strikers were plunging themselves against it in masses. The masonry was ancient, and the hinges none too secure. It seemed certain that the mob would effect an entrance sooner or later, and then—where would the Greys be?—three hundred boys, the majority of them in knickerbockers, against a thousand grown men, wild with drink and rage against the manufacturer the school had given

THEY MEANT TO SAVE THE CAPTAIN

shelter to.

"*It's givin'! it's givin'!*" was the yell, as a huge slab of mortar fell away from the top hinge of the right gate. The mob bayed like wolves, and their eyes gleamed with the hope that soon they would be fighting at close quarters with their boyish opponents.

But at this juncture the little fellows in the rear raised a loud cry. Oh, most happy inspiration! The Captain and his companions were tugging the school fire-engine down to the gates; and, by Jove! another fine idea—all the fellows who had run off had hastily donned fencing-jackets and helmets, which, as you know, are made of wicker and padded with leather.

They had often practised out in the front here, where was situated a fire-plug in connection with Petershall reservoir. The hose was attached, a score of chaps started pumping, the Captain took command of the muzzle, and brought it to bear full upon the crowd at the gates.

Swish—Swelsh! The great stream of water was drenching and bathing them. But the bars of the gates lessened its force.

"A leg up, some of you!" cried the Captain, running to the wall and beginning to scramble up. They helped him, and in a trice he was sitting astride the wall, bombarding the mob with the water which spouted furiously from the muzzle—thanks to the energy of the pumpers.

I defy any man to stand up against the volume of water which a good fire-hose throws. The strikers round the gate skedaddled pell-mell to escape this formidable onslaught, and no man in the front of the mob could feel secure, for the Captain dodged the muzzle about most impartially, and let them all have a taste of it.

But, alas! Gazing on the retreating figures he forgot the space immediately beneath him. Even as his fellow Greys were cheering and clapping him on, they saw him drop the hose and clutch desperately at the coping of the wall. It was loose, and gave way beneath his desperate strength. He grabbed again—a score of Greys rushed forward—but those on the other side were too powerful and too quick, and before he could be rendered any assistance he had been twitched over the wall into the road—one boy alone amongst a thousand savages.

* * * * *

For a moment the Greys were tongue-tied and limb-tied; the catastrophe had unnerved them. Their Captain was gone!

But another leader was at hand. A master who had only joined the staff that term—fresh from

Oxford—romped up to the spot where the Captain had been pulled over.

"To the rescue—come Greys!"

He was a famous footer man—an International. To get over that wall was the work of a moment with him. As the others surged after him, he dropped into the road and dashed head first into the crowd, rushing straight for that spot where the fencing-helmet was swaying and reeling amidst overwhelming odds. Had it not been for that helmet and jacket the Captain's life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase.

Over they went, not stopping to count the cost. Over—over—over! Their blood was up; they meant to save the Captain.

"*Come on, Greys! To the rescue, Greys! Greyhouse for ever! Follow up, Greys!*" and the cry was echoed back and back. Greyhouse knew how to cheer!

Thus they made that mad and desperate charge against an overpowering host.

It was, perhaps, the most anxious moment the head master of Greyhouse had ever experienced, although, goodness knows, he had passed gallantly through some trying ordeals in the course of his career. The flower of his flock—the Captain of his school—was fighting for his life amid that maddened mob—a mob ready to go to any lengths—as ready to commit murder as to rob a beer-house. One of his masters and a score of fellows had gone to the rescue. The gates could not hold out much longer; they were ancient gates, put up before Greyhouse was a school even, and the pressure put upon them was fearful. The pillars upon which they hung had been standing for centuries; they were rotten old pillars.

He must act promptly and with judgment. The safety of hundreds of boys, of his own family, and of the women servants, fearfully watching the fight from afar, depended upon *him!* He was the Wellington of this miniature Waterloo! He made up his mind in two seconds. His great voice roared out and could be heard even above the din and tumult of the conflict.

"*Greyhouse! Battalion! Form into half companies—fix bayonets! Steady a moment!*"

The cadets fell in and obeyed the word of command as coolly as if they had been on parade. The gates were swaying; the mortar had given way; the strikers were surging against it in a still more compact mass. Their weight had told.

"*Steady, Greys!*" rang out the Head's voice again. "*Stand away from the gates!*"

Now a tremendous cheer came from the strikers, and was answered staunchly by the Greys. The mob charged at the gates again, and yet again. Then with—as it seemed—a dying groan, the enormous hinges came away from their three-hundred-year-old beds, and the gates—the pride of Greyhouse—fell with a crash!

"*Battalion! Forward!*"

As steadily as trained soldiers the Greys advanced; the line of glittering steel completely filled the yawning space lately occupied by the gates.

The strikers drew back a little, and many of them scaled a bank on the other side of the road. Still they kept up a hail of sticks and stones. The Greys were bleeding, but they stood up gamely.

"*Halt!*"

The front rank pulled up between the shattered pillars. Behind it the sloping bayonets glistened in the sun, and looked business-like. The leader of the mob was on the bank.

"Coom on, lods! Doan't 'ee be frighted by a pack o' babies playin' at soljers! Coom on!"

So saying, he picked up a half-brick and flung it at the front rank. It struck a Grey, who reeled back. He was passed through to the rear, his place being quickly filled. The leader rushed forward, brandishing his cudgel.

Now the Head's voice rang out again:—

"*Battalion!* CHARGE!!!"

Though his voice was so clear, Dr. Graham was trembling. On the next few moments depended the issue of this conflict. Could the boys hold their own? Would the strikers stand or fly? If the latter kept their ground their numbers could not but give them the victory. They were ten to one.

The captains of the half companies took up the word.

"*Right half company—right wheel!* CHARGE!"

"*Left half company—left wheel!* CHARGE!"

The Greys set their teeth. The sun danced on the steady line of steel. They advanced at the double, wheeling to the right and to the left, and charged full tilt at the mob.

"*Greyhouse! Greys for ever! Greys!*" The old cry rang out; they dashed forward. Now Greys—steady, and the day is yours!

The strikers wavered—broke—fled—still the steel lines followed, and behind them the whole host of Greys, uttering ringing shouts of victory.

The strikers tore away—anywhere to escape that cold, glittering steel! *Greyhouse was saved!*

* * * * *

The Captain was picked up half dead. But he was well by Prize Day. For a fortnight the school infirmary was packed from top to bottom with invalids, and in addition there were forty out-patients.

As for the strikers from Petershall, they weren't out of the wood when they bolted, because they ran straight into the jaws of two hundred picked London policemen, sent down that day for the especial purpose of keeping them quiet.

But that didn't matter. The Greys had defended Greyhouse against an overwhelming host, and the Greys got an extra week summer holidays. So let us fling our caps on high and sing—

"BRAVO, GREYHOUSE!"

FAGS AND FAGGING.

BY AN OLD BOY.

It is safe to say that not more than one British boy in five hundred has any other meaning for the verb "to fag" than this: "To field at cricket or rounders." And doubtless, in a good many instances, the better informed young gentleman has gained his superior knowledge from the pages of some enthralling story of public school life. For while in the famous educational establishments where "fagging" still, to some degree, reigns as a system, there are probably at no time more than a few thousand boys, their brothers of the Board and Primary schools are literally to be counted by the million.

Whether the odd four hundred and ninety-nine in our five hundred would take at all kindly to "fagging" in the public-school sense, could they, as Charles Lamb would say, "be brought acquainted with it," is, I think, very doubtful. The Board school youth is, in general, a wild and whirling rebel against constituted authority. Is he in the deeps of the fourth or fifth standard, he treats their highnesses of the sixth and seventh much as the London street arab treats the majesty of the law—he jeers and dodges them. Nor is there any power in the gentle class-monitor, the harassed pupil-teacher, the cane wielding head master—no, nor in the mysterious, all-embracing "Code" itself, to make him do otherwise. In that contempt for all and sundry he grows up, and sometimes the result is not quite a pleasant one. In the lump he becomes the Democracy, with a very large D.

Yet not so long ago his youthful betters—using the word in its worldly and no doubt somewhat snobbish sense—were going out, generation after generation of them, from luxurious houses to take their place in a school system which made them literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to boys often very little, if at all, their senior. It was no use resisting. Shelley tried it and, it is even said, Byron, but tradition and custom were too strong for them. And brutal as were the "fag-masters" of that time—things are better now by all accounts—the arrangement crushed snobbery and begot a lasting reverence for law and order in the minds of the youthful servitors. Perhaps that is why we have drawn from Eton a Chatham, a Wellington, and a Gladstone; from Harrow a Palmerston and a Peel; while Winchester produced that Napoleon of public school masters, "Arnold of Rugby" himself. Those best bear rule who have earliest learned to serve, and the unpaid servitude of "fagging" still affords one of the most valuable lessons the public school can teach. The lesson is not so severe as it once was, for all that

"Fagging," whether at Eton, Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, or elsewhere, has always included two sets of duties—those which the "fag," owed to one particular "upper boy," and those which he must discharge, in common with all other fags, when called upon by any "upper boy" whatever. In addition to these there were, and probably still are, tasks which fell to one or more fags either arbitrarily or in rotation. Such, as a rule, was the duty of attending to the fires in the general apartments. The fire of each "upper boy" was kept up by his own special fag.

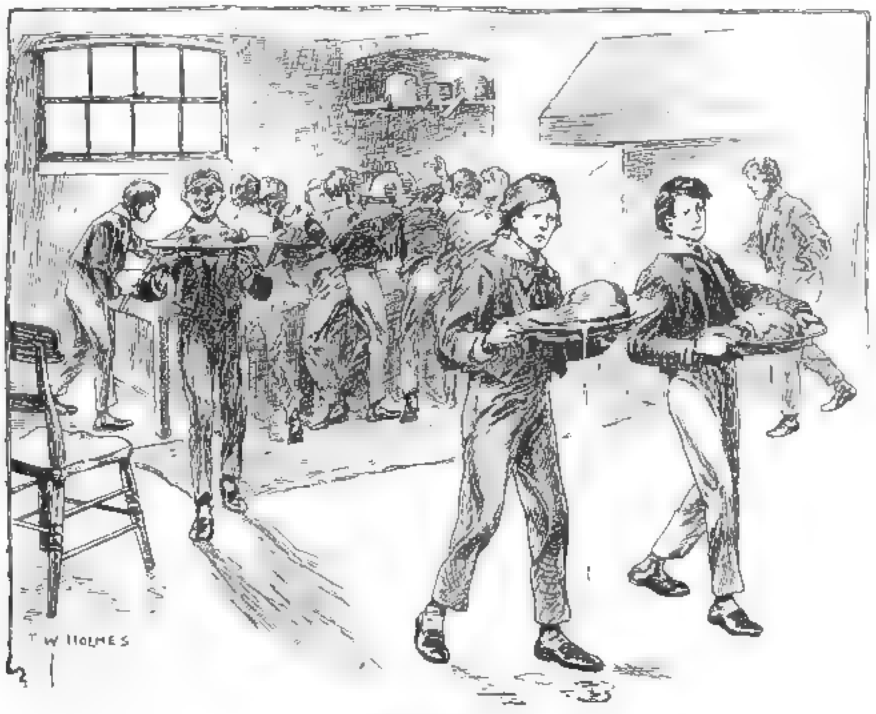
Fires, indeed, whether public or private, have provided whole generations of fags with more or less unwelcome labour. In the old day of the Winchester School, every "commoner"—there were twelve of these august persons—had a "boiler fag" of his own, whose business it was to provide his master each morning with a sufficient quantity of hot water for that worthy's needs.

Upon the stroke of "first peal"—a dismal bell, rung by an even more dismal "fag"—the "boiler fag" started from his slumbers, tossed about his shivering form a species of horse-cloth with a hole in the middle to permit the

passage of his head, and started downstairs for the newly-kindled fire in "Writing School." Eleven other "fags" raced with him and fought for the hottest corner of the smouldering coals, into which to thrust their dingy metal funnels, filled with water that seemed as if it had forgotten how to boil. A curious sight those twelve wretched little figures must have been, crouching over the smoky fire in their "ponchos."

A great responsibility rested also upon the shoulders of the two fags who were told off to the upper fireplace in the Long Chamber at Eton. They were the high priests of that strange institution known to the Windsor School as "Fireplace," and which reigned nightly from 10 to 10.30 between October and Easter. As early as 7.45 the fire was built up, and for the next hour the fags coaxed their charge into a glowing red. Then a couple of large blocks—if inevitable three, but no more—were carefully fitted on top, and at 9.15 to the minute, the lower coals were raked out. A quarter of an hour later the ceremony was repeated, and then the captain of "the Long"—who was also captain of the "Fireplace,"—was called upon to judge the result. If the precious top-blocks had caved in, woe to the unlucky fags, who were sent on duty for the next night, and, if necessary, the next, until they learned to do adequate justice to the dignity of "Fireplace." But if a kindly sixth form boy chose to break down the unsatisfactory "crust" with his heel, they were held guiltless and the fire was "passed." Once approved, or "let off," the fire was surrounded by a ring of beds, and the inhabitants of "the Long" settled down thereon to enjoy a second and unofficial supper—at least, those did who had the wherewithal. The others hung round or "cadged" for unconsidered trifles.

Time was when poker and tongs were unheard-of luxuries at Harrow, and a stout hedge-stake did duty for the absent steel. Such substitutes, however effective, could not, in the nature of things, see very long service, and at the call of "fag poker" from one of the studies, or from a general fireside, the junior fag had to rush off into the cold to requisition a new "iron" from a faggot stack or hedgerow. Uncongenial as this sudden dive into the inhospitable night may have been, the fag who had it to make was in better case than his fellow at Eton, who had to "saw logs" for the open hearth in "Carter's chamber" or run up from "school" to a shop by the Windsor Bridge, and bring back "two or three pecks of coal" in his gown, slinging this useful article of apparel over each shoulder by a lightly-grasped corner.



A DIVE WAS MADE FOR THE TRENCHERS.

Not only was the fag an expert stoker—he was a valet, a cook, and, in some cases, a waiter and a chamber-maid. In the days of "the Long," that famous Eton dormitory whose glory departed with the invasion of the cubicle, the fag made his master's bed, and was liable, we are told, should he get the thick middle seam of the

ticking inwards, and so disturb his master's repose, to be hauled out of his own warm couch about 11 p.m., and run up the room to rectify his error.

The "valet fag" was at one time to be seen in all his wretched glory in the Gownboy's Hall of the Charterhouse. There the twelve lower boys took it in turn to serve the four monitors in the capacity of "basin fags," or "basinites." Their business was to call up these sleepy magnates at five minutes to the hour of "first school," to rush their lords at a violent pace into their vestments, and "get them there"—somehow—in time. If any "basinite" failed in this exacting duty he was called up and made to run the gauntlet of a flicking, administered by all four monitors with wet towels.

"Flicking" on the body or the palms, with the alternative of a smart series of slaps on the cheeks, during which the delinquent "held down" his hands, was, and possibly is, the favourite punishment of the offended "fag-master." Flicking was, on the whole, the more painful of the two.

MADE HIS MASTER'S BED

If the care of the fire is one of the invariable duties of the fag, preparing toast is another. All "upper boys" at public schools eat toast and have done so from time immemorial. The Charterhouse boasted—it may do yet—a special kind of toast, demanding much skill on the part of the fag. This consisted of a roll, closely nisped, thickly buttered, and then toasted all over an even brown. The fag who could turn out this delicacy in perfection was a treasure beyond price. At Eton the fag with a genius for cooking ventured on bolder flights and prepared, we are credibly assured, sausages, and even steaks, in the sanctity of "the Long." But anyone who has any knowledge of the culinary perversity of milk can sympathise with the "milk-fag" of the old Charterhouse who had to wrestle with a mighty saucepan, humouring the contents upon an awkward fire and beseeching Providence that it might not burn. For burnt milk in the coffee of the "uppers" meant sorrow for the amateur cook who was responsible for the disaster.

The "lower boys" at Eton who were "collegers" had to play the part of waiters on an inconveniently large scale. They were "paraded" before dinner in a kind of cellar ante-room leading to the main kitchen, where the joints of mutton legs, necks, breasts, and shoulders were set out on pewter dishes, swimming with gravy. At a given moment the waiting "lowers" were admitted to the inner room, and a dive was made for the trenchers. It was merely the office of the fags to carry the joints upstairs to the "messes" in hall. But the dishes were heavy and "hall" long, and the cunning "lowers" knew that if they could get a favourite joint—a leg or a breast—they would be relieved of it almost as soon as they crossed the threshold of the great dining room. Hence the scramble, after which, supplemented by a climb with a joint and a tilting dish, the smaller fags found themselves plentifully besmeared with grease and gravy.

Stoker, cook, valet, chamber-maid and waiter—to these functions the dauntless fag added (at least he did at Eton) the duties of a charwoman. After four, every Saturday, a detachment of fags scrubbed down the three big tables and removed no light matter—the complicated stains of the preceding seven days. Once a week, in the cricket season, these same dear tables had to be carried down to Poets' Walk for the "Upper Club" tea. The cumbrous things appeared to move of their own volition—it took a second glance to discover the thin legs of the supporting fag wading defiantly with his burden. Once arrived at Poets' Walk, a gipsy fire had to be built, a kettle boiled, and the "uppers'" rolls and butter purveyed. When the tea was over the tables had to be carted back again.

That the fags' work became at times positively menial, our instance of the scrubbed tables will show. Sometimes its menial quality partook of the quaint, as when the Winchester fags cleared out their coffee boilers with grass sods, and when the Eton ones dried the plates of the lordly sixth on their—the fags'—surplices after using these ecclesiastical vestments for table cloths.

General "fagging" that is, casual obedience to the orders of any "uppers" who might not have their own fags handy, or who desired

further assistance—was usually of the "fetch and carry" order. Sometimes it involved "fagging-out" at cricket, racquets, fives, or even football. In Dr. Butler's time at Harrow, a feat often attempted at the last game was to kick the ball over the school into the road beyond. Should it fail to clear the ridge, it fell back to the parapet, where, of course, it remained. For this reason a fag was usually posted behind the parapet to return the strayed "leather." On a bitterly cold December day the position was not inviting, and might even have been described as dangerous.

One duty of the Charterhouse fags, that of "keeping goal" when playing football in the "Cloisters"—the resort of the school on a rainy day—was, however, not less risky and much more exciting. Doors at each end of the "Cloisters" formed the goals, and these the fags guarded in a compact body. The game resolved itself into a series of scrimmages "in goal," some of which scrimmages, we are told, lasted as long as three-quarters of an hour. No wonder the fags emerged from them with rent garments and bruised limbs! The license of the sport was great—when some invader of the goal put a hand on a piece of projecting masonry, or some such convenient point of leverage, the watchful fags might hammer his knuckles with their fists to make him abandon it. It is not surprising to learn that this kind of football was peculiar to the Charterhouse.

Add to these arduous tasks and enforcedly desperate "recreations" the fact that the lower boy" knew what it was to be hungry, and the finishing touch is put to this sketch of the fag as he used to be. An old colleger has written that he often, by reason of his fagging duties and other luckless accidents, had nothing from dinner at two till ten o'clock the next morning, and that he has gnawed the chump end of a loin of mutton—shared with another fag, and obtained by sheer good fortune at the end of an unprosperous day—with a dog's manners and a dog's appetite.

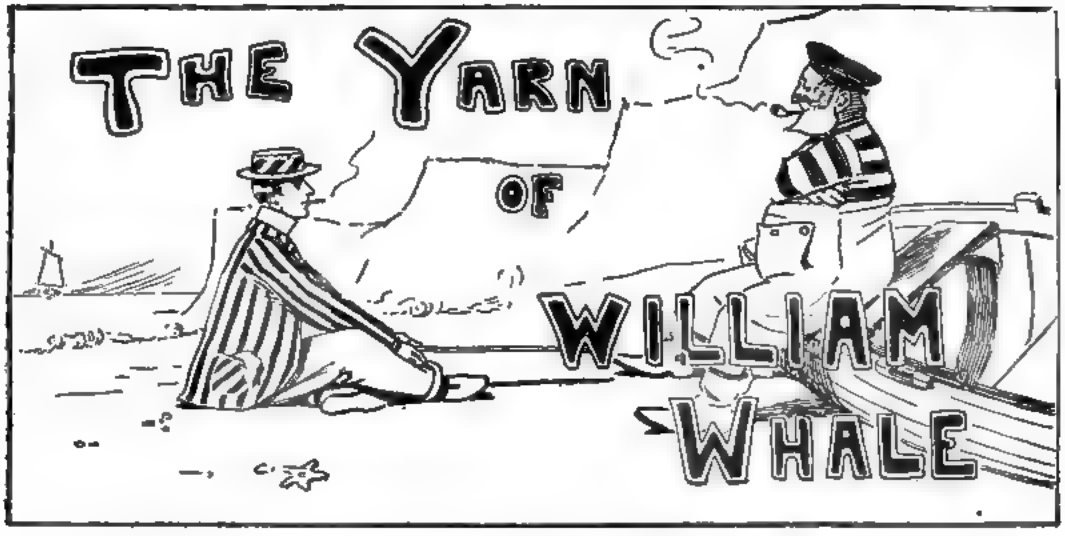
Many, if not all of these things, have been done away with. Fagging survived them, because in its essence it was right; it taught the world of boys to recognise that, as in the world of men, the way to power is through service. It did more than that—it taught them that there is nothing really ignoble in the discharge of necessary commonplace domestic tasks, and it taught that lesson to those who were mostly likely to need it—the sons of the noble and the rich. I see grave reason to doubt whether, if it had not been for fagging at our public schools, our aristocracy would have been as vigorous and as free from snobbery as it has. And I am not suggesting that it has ever attained perfection in either of these respects.

OLD BOYS' DINNERS.

We generally find that Old Boys' dinners are melancholy affairs. The Old Boys regard each other with suspicion. The man who has left only a term or two wonders who on earth the bearded pard on his right may be. Then men who were also contemporaries very often don't know each other. You stare and stare at the man opposite to you and wonder who the Moses he is. It is the fault, gentlemen, of his drooping yellow moustache which hides what you would recognise him by first—his mouth. Some of us are recognised by our noses first, some by our laughter, and some by our legs. As you warm up towards the end of the evening you discover that the yellow-moustached gent occupied the bed next to yours for several terms in Dormitory 41. You also recollect that he has owed you fourpence for eight years—with accumulated interest. But, aha! how do the mighty fall! See the school bully now! He, a tremendous and fearful object in our first-form days, has now an insignificant appearance, and a subdued—not to say frightened—manner. Is this the monster who seemed to have eyes all round his head? Is this the heavily-booted ruffian who could kick his fag half across his study? You feel surprised to find yourself chatting with him on quite confidental terms—though it strikes you as curious that you are not "waiting" on him, or trembling lest the pudding should have given him indigestion!

THE BULLY THAT WAS.

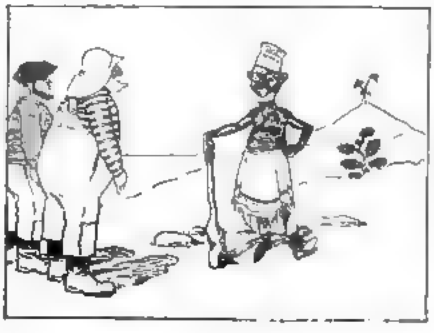
But there is no reason why Old Boys' dinners should not be functions as merry as our dormitory suppers were. You should imagine that you are travelling on an Alpine railway, and that an avalanche has effectually boxed you up for forty-eight hours. Under these circumstances it is obvious that to treat your fellow passengers in a cold and distant manner would be the height of impudence, since they may be able to provide you with the means of subsistence; so you all thaw, and before eight of the eight-and-forty hours have passed you will be calling each other Jones and Smith, and playing "cat's-cradle" with each other. So let us apply that remedy to an Old Boys' dinner. Imagine that you have got to stay in the dining-room for two days and two nights, that your diet will be largely vegetarian, and that your acquaintance with the grape will be entirely in its unsqueezed form—then you will all be the best friends together, and what begins so solemnly will end up in an atmosphere of hearty good fellowship.



WRITTEN BY FRED GILLETT. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GILLETT.

I'm a genuine ancient salt.
My name is William Whale.
Our ship was at sea
In latitude three,
'Twas blowing a fearful gale.
Our vessel was nearly drowned:
Her bulwarks were badly cracked,
Her lee-scuppers split,
And her masts in a fit,
But her anchor remained intact.
This anchor, I'm glad to say,
Pneumatical was inclined;
With air all a'bloat
It kept us afloat.
What? Never yet seen that kind?

The man at the wheel and I
Three nights and a day held on.
The rest of the crew,
The passengers too,



On divers affairs had gone.
"Ah, Jacob!" said I to him,
"A longing for home I feel."
He shifted his eye,
Which seemed to imply,
"Don't talk to the man at the wheel!"
Unsociable was that man.
I never yet met a more
Unsociable—Stay!
Belay, there, belay!
Behold ye! We reached the shore.
Well, then we dismounted and walked,
Delighted to reach the land,
When, lo and behold!
A gentleman old
In front of us took his stand.

He said, in his native tongue,
"No bathing is here allowed!
One shilling, please, each!"

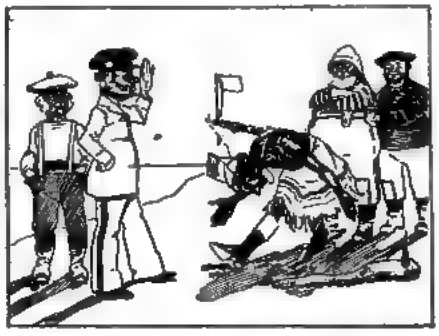
We stood on the beach
And paid the above. He bowed.
"Delighted," said he, "you've come,
For trade is by no means large.
I trust you will stay—
Two guineas per day
For lodging is all I charge.
Two houses I have to let,
Magnificent sea-front view!
Prime ozone in slabs!
And thousands of crabs!
Exactly the thing for you!"

The man at the wheel and I,
Had never been known to miss
An offer so fair,
Unselfish and square,
And so we accepted this.

The elderly native man
Conducted us round the isle,
And showed us the sights
And desert delights—
At seven and-six per mile.

He showed us the raging surf
(Not charging to see it twice)
The sun as it set
(For two shillings nett),
And the sand (which was cheap at the price).
He showed us the fish and fowl,
The flora and fauna, too;
And Jacob and me
We never did see
So much (at the price) in the Zoo.
We lived like two fighting cocks;
Though we didn't fight, so to speak.
That elderly cuss
Was a mother to us,
And sent in his bill each week.

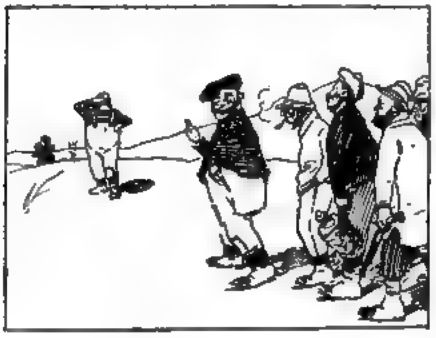
Things went very smooth and straight
Till Wednesday, June the third.
On (or after) this date,
I'm sorry to state,
A luckless event occurred.
A penny saloon steam-boat
(Twice daily from Rosherville
To Cape of Good Hope,
With cargo of soap),
In front of our isle stood still.



The captain he came ashore,
And offered to take us back
To England, Yeo-ho!
But I answered, "No!"
Though Jacob was on that tack.
So Jacob and he went off.
I gazed at the boundless blue,
And argued, "Ah! this
Is what I call bliss."
I was monarch of all I surview.

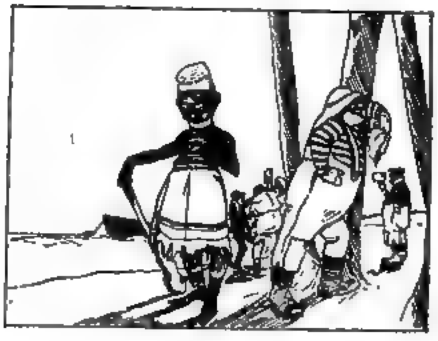
How hollow is earthly joy!
How little did I foresee—
Why didn't I guess
What a thundering mess
Mate Jacob would make of me
As soon as he reached the land
He let the whole secret out
To Sammy and Ben,
Two young fishermen,
And that's how it got about.

He told them in glowing terms
Of that island beyond the sea,
And said that he thought



That seaside resort
The place for a sumptuous spree.
He told of the ancient man
Who lived on that balmy isle,
Whose charges were so
Unusually low,
Viz., seven-and-six per mile.

Said Sammy, on hearing this,
"Say, Ben, shall we take the trip?"
Said Ben, "Let us go
To this very nice show!"
So they started to man a ship.



They took with them other chaps—
Not gentlemen, I surmise;
But men of the kind
You frequently find
In burgling enterprise!

Strolling the sands one day,
Enjoying the sad sea's moan,
Surveying the larks
Of oysters and sharks—
I fell with a hollow groan.

"All over!" I cried in grief.
"All over! My dreams of bliss!
I was always afraid
A trip would be made
By trippers as cheap as this!"
They reddened the coast with rows,
Bad language, and fights, and beer
I stood it a week,
Then felt I must seek
A sadder but milder sphere.
One morning I packed my kit,
Shed tears at the farewell touch
Of the elderly gent,
And settled the rent.
(His charges were never much.)
But just as I left the place,
Some cannibals passing by,
War-hooted, "Menu!"
The excursionists slew,
And feasted on burglar pie.

MORAL.

If ever you chance to find,
True bliss on some earthly spot
Don't tell it to men
Like Sammy and Ben—
Monopolise all you've got!

THE RED RAM.

By Ascott R. Hope.

Author of "Hero and Heroine," "Cap and Gown Comedy," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Cleaver.

CHAPTER I.

There came a sharp knocking at the door of our schoolroom, as the hopeful hour of noon drew near. At this end, Dr. Worgler, the principal of "Cambridge Hall," was conducting a lesson on history. At the other, Mr. Nunn, the second master, presided patiently over a class of backward Latin scholars. Between them a great clattering of pencils arose round Mr. Delaney, the junior master, little more than a schoolboy himself, who was perhaps watching the clock as impatiently as any of his pupils. In the general hum and restless stir that knock passed unheeded at first, but was repeated till a small fellow at the end of the form stood up to call attention to such a welcome interruption.

"There's someone at the door, sir."

"Very good. See who it may be," commanded Dr. Worgler, with the dignity he put into his slightest order, for our Head, though a little man in body, was great in demeanour.

Even under the eye of this potentate there was a general movement of curiosity, while the small boy, glad of a chance to stretch his legs five minutes before the rest of us, scuttled towards the door, from which three or four steps led awkwardly down into the schoolroom. No sooner had he opened it than the head of another boy popped in, after an abrupt jack-in-the-box fashion, as if he had been caught peeping at the keyhole. His head did not so much interest us as his cap, that purple badge by which we recognised him as one of our proud neighbours, the College boys, whom we vainly affected to belittle by calling them Cauliflowers, but looked up to them in our envious hearts.

CAME TUMBLING DOWN THE STEPS.

Head and cap were so quickly drawn back that we might well guess them unwilling to trust themselves in any strange school, but as suddenly reappeared again, this time accompanied by the body and sprawling limbs that belonged to them. Propelled from behind, where a subdued titter could be heard, the stranger came tumbling down the steps and fell in a heap on the floor, making a fine mess of his Eton jacket and broad white collar. He had not done us the civility of doffing his cap, but that came off of itself, and he also dropped a letter he was carrying in his hand. The chuckling without swelled to a laugh, and a grin spread over our faces within, at once repressed by a rebukeful glance from that great little master of ours.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, in his most withering tones. "Is this the way you are taught to enter a room?"

Covered with dust and blushes, the College emissary had picked himself up, also his cap and the letter. Whether in confusion or impudence, the first thing he did was to stick the purple cap on the back of his curly head, then he threw down the letter on the nearest desk, and, without an audible word, fled from before Dr. Worgler's frowns. He did not take the trouble to shut the door behind him; and we heard how three or four of his invisible comrades laughingly scurried off along the passage, having thus discharged their mission at the gates of a hostile tribe.

"I should be sorry if the youngest boy in this school did not know how to behave himself better," quoth our master, grimly. "Close the door, and bring me that letter. Ha!—to the Secretary of the Football Club. This must wait till school is over."

He looked at me, the reader's humble servant being that official. Everybody looked at the letter, knowing what an important decision it brought. Dr. Worgler himself was more concerned than it became him to confess. After a perfunctory attempt to go on with the lesson for a minute or two, as if we were not all eyes and ears for another subject, the hand of the clock pointing now almost to the hour, he shut his book, and took up the letter, his fingers as well as mine itching to open it. Without any apology to me he tore across the imposing armorial bearings on the envelope, which I should like to have kept for my collection of crests. As he glanced over the contents his black-bearded face lit up, and in an exultant voice he read out aloud:—

"The College,
"November 16th.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to acknowledge your challenge to our second team. Their match for next Wednesday having been scratched, they could play you that day on our ground. Kick-off at 2.45. Kindly let us know at once if this will suit you.—Yours truly,
"F. JONES, Secretary.

"P.S.—Masters barred.

"To the Hon. Secretary, Football Club,
"Cambridge Hall."

When the reader gets on a little further, he will understand why this communication was received with a cheer, which Dr. Worgler—himself in high excitement—repressed for the instant, only to raise louder applause by giving out:—

"There will be a half-holiday this afternoon. Boys, you must practise—the credit of your school is at stake! This is nothing less than an event in our history!"

As soon as the bustle of taking marks and putting away books was over, the boys streamed out to the playground, all but myself. At a word from the head, I hobbled after him into his "Library," as he somewhat grandiloquently called the little room in which he sought retreat from the cares of office. You may as well know at once how I could not play football. It is my misfortune to have a club foot, and to stump about all my life in a peculiarly-formed boot. Dr. Worgler was great on every boy taking part in the games, but all I could do was to be secretary, as writing a good hand, and giving coarser spirits an opening for a jest against my infirmity. Luckily, I was not very sensitive on the point, and got on well enough with my lameness so long as left to my own devices. Luckily, also, in my case, I was a studious lad, and, though not nearly the oldest in the school, I stood at the head of the highest class, sometimes even put to teach the younger ones, so that what Dr. Worgler called his "staff" could be criticised as consisting of two men and a boy.

I HOBBLED AFTER HIM.

Under his dictation, it was now my duty to write an answer to the College team, in my best hand and on the master's best notepaper, where our heading of crest and motto swelled itself like a frog to rival the elaborate seal of that time-honoured neighbour. To me, Dr. Worgler did not conceal his satisfaction that our challenge had been accepted, and, though at first he talked of sending a complaint on the manner in which the missive from the College had been delivered, he gave up that idea for fear of spoiling the contest now in train. Another thing that ruffled him was the postscript as to masters being barred.

"Mr. Delaney is the captain of our team," he observed to me. "At many schools his age would make him a pupil rather than a master. I might just as well call him a senior prefect."

This point however, he would not insist upon, too glad to be allowed to play the College on any terms. When the letter was finished he put a stamp on it, saying:—

"Let us show them that I don't use my pupils as page-boys. You can take this up to the post before dinner; that will be a little exercise for you. And while you are about it, you may send off this telegram for me." He scribbled a few words on a telegraph form. "Be as quick as you can about that."

Always pleased to get a walk up town, I started off through the streets, which at this hour were so lively with youngsters, but only twice a week might the light blue colours of Cambridge Hall be seen here, unless worn by our handful of day boys. It is at nine in the morning that these streets present the most remarkable spectacle. Two minutes before the hour they are thronged with boys and girls, on their way to different schools: the "creeping unwillingly" seems to be much a matter of the past. The clock strikes, and in two minutes more, save for a hurrying laggard here and there, all is as still as the side of Ben Ledi when Roderick Dhu's warriors disappeared at a wave of his hand. For it is well

known how this town has richer educational endowments, in proportion to its size, than any other of the kingdom, unless perhaps Edinburgh and Bedford. Then its healthy and pleasant situation has gone towards making it a place of schools, with instruction for its staple, as coal is at Newcastle or steel at Sheffield. It gets thus a considerable floating population of retired officers, Anglo-Indian and other unattached families who come to settle here for a time, at least, while they have children to put to school. The rest of the inhabitants, I fancy, must be chiefly teachers, schoolbooksellers, professional cricketers, school servants and such like. In my time the Mayor of the town was a drawing master, the captain of the volunteers an LL.D.; the belle of the balls taught gymnastics to girls; and, of course, the Rector took pupils to read for the universities.

THE "DOLLIES."

There is, first of all, the original foundation, grown so wealthy that about a generation ago it split up into three establishments—the College, which lifts its head proudly above the rest; the Grammar School, for what is called middle-class education; and the Endowed School, for humbler scholars, such as the pious founder had originally most at heart to benefit. The pupils of these three branches of the same stem, hold, or are held, much apart from each other, facetiously distinguished as "Nobs," "Snobs," and "Roughs." In our own day has been added a High School for girls; and preparatory schools have sprung up for the younger members of the families who fill these institutions—so numerous that playing fields form the commonest feature of the surrounding scenery. An observant foreigner, who once visited the town in the football season, is said to have gone back with the impression that we brutal islanders kept a gallows standing on every open space!

Various private schools naturally pitched themselves about such a camp of education. There was Holly Lodge, nicknamed the "Juvenile House of Correction," its master ill-famed as a prickly disciplinarian. On the other side of the road stood that "Refuge for the Destitute," which the postman knew as Milton House. Rugby House was further down, near the station; and in a sheltered situation beyond lay Lilac Lawn, the Misses Dalton's establishment for delicate boys, rudely spoken of as the "Dollies." There were several other schools, of which I need only mention, as last and newest on the list, Cambridge Hall, which had me as its most advanced pupil—and that was not much to boast of. I have heard since that our nickname among our neighbours was the "Dunces' Delight," our master being understood to lay himself out for big stupid boys who might be good at games.

Why Dr. Worgler, on removing here from Margate, had christened his new school after Cambridge, there is no saying; nor why he affected to take that university as a model, devoted himself to the cult of the light blue, and professed to look down on all things Oxonian, even to the Oxford locals. His doctorship certainly came from neither of these two universities; its origin was as much a mystery as his own. He did not like to be called anything but an Englishman, and got quite angry if you talked to him about Austrin. He spoke English almost too perfectly, while some slight accent still betrayed him as a foreigner by birth; but he sought to carry that off by seeming more English than a born John Bull, especially in his zeal for cricket and football. Not that he played at any such games himself, but he posed as a critic and amateur of them to the point of fanaticism. I am afraid it will appear, before we have done with him, that our Doctor was a bit of a humbug, though he had his good points, and succeeded in impressing himself on many parents as an eminent educationalist. I never could be sure whether his athletic enthusiasm was genuine or only a matter of policy. At all events, he fell in with a fashion of the day by seeking to make athletics the strong point of his school, and a good many of his scholars quite agreed with him that lessons were an affair that might well be thrown into the background.

In the scholastic society of the place Cambridge Hall had not yet been received with open arms, a fact Dr. Worgler was inclined to put down to the "Oxford prejudices" he found prevalent here. Our challenge to the cricket eleven of the Grammar School had actually been refused. Holly Lodge and Rugby House also had looked haughtily on our advances; and even the poor Dollies were not allowed to encounter us, on some feeble pretence of our field being damp. Looking further afield, we offered ourselves as rivals to a public school in the next county, which replied by the practical insult of offering to send us a house eleven. But the Cambridge Hall Doctor was not to be easily rebuffed. When the football season came round he had prompted our team into aspiring to match themselves with the second eleven of the College, that House of Lords in our little world. A day or two had passed without an answer, which came at length in the manner of which the reader has been a witness. All this about the circumstances of the impending contest, he may as well learn while I am limping up town to post that letter which sealed our triumph, for, whether vanquished or victorious, to have played against the College would of itself be glory enough, and might teach those stuck-up

Grammar School boys what they ought to think of us.

I duly posted the letter and sent off the telegram, the wording of which I naturally looked at, but it did not much interest me, beyond the queer name of the person to whom it was addressed—one MacGubbin, in some street of Birmingham. "Come by first train," ran the message, which should bring him soon, the metropolis of the Midlands being only an hour or two's journey away; but, of course, his coming was no business of mine, and I had a vague notion of MacGubbin as a builder who had done some repairs about the house.

As I turned back across the market place I met Mr. Nunn coming out of the "Red Ram," that well-known house which made in our small town as noted a landmark as the "Grand Hotel" or the "Elephant and Castle" in London. You must not suppose Dr. Worgler's chief assistant a man to frequent public-houses; the "Red Ram's" license having been taken away by the magistrates, it had lately been turned into a reading room, a daily visit to which made Mr. Nunn's only relaxation. Being very short sighted he took no part in our sports, but was the mainspring of what work went on at Cambridge Hall. It was whispered among us that he gave private lessons to Mr. Delaney when the boys had gone to bed. We all guessed that Dr. Worgler himself did not know half as much as this self-taught B.A., who had begun life as a Board School teacher, and risen to be a London graduate. We were rather proud of Mr. Nunn in a way, though he did not lay himself out for popularity.- a quiet, dry man with a great talent for holding his tongue and minding his own business. But to me, as a hopeful pupil, he sometimes grew confidential; and now, catching sight of me, he waited at the corner that we might walk back together. I told him what my errand had been into the town.

"Good job it is to be over on Wednesday!" was his remark. "I fear there will be no work got out of any of you till then."

"Don't you approve of football matches, sir?"

"H'm!" said Mr. Nunn—a favourite ejaculation of his, charged with as much meaning as Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod.

"All work and no play, you know, sir?" laughed I.

"H'm, it's all play and no work with some of you here. Boys come to school to learn other things than football"

"Yes, but isn't it a good thing to teach fellows to play manly games?" quoth I, who, as an outsider, had read up the question in newspapers.

"'Teaching them to kick and to hack, which they learn fast enough of themselves,'" said Mr. Nunn, and, as I looked puzzled over this deliverance, he added, "That's a quotation from a standard author. Don't you misunderstand me. Football is a first-rate game, no doubt about that; though neither you nor I are fit for it. Play is natural to young people, and good for them. But play in its right place, not made a serious business of, as is coming to be the way now. Your heads are so full of competitions and challenges that there is no getting you to attend to anything else; and in this school——" Mr. Nunn pulled himself up abruptly; indeed, it was seldom that he made so long a speech.

"All the papers say that the rage for football is a good thing," persisted I, since this master had often encouraged me to argue with him.

"H'm—yes! There are more unhealthy forms of excitement. The Romans took theirs in the form of seeing 'professionals' matched in deadly combat against men and animals; and that was no sign of manly virtue in them. The Spaniards to-day pay gate-money to see a maddened bull done to death; and their children are encouraged to practise cruelty upon a calf, when they ought to be attacking vulgar fractions. We haven't gone that length; perhaps in the next generation it may be the fashion at schools to turn a young referee out on the playground to be knocked about."

There was a sly twinkle in Mr. Nunn's eye, which showed me what to make of his humorous complaint; and I could only laugh, having nothing more to say. Then he dropped into a serious tone.

"No, never say that I don't like to see boys at play, especially those who have deserved it—and those who are good for little else. But I grumble at them thinking of nothing but 'footer,' as they call it, from morning till night. I am behind the times, you see, and I can't help remembering that most of you fellows have to make your living. The question is, will the business of professional football player be good enough for all the athletic ignoramuses that are turned out of schools nowadays?"

"We don't give more time to 'footer' than they do at other schools the College boys, say?"

"H'm! The College boys manage to get in some other work. The captain of their team won a Trinity scholarship last term"

"Surely, sir, you agree that it's a grand thing for our school to play the College?"

"We'll see," quoth Mr. Nunn oracularly, as the sound of the first dinner bell called on us to make haste towards Cambridge Hall. The doubt in his tone would have been justified, could we have foreseen all that was to come of Dr. Worgler's ambition for athletic renown.

CHAPTER II.

At dinner-time nothing was being talked about but that match with the College fellows. Those of us who had it not were bound to assume the virtue of interest in football during its season. Dr. Worgler, upon public school precedents, went the length of frowning down what he called "childish sports," as trenching on those solemn functions which he exalted as "*the* games." There were only some three dozen of us all told, and nearly half the boarders had "got their blue," as he expressed it. All of them, and as many of the day boys as could be pressed on half-holidays—some, of course, needed little pressing for this task—had to play football, willy-nilly, or at least to look on at the prowess of the two sides picked by Croft, our best player, who on that score ranked as captain of the school, and Mr. Delaney, who

might have been put down in the prospectus of Cambridge Hall as its football master. Some of our "prefects" were not above being bribed by inactive urchins to let them off, but Mr. Delaney would be no party to such corruption.

This instructor of youth was a dashing, good-looking young man, with an eyeglass and a London tailor, not a bad fellow in his rather uppish way, who seemed never to have got over his astonishment at finding himself an usher in a far from first-rate private school. Only that year he had been "superannuated" at one of our most famous public schools, where he seemed to have profited less in mind than muscle, and found nothing for it but to put down his name on the books of a Scholastic Agent. Thus he came to be engaged by our head, with so little discrimination that it turned out Mr. Delaney had always played "Rugby," and great was his contempt at discovering that we were what he stigmatised as a "Socker Shop!" But, since the College and our other neighbours favoured the Association rules, Dr. Worgler would not hear of a change, so this Rugby champion had to adapt himself accordingly, and soon took kindly enough to that other form of the game, in which it was his business to coach us.

Us, say I, who for one was out of it. When all the others went out into the field that raw, damp November afternoon, I alone might be privileged to sit by the schoolroom fire, poring keenly over "Marmion," or "The Last of the Barons," or some other tale of warlike deeds, in which a cripple could have taken no part, unless the knights of old had any need of a secretary. I was allowed to spend my half-holidays as I pleased, poor compensation as that seemed for not being able to run about like the rest of them. It was only when the gathering dusk made me hold the small print of Scott's verses close to my eyes that I put down the book and strolled out to see how the game was getting on.

CARRYING A HEAVY GLADSTONE BAG.

They were at it still, the two teams dovetailing in and out of each other, as the ball thudded backwards and forwards, while the residuum of the school made only a small knot of chilly spectators. The more noticeable became the arrival of a stranger, who entered the field at the same time as myself, but from the opposite side, vaulting a gate by which ran a footpath to the station, so that we met half-way beside that group of onlookers.

He was a short, thick-set lad, well on in his teens, dressed in a knickerbocker suit of coarse tweed, and carrying a heavy Gladstone bag on his shoulder, which he set down as he stopped to watch the game. A weather-worn cap, stuck saucily on the back of his head, showed the most extraordinary shock of hair I ever saw. It was a vivid red, the colour of a new brick, and twisting over his forehead into stiff curls that might almost be called horns. His face, too, was red, in the shade of raw beef, and the same hue on his bull neck contrasted with a dirty blue collar. One's first impression of him was that he seemed on sanguine terms with himself and his digestion, and that this permanent blush gave no sign of over-modesty. Not in the least disconcerted by the silent stares which greeted him, he squatted down on the end of his bag, and, with one eye knowingly half-closed, addressed himself to critical observation.

Mr. Delaney had the ball, and was dribbling it along in his scientific way, well willing to show off before a judicious spectator, while the opposing halves and backs of the other side were not too bold to tackle him. We always called the master's side the "Government," and their adversaries were the 'Opposition." But the play of both sides failed to arouse the stranger's admiration, if one might judge by his expressive snorts, and the clever dribbler himself he apostrophised sarcastically.

"Give 'em a pass, can't you? Let the kids have a chance, man! Go for him! Play up! Why don't you take it from him?" he shouted to the "Opposition."

Thus inspired, more than one of the shrinking backs charged Mr. Delaney, who for his part let his attention wander for a moment to that unexpected critic; and, somehow or other, the master, forgetting that he had renounced Rugby rules, gave a push to his foremost assailant.

"Foul! No handling!" was the cry from the other side.

"Not a bit of it!" replied Mr. Delaney. "He ran against my hand."

"A beastly foul!" pronounced the stranger, with authority. "Of course they must have a free kick!"

If you can imagine the head master of Eton corrected in a quantity by some school boot-boy, you will have a faint idea of Mr. Delaney's amazement at hearing such a judgment passed against him; and the very way in which he put up his eye-glass against this red-headed Daniel was a silent question: "Who asked your opinion?" But the stranger loudly reiterated his verdict, the "Opposition" players clamorously echoing it; and as he seemed to speak the voice of public opinion, not to say of justice, our athletic arbiter was fain to give way.

The ball was placed then for a free kick. Forwards and backs on the respective sides moved up, their captain directing them to the point of danger. Croft advanced, trippingly measuring the space with his eye. It was a

momentous crisis, for a good kick, well followed up, might give him the game.

He kicked true and strong. The ball rose above the heads of the players in front, describing a graceful parabola straight towards the goal. Its watchful guardian lost his head, overcome by a sense of responsibility, and by the fierce yell sent at him by his captain:—

"Don't touch it, you idiot!"

It was too late. The goal-keeper had come a yard forward with hands stretched out as awkwardly as those of a scarecrow. He made a feeble kick, the result of which was that the ball just grazed his knee, turning aside and rolling between the posts into the net.

"Goal!" bellowed the unknown critic, like a bull of Bashan. "Goal!" roared the victors; and goal it was since the ball had been touched. All Mr. Delaney could do was to lose his temper a little, and he was running up to box the ears of that witless blunderer. But now some of the other side had taken to punting about the ball in their exultation; and the stranger coolly advanced upon the field, with a cry:—

"Here! Let a chap show you the way to kick!"

Thus he found himself confronted by Mr. Delaney, who turned his wrath upon this volunteer referee.

"Drop that ball, will you?"

"All right," grunted the red head in a tone of quasi-apology, as if recognising that the other was within his rights. "It's getting too dark to play, I'm thinking. But if you're after going on with the game, I'll clear out in a jiffy."

"DROP THAT BALL, WILL YOU?"

"Who asked you to interfere? This is a private ground. You have no right here."

"They tell't me yon was Cambridge Hall," quoth the stranger in excuse, speaking in a queer broad accent which seemed to me something between Irish and Scotch.

"Have you any business at Cambridge Hall?"

"Ay, that's it!"

"Then you have come the wrong way. You should have kept on the path and through the green gate round the house. That's the way to the kitchen door."

"Kitchen, your granny!" retorted the stranger, nettled into giving back scorn for scorn. "I'm the new chap. I've come to school here."

"School!" exclaimed Mr. Delaney, examining him from top to toe with that freezing eye-glass of his. "To learn manners?"

"I'll learn you a thing or two, my fine man, if you can't talk civilly to a body. Who's you?"

"I am one of the masters here, if you wish to know," answered Mr. Delaney with snubful superiority, while some of the big fellows grinned to see their officer bearded so impudently, and the more reverent small boys looked rather for the unknown being chilled to stone. But, not at all abashed, he replied:—

"Och! If you're a' that, ye should carry a bit board round your neck to let folks ken no to say *cheep* before the like o' you. But I'm seeking him that's the head teacher here. My name's MacGubbin. Wasna I expectit?"

Mr. Delaney, taken aback by this announcement, gave up the contest of rude wit, in which he had hardly got the best of it. Affecting to ignore the intruder, he beckoned to me.

"Take this fellow to Dr. W.," he gave orders.

"Who's he calling a fellow?" growled the other. "My name's MacGubbin, I tell ye all." But this was said in such a low tone that the master could pretend not to hear it; and, without more ado, MacGubbin took up his bag and accompanied me to the house, followed by the curious eyes of the whole school, their tongues behind us let loose on this unannounced schoolfellow. I was not so much surprised as the rest, for now I remembered his queer name on the telegram.

"That lad thinks a fine lot of himself," remarked he, jerking a coarse thumb over his shoulder. "His style isn't that bad, too, but losh! I've forgotten more tricks than he ever knew."

Not having any opinion on this subject, I offered none; but, by way of keeping up conversation, shyly asked if he was really come to be a boarder here.

"Aye, am I! D'ye think I'm too wee a little ane to tak' care o' mysel'? The lads are not very throng at this school. They'll no be vera rough on me, I'm hoping," said he, with a wink and a chuckle. "Fact is, I have an awfu' lot to learn, and I doobt there'll be some o' the boobies that'll mak' grander hands at writing and counting. But I'm better at the kicking." Here he burst into a sly laugh, as if out of some secret fund of amusement. "And what kind of a billy is this doctor of yours?" was his next question.

"Haven't you seen him?"

"I have, just the once. He didn't look as if he could lick worth a bawbee, much less kick a goal. But maybe he makes a good enough dominie. There's all sorts o' that cattle. I always liked the ones best that tore about them and roared it out at you like a bull with the flies at him."

"Where were you at school before?" I ventured to ask.

"Ask nae questions, and ye'll be tell't nae lees," answered he, dropping into his broadest accent and winking jovially with his shrewd eye. "The least said, laddie, is sometimes the soonest mended. And what's your name?"

I told him, wondering inwardly if he would resent being asked how old he was.

"And you're a lameter, I see," he remarked, not unkindly. "Man, it's a pity of you! Ye'll no be able to play footer a' your born days. I wouldn't have a foot like that, not if you gave me a note for a hundred pounds. But that's no fault of yours, and you seem a decent-like body. I'll play up for you if you want backing; and you give us a bit wink, will ye, when you see me getting over the line—eh? I'm not just that well acquaint with the rules of being at school."

But this offer of mutual alliance was cut short by the appearance of Dr. Worgler, who had seen us from a window, and now came out at the front door to greet his new pupil. My mission thus discharged, I discreetly dropped off to wait for the other fellows at the boys' entrance.

For the nonce that College match had ceased to be the main subject of interest. We talked about nothing but the new fellow. Mr. Nunn was appealed to, but he knew no more than his colleague about this MacGubbin, who had dropped among us so unexpectedly. Mr. Delaney superciliously declared that there must be some mistake—that the red headed clown had come to be gardener or boot-boy. Then I offered my evidence to the contrary, and told how the Principal had shaken hands with him, saying, "Why didn't you come up in the omnibus?"

"They said it would be saxpence, and what's the good of my legs?" had been MacGubbin's answer.

When tea-time came, sure enough there was the stranger sitting beside Mrs. W. at that cross piece which her husband liked to call the "high table." MacGubbin had put on a rather less dirty collar; he had washed his hands, and made an attempt at plastering down his bristly red hair. But these bits of toilette only brought out in him the air of a plough-boy with his Sunday clothes on. A more marked change was that now he sat mum, constrained by the presence not so much, I think, of the master as of the mistress, that good-natured soul whom none of us were the least afraid of. Before the lady he seemed shy and awkward, yet found courage to play a vigorous knife and fork.

There was a special chop brought in for him; and over our bread and butter we nudged each other to watch the hearty way in which he shovelled the gravy on the point of his knife into a capacious mouth garnished with two rows of teeth that would have looked well in any dentist's show-case. He had needed little pressing to fall to, and, once started, went straight to the goal of satisfying his appetite.

Beyond "yes" and "no," which he seemed to bring out by an effort for "aye" and "na," in answer to civil questions, he never spoke but once, and that was when Mrs. Worgler offered to cut him a fresh slice of bread.

"Never mind, ma'am," he answered. "I'll just help myself, and no bother ye."

Thereupon he stretched a long arm, and, handling the bread knife like a clumsy ogre, hacked off a hunch that would have made half-a-dozen of her slices. We beheld with amused astonishment; Dr. Worgler looked uneasily askance, but proffered no rebuke; and it was fine to see the scorn of Mr. Delaney's eye-glass, gleaming in the gaslight from the other end of the table.

After tea we expected to make closer acquaintance with that queer character. But we had no such satisfaction; he did not appear among us all the evening; and we were left to vague conjectures over what seemed nothing short of a sensation. Pink-cheeked young Bloxam, who was such a favourite with Mrs. Worgler, penetrated to her sanctum on some pretence or other, and professed to have picked up an inkling of the mystery; but then Billy Bloxam was an urchin of quick imagination, who made much out of the smallest hints.

The notion he conceived was that here we had a horny-handed son of toil who, in some romantic manner, must have come into a great fortune, and now sought, in belated school life, the culture called for by his altered prospects. Billy went the length of giving him out a highland chief, the stranger's tongue and his name having already accused him of being a Scotchman of sorts.

This explanation we received as plausible; and found it natural that, under the circumstances, he should be a kind of parlour-boarder. Driven now to speculate on his personal appearance and peculiarities, we already began, behind his back, to consider a nickname that might fit him. A fellow called MacGubbin ought to be glad of a good nickname. "Sandy," or "Saunders," was the first proposed, but that lacked invention. "Butcher" found more favour, in allusion to his over-ruddy complexion. Then those bristling red curls of his gave someone the happy thought of comparing his head to that familiar sign of the "Red Ram"; and this *sobriquet* became fixed upon him by general acclamation before most of us had exchanged a word with our new companion.

At this rate, indeed, he would not be much of a companion, for we went to bed without seeing him again. But when I got upstairs to the room in which I slept with nearly a dozen others, the largest bedroom in the house, lo! another phenomenon. Two beds had been moved from the furthest corner, where was erected a screen, behind which a bedstead, basin-stand, and dressing-table had been placed in such semi-privacy for the favoured boarder. But still there was no sign of him beyond the well-worn bag in which he had brought his belongings. We peeped in at one or two articles of attire he had left lying about, which gave us the impression that the young heir could not yet have come into his fortune

Josephs, the captain of the room, who was responsible for the gas being turned out in ten minutes, had just performed this duty, after laying a hair-brush handy to his pillow, with which he announced his intention of smacking any fellow who snored. He had even shown a disposition to administer a little warning discipline in

advance, when the sounds of footsteps sent him flying into bed, and in came Dr. Worgler with our new inmate.

"Boys," he said by way of introduction, "I have brought you a school-fellow who is to be with us on a special footing. He is an excellent hand at football——"

"Not *hand*, I say," interrupted MacGubbin, with a guffaw. "That's Rugby!"

"He is first-rate at all sorts of games, and I am sure he will be a great addition to the school," said our Principal with dignity. "But now, I'm sure you must be tired."

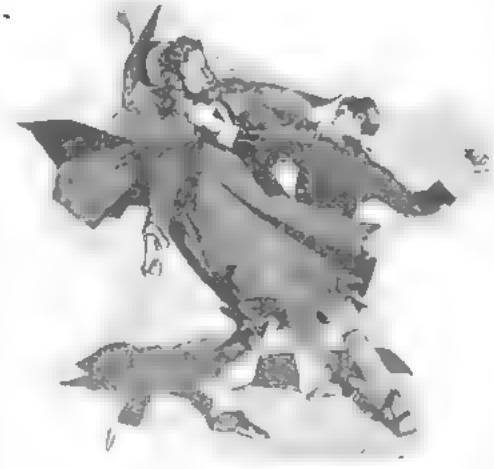
"Right you are, sir!" gaped the free and easy MacGubbin, giving himself a good stretch. "I was up till three this morning."

"Hush!—no more of that, if you please! I daresay you can go to bed without a light."

"Oh, aye, I'll cuddle up before you could say *buff*."

"Well, good-night! Now, Josephs, remember there is to be no talking."

"Good-night, sir. Good-night to all you chaps!" cried the new comer, ending with a hearty yawn; then behind his screen we heard him hurriedly undressing.



TRIED TO STICK A KNIFE INTO THE PRINCIPAL.

Nobody spoke to him, and he said nothing more. After a minute or so, a thump and a creak announced that he had got into bed; and soon loud and regular snores from that corner showed him to have fallen fast asleep. Josephs did not offer to chastise his snoring.

On leaving the room Dr. Worgler had left the door ajar, and he had a trick of stealing about in carpet slippers, which seemed scarcely in harmony with his pretentions to public school discipline. So Josephs, not always so attentive to his duties, would allow no talking that night, which did not prevent us thinking all the more. I, for one, quite forgot the approaching match for wondering what manner of pupil this might be. At Cambridge Hall we were used to a strange sprinkling of outlandish youths from all parts of the earth. We had lately had a Bulgarian, who ran away before we knew much about him; and a Brazilian, who had to be sent away after a fortnight because he tried to stick a knife into the Principal on the proposal of a little fatherly correction. We still had a negro of sorts, from some part of Africa, a good-natured fellow, who got on very well with us, as he did not in the least mind being called Sambo, and having waggish whites peep into his basin to see "if it came off." We had two dusky Eurasians, who were by way of looking down on this frankly black brother; also a flat-faced lad, whom we nicknamed "The Chinaman," but I believe he was a half caste Burmese. There was an Italian boy, whom we, in our rude way, professed to take for the monkey of an organ; and for a time there was a Pole, who turned out not so different from other people when once he had learned enough English to give an account of himself, as he did with astonishing rapidity. But of all the queer characters in this Noah's Ark of ours, I thought there could never have been such an odd fish as the fellow snoring so vigorously within six feet of my head. It remained to be seen who would first call him "Red Ram" to his face.

(To be continued.)

Gone Before.

"WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
I hear them sing to-night,
And the strain makes the mist of memory
To dim my sight.

"Where are the boys"—on the breeze the song
Floats gently to my ears,
And makes me feel, as ne'er before,
My weight of years.

Where are the boys I knew as boys?
Their memories green I keep,
Altho' the voices I loved so well,
Are hushed in sleep.

"Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?"
Such is the old refrain
Which tells me that they have gone before
While I—remain.

L.F.H.

Distinguished Dunces.

"DUNCE he is, and dunce he will remain," was Professor Dalzell's opinion of Sir Walter Scott while he was one of his students at Edinburgh University.

Charles Matthews, the distinguished actor, was another dunce. In the story of his life, telling of his education, he says:—"I was a dunce; it is a fact; there is no disguising the truth."

Sir David Wilkie, when at school, was one of the most eccentric and idle boys.

Robert Chambers, the pioneer of cheap literature, was also a dull boy. We are told by his brother, William Chambers, that Robert occupied a situation in Leith. "From that place," he says, "I was discharged for no other reason that I can think of but that my employer thought me too stupid to be likely to do him any good."

Charles Darwin is among the dunces. He says, in his autobiography, that he had great zeal for subjects which interested him. Darwin first went to school at Shrewsbury, which was at that time a strictly classical institution, and verse-making received great attention. Darwin did not care for any of these, but he was in love with chemistry.

Henry Ward Beecher, we are told, was very dull as a boy. It was the custom in his father's family for the children to learn the catechism on Sunday. Henry's brothers and sisters were good memorisers, but Henry himself always broke down.

The dunces claim yet another, and this no less a person than the distinguished author of "She," and "Alan Quatermain."

As a boy at Ipswich Schools, Mr. Haggard is spoken of as a "tall, lank youth, with a thick crop of unkempt hair, sharp features, prominent nose, and eyes which had rather a wild look about them." He was looked upon as a rather stupid boy by both his masters and schoolmates.

Isaac Newton, as a boy at school, was generally to be found at the bottom of his class.

"Including Chinaman's Hair."

WHEN Edison was scheming out his Incandescent Lamp, he first used a platinum wire as a filament, since he was then treading in the footsteps of the earlier experimenters, doubtless in the hope of improving and perfecting their earlier attempts. Tennyson, it will be remembered, did the same thing in the poetry business. But laboratory experiments soon showed that the glowing platinum wire would not long withstand such high temperatures. No sooner was Edison aware of the defects of his Platinum Lamp, than, taking up carbon, he, with inexhaustible perseverance, examined every carbon-producing substance, including Chinaman's hair, until finally he fixed upon strips of carbonised bamboo as the best filament for his lamp. Several experienced assistants were at once despatched to Japan and different parts of America in search of varieties of bamboo; while Edison himself was perfecting the processes in the laboratory, by which the filament should be enclosed in an air-tight globe with a view to prevent combustion. At last, after much arduous work and many disheartening failures, the Edison Carbon Incandescent Lamp became a commercial reality. He now tells the tale of those struggles with much excitement. Often, when he was on the verge of success, some unforeseen catastrophe would destroy the work of days, and the whole process had to be repeated again and again, until finally, as hour after hour went by and the experimental lamps still burned brightly, it was joyfully recognised that a filament had been obtained that would last. Then the tired workers went happily to their beds.

EUGEN SANDOW.

(1) POSITION SHOWING PECTORAL AND ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

(4) A BACK VIEW, SHOWING THE CONFORMATION OF THE SHOULDERS IN REPOSE.

(2) DITTO, FRONT VIEW.

(5) "IN REPOSE."

(3) THE TRICEPS ARE HERE WELL SHOWN.

(6) BICEPS SLIGHTLY CONTRACTED.

From Photographs by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

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MUSCLE AND THE BOY.

By SANDOW.

SOME time back, when writing on the subject of physical culture, I ventured to assert that, until quite recently—indeed, until I came here—the systematic cultivation of the powers of the body was practically unknown in this country. For that statement I have been taken very severely to task, but my opponents have not succeeded in materially affecting my case. On the contrary, their arguments and illustrations only strengthen it. When they point to university and public school athletics, and tell me that, at all events among the middle and upper classes, nearly every lad goes in for some sort of sport or exercise, I can only agree with them. But that does not prove my assertion to be incorrect. The plain fact of the matter is that my opponents—friendly opponents many of them—demonstrate convincingly by their obvious inability to distinguish between sports and physical culture how novel is the idea of the latter.

SANDOW.
(*Drawn from life by Cecil Cutler*)

WHAT THE GREEKS DID, YOU MAY DO.

However, I do not propose to go in for a lengthy discourse on this aspect of the question. What is physical culture? The art of bringing the body to its highest state of perfection. To develop every organ, every muscle, in fact every little scrap of tissue to their greatest limits, or to strive to approximate towards that ideal—that is physical culture.

Bearing in mind this definition I again confidently assert that the idea is a novel one, which is only just beginning to make its way in this country. Of course, the idea is not really new; only the revival of a very ancient one indeed. The Greeks, as we know, believed in the cultivation of the body, and were past masters in the art of bringing out all the latent physical powers with which nature had endowed them.

HALF YOUR MUSCLES LIE IDLE.

Most schoolboys, I am willing to admit, live fairly healthy lives, and their sports and games are not open to the objection which can be urged against those of their elders. I mean they do not as a rule specialise so much; that is to say, a schoolboy will often go in for several forms of exercise, and consequently is not so far off the true lines as the older athlete, who, if he is of any "class," is almost bound to specialise. But even the enthusiastic schoolboy who indulges in two or three different forms of sport scarcely ever does more than exercise a very small portion of his muscles. As for some of the most important organs — those organs upon which everything depends, and which must be in a perfectly sound condition if arduous effects are to be attempted without incurring the greatest risks — in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are left out of consideration altogether.

THOSE WEAK SPOTS!

One does not need to have profound medical knowledge to see that this cannot be good. An apparently strong man with one weak spot is in reality weaker than a much less powerful man who is all over, inside as well as outside, alike. Unequal and imperfect

development is practically worse than no development at all.

Now, although I naturally hold that by my own system can the best results be obtained in the direction of building up a strong and harmoniously developed frame and vigorous organs, I do not deny that the same results could be arrived at by other methods. But they would be infinitely more laborious, and, in nine cases out of ten, would not prove very satisfactory.

I will leave that for the moment, however, but shall return to it later on.

EACH EXERCISE DEVELOPS ITS OWN MUSCLES.

Although, as I have said, the average schoolboy is not such an offender in this respect as the university man, he, too, nearly always specialises when he begins to get well into his "teens."

The consequence is, while he gets a certain amount of development in those muscles required for his particular sport, the remainder of his body is practically neglected. The runner will have strong legs but a poor chest and shoulders (indeed, I have heard so-called "trainers" assert that a big chest is a disadvantage to a runner as it means extra weight to carry!); the gymnast fine arms, shoulders, and chest, but bad legs; the oarsman well-developed forearms, legs, and back, but miserable upper arms, and often a narrow chest—so on the list might be continued at large, but I do not wish to make this article too technical, and therefore refrain from enumerating the different muscles which different exercises do or do not develop.

CRICKET AND FOOTBALL ARE ALL.

The boys who play cricket and football are likely to be better developed than those who do not, for these two games certainly bring into play many more muscles than the exercises which have been referred to. But even they are not perfect exercises. My point is, that no *one* form of sport or game will develop an individual evenly and symmetrically. The only way in which the ideal development could be obtained by means of the ordinary pastimes in vogue at public schools would be by a judicious and carefully regulated course of *all* the sports and games. Obviously very few boys would do this. Most of them have a natural bias in one direction or the other, and that, added to the desire to excel, leads them to pay special attention to the form of exercise in which they can hope to surpass their fellows. And a very healthy and manly trait this spirit of emulation is; it is, I think, one of the distinguishing and most characteristic parts of the young Englishman. But it does not lead to physical culture; very frequently in quite an opposite direction.

THE ANTI-GREEK CHORUS.

"But," I can hear an indignant chorus of athletic public school boys exclaim, "does this chap mean that our games are harmful, and that we ought to chuck them up? Rot! Who wants to get like a Greek statue?" Patience, you young cricketers and footballers, you heroes of the cinder path and the river. "This chap" doesn't mean anything of the sort. If I *did* mean it, knowing your temper as I do, it would be very foolish of me to say it. I will say what I *do* mean very plainly. Far from wishing to stop you playing your games and indulging in all forms of manly exercises, I want to teach you how you may get your bodies in such condition as to enable you to do these things better. I suppose you will all admit that if a man or a boy wants to shine as an athlete, he needs strength, activity, plenty of nervous energy, what we call "dash," "go," sound lungs, digestion, and heart, and an almost inexhaustible supply of "stay," or endurance. Very well. I can teach you how to get these desirable things.

Indeed, I should like to give them to you *before* you commenced to go in for your games and sports. I should, in a word, like to see you all general practitioners in health and strength before you become specialists, to give you a thoroughly sound equipment, which you could apply to *any* form of bodily exertion or exercise.

WILL POWER AND DUMB-BELLS.

In course of time that may be possible; at present it is out of the question for most of you. Whether you will or no, I believe participation in the ordinary pastimes is compulsory, not that most of you need any compulsion. So that if you are to become what I have termed "a general practitioner in health and strength," you must do the necessary work in addition to your sports and pastimes. What about the time? you ask. Well, that ought not to stand in the way; some twenty minutes' or half-an-hour's work daily on my system with light-weight dumb-bells (beginning with bells weighing 2lbs. each and increasing the weight to 3lbs., 4lbs. and 5lbs. month by month) is all that is required for any growing lad who wants to build up a fine physique—that is if he puts his *mind* into the work, puts every ounce of will power he

possesses into the muscles used in the various exercises. This putting forth of the will power is even now comparatively little understood; indeed, many good folks seem to imagine that it is, as they express it, "all a lot of bogey."

Possibly some of my schoolboy readers may be inclined to entertain the same idea. To such I would say: "Try for yourselves; see which takes most out of you—merely *going through* an exercise, say, fifty times with 6lb. dumb-bells, and then *doing it*, putting *every ounce* you know into it, the same number of times with bells weighing but 1lb. each. If you are blessed with only ordinary determination, you will speedily find out which is the more arduous of the two."

MRS. AND MISS BARROW.

Photo by Warwick Brookes, 350, Oxford Road, Manchester.

THAT EXTRA INCH!

It always should be remembered that when I speak of the benefits derived by young men and boys from steadily following out my system, I speak from actual experience. Since I established my schools I have had several thousand pupils pass through my hands, and consequently, I am able to speak with the utmost confidence, my assertions being based upon actual experience. Here is a striking proof that the system does what is claimed for it.

Nearly one hundred cadets who have either actually failed to pass the army "medical," or who knew they stood a great chance of failing to do so, have put themselves into my hands. Sometimes the time before us has been very short; indeed, on more than one occasion it has become necessary to put an inch on to a young fellow's chest in ten days or a fortnight. But not in a single instance has there been a failure. Let that fact speak for itself.

DON'T OVER-DO IT.

Now I shall conclude with a word of warning. In the case of the "grown-ups" it is frequently a troublesome business to get them to work with determination and vigour. With those to whom I am especially addressing these remarks exactly the reverse is true. So to the enthusiastic growing lad I would say, "Put all you know into your work while you are at it, cultivate the habit of working regularly, but *don't over-do it!* don't allow your zeal to lead you to overtax yourself. Never mind how much your muscles ache, go on as long as you are not thoroughly distressed and 'blown,' but when you begin to feel jaded and worn, remember that is Nature's reminder that you are doing too much. But if you use your discretion, and keep your work with the dumb-bells or developer within bounds, you will soon—in a short month or so—begin to find a difference. You will not only find that your muscles are harder, your skin firmer and brighter, but you will experience a delightful sense of physical well-being and of buoyant health. Your nervous energy, dash, and go, will be correspondingly increased. Your work on my system will materially help you when you come to put forth your powers in the football field, on the cinder path, and the river.

THE IDEA MERCHANT.

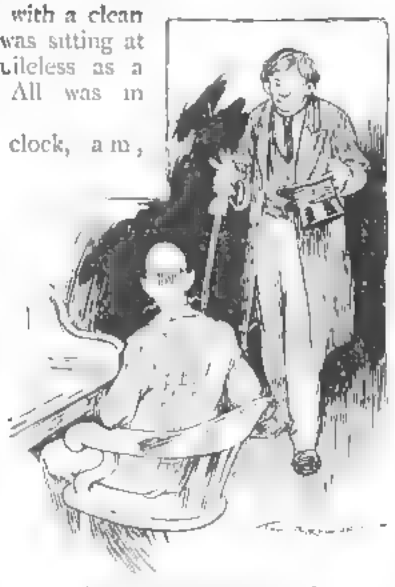
By the Editor.

WHEN this magazine had found an office, an office boy, a lady typewriter, a telephone number, a telegraphic address, and, last, but not least, a *name*, its doors were thrown open, and the editor set about the preparation of his first number.

The doors above referred to were thrown open on New Year's Day, at 9.30 of the clock, a.m. The blotting pad hadn't a blot upon it; the American roll-top desk was fresh from Birmingham; the lady typewriter, in the outer room, sat before her new Remington, awaiting her initial summons to take down a letter; the office boy, with a clean face and nicely-combed hair, was sitting at his little table, looking as guileless as a cherub on a church wall. All was in readiness.

At precisely 9.35 of the clock, a.m., there came a knock at the door of the outer office.

The office boy was heard to jump up and turn the handle, and then a murmured colloquy took place. At 9.36 of the clock, a.m., the office boy applied his knuckles in a subdued way to the editor's door, entered, and observed that there was a gentleman outside, named Mr Paul Perryman, who wished to see the editor. At 9.36½ of the clock, a.m., Mr. Perryman was shown in, and the editor sat in the presence of the "Idea Merchant."



"ER—MR.—ER—PERRYMAN."

I saw before me a person of at least 77ins. in altitude. He was not handsome, but his round, boyish face wore a pleasant enough expression, and there was an attractive freshness about him. He was clad in a frock coat, and he carried a tall hat, a pair of old gloves, and a Malacca cane. He had no portfolio, no bundle of manuscript, no magazine containing a specimen of what he *could* do if put to it; so the editor's spirits rose in anticipation of a short, sharp, and business-like visit.

"Good morning," I said; "er—Mr.—er—Perryman. Pray sit down. What can I do for you?"

"Good morning, sir," he replied; "I have come to lay before you some suggestions for a series of articles."

"Ah!" I replied. "I shall be very happy to hear them."

Mr. Perryman smiled and took a half-sheet of notepaper from his inside breast-pocket.

"I want," he said, "to get away from the beaten track. *Novelty*, sir," he added, sinking his voice to an impressive lower C, "is what I'm going to give you."

"Pray proceed," I said politely.

"My first suggestion," he continued, consulting the half-sheet of notepaper, "*is*, that you commission me to crawl round the world on my hands and knees for a wager of £10,000."

"My *dear* sir——" I began.

"That's all right—I know what you are going to say," interrupted Mr. Perryman, "You are going to say that the idea is preposterous. Sir, to be successful nowadays a new magazine must deal in preposterous subjects—or subjects that, at first blush, appear to be preposterous. The literary palate of the public is jaded, and must be tickled with out-of-the-way delicacies."

"But," I objected, "you would have a crowd of half-a-million people round you before you got to Waterloo Bridge."

He laughed, and the laugh seemed to begin in his throat and descend by stages to his boots.

"Well?" I said, somewhat impatiently.

"The thing is," he slowly explained, "to *get* somebody to *make* the wager. Then I will undertake to crawl round the world on my hands and knees, and win the wager for your magazine."

"Oh! the magazine is to lay the wager?"

"Quite so—with a rival."

"And in the event of your failure?"

"My *dear* sir, I *shan't* fail. This is *my*

idea. I will get a bearskin, clothe myself in it, and crawl round the world as a dancing-

"CRAWL ROUND THE WORLD ON MY HANDS AND KNEES.

bear. It's far-fetched," he added, with a sigh, "but the public *will* have novelty."

To cut this incident short I told Mr. Perryman that I was afraid I couldn't entertain his idea, and asked him to suggest something else; but he said he would call again in a few days' time. I saw nothing of him for twenty-four hours, but on the following day, at 9.40 of the clock, a.m., he was again announced. I received him with a smile. Out came the half-sheet of notepaper.

"I propose," he said, fixing his eyes on my face, "to hop from London to York, and afterwards write my experiences for your magazine. What do you think of *that* idea?"

I said that I thought the police would stop him before he got to Ludgate Hill.

"Of course," he said, "I should hop late at night and in the very early morning. An umpire on a bicycle would accompany me. Think of the astonishment I should cause among the rustic population along the road!"

"You would probably be arrested as a madman."

"All copy," he cried, "all splendid copy! Article II. would be 'A Night in a Padded Room: Our Contributor Struggles with Ten Attendants.'"

"But suppose you were kept there?"

"Then I could contribute 'Letters by a Lunatic' until I came out."

I shook my head.

"No; I am sorry, Mr. Perryman, but it can't be done. Have you anything else to suggest?"

"Er—I'm afraid not—*to-day*. But won't you commission me to write something for you?"

"My dear sir," I said, rather warmly, "it is a contributor's duty to suggest articles, not an editor's."

"Then you have no orders for me to-day?"

"I am afraid not. We want to know a man's work before we *order* anything from him."

He retired then, but came back, to my annoyance, five minutes later.

"Another idea?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I left my gloves. Thank you. *Good*-bye!"

Three weeks passed, and every day at 9.40 of the clock, a.m., Mr Perryman sent the office boy in to ask "if there were any orders."

My invariable reply was that there were not. Then his visits were discontinued for a month. At the end of that period I came in from lunch (at 2 p.m. of the clock precisely) one day to find Mr Perryman airing himself before the fire and making himself agreeable to the lady typewriter.

"Want to see me?" I asked pleasantly

"Yes, er—I have an idea——"

"Ah! Come in."

I was feeling good-tempered, so I gave him a cigar.

"TO HOP FROM LONDON TO YORK."

"Now," quoth I, lighting one myself, and leaning back in my chair, "what is it?"

"I want you to commission me to climb

the Alps wheel-barrow fashion — thus! Will your clerk kindly hold my boots? Thank you! Now, what do you think of it? Make good photographs, eh?"

"There would be a certain sameness about them," I demurred.

"What? When I was falling down an abyss or"—as he dropped his cigar and made a grab at it—"dodging an avalanche?"

"It is a novel idea——" I began.

"Then you'll commission it?"

"But," I concluded, "as I understand that it is quite difficult enough to climb the Alps when one is in an upright position, I really don't think you could manage it wheel-barrow fashion. No," as he craned his head round to remonstrate with me (the clerk, blushing furiously, was holding his boots all this time), "I cannot accept this suggestion. That will do, Springs."

Springs is my clerk's name. He went to his seat at once, thereby letting Mr. Perryman's legs fall with a crash. The Idea Merchant rubbed his knees, and while thus engaged, he asked:—

"Then it's useless my suggesting to you that my young brother and I should go to Klondyke on roller skates?"

"Quite useless."

"Or that I should photograph famous statesmen with the Rontgen Rays and give you pictures of their skeletons to publish?"

"I'm afraid the statesmen would object. Photography with the Rontgen Rays is a very tedious process."

He sighed. "I can think of nothing else to-day," he said, as he rubbed his sore knees again, scowled at Springs, and stole away. Springs actually sniggered.

About a fortnight later (we were getting well ahead with the first number) I came in from tea (at 4.30 p.m. of the clock, or thereabouts) to find Mr. Perryman making paper boomerangs, and discharging them in every direction, greatly to the entertainment of Springs and the office boy.

"Splendid notion!" he cried, as he caught sight of me. "I want you to issue a notice saying that your representative will play an eleven of England by himself."

I put up my hand, but he disregarded me and continued:—

"I am to have a bat as broad as this wicket, but when *they* go in the wicket must be double as wide as it ordinarily is, and the bats they use half the usual width. You are to pay £1,000 if I don't win."

"Thank you," I said icily; "thank you for your kind offer, but I'm afraid we can't quite afford to lay such a bet. You might be run out, you know."

"Running out to be disallowed when *I* bat," he put in hastily.

"CLIMB THE ALPS WHEEL-BARROW FASHION."

I didn't get rid of him for two hours. He was in what he called his "social mood," and insisted on showing me a watch he wanted to sell as a curiosity. He called it "The International Ticker." It had Swiss works, and, though of French manufacture, was made in Russia, and imported by a German dealer into England. It was sold to *him*, Mr. Perryman explained, by a Scotchman, in Wales, stolen from him by a Jewish pickpocket, and regained by an Irish policeman. Several American millionaires had scratched their initials on it, and an Italian nobleman had offered him £3 for it. He wanted £300, and would I buy? I said I would not buy, and so, after reducing his price by degrees to 3s., he put the thing in his pocket, asked if there were any orders, and finally went away, as he said, to keep an appointment with the Duke of Cambridge.

When he was gone I called in the office boy and forbade him to admit Mr. Perryman again. The office boy promised he wouldn't, and so I felt secure from invasion.

During the next three weeks he asked to see me (according to the office boy's computation) eighteen times, but the boy was too smart for him. Then there was a suspicious absence on his part for four days. Entering my office on what I thought would be my fifth day of rest, *there* sat Mr Perryman in

my chair. In the clerk's chair was an evil-looking little man with bushy black locks and trousers frayed out at the bottom. Springs was standing uneasily by the window.

I looked coldly at Perryman, but he rose with his most pleasant smile and waved his hand towards his companion.

"GO TO KLONDIKE ON ROLLER SKATES."

"Allow me," he cried, "to introduce Mr. Sikes Peace Ketch——"

I stared at the shabby individual, and Perryman pleasantly added:—

"Mr. Ketch is an anarchist; the parcel by his elbow contains a bomb."

I bolted into the outer office, and Springs followed me. The lady typewriter and the office boy, becoming alarmed, flew into the passage.

I heard Perryman laugh loudly as we all scuttled.

As he still tried to argue his point, I ordered Springs to throw him out. Springs hesitated. I told the office boy to help Springs. The office boy hesitated. I removed my coat, made a rush at Perryman, got him round the waist (his weak part, being such a long man), and carried him out into the passage. Arrived there, I kicked him down the first flight of stairs. He was using dreadful language all the time.

As I was returning, out came Springs and the office boy with Mr. Sikes Peace Ketch in their grasp. They flung him after Mr. Perryman.

Then an awful thing happened. There was a tremendous explosion. We were thrown to the ground, and when we arose we found Messrs. Ketch and Perryman brushing fragments of bomb off their coats.

I gazed at them in amazement.

"How is it," I cried, "that you are not blown up?"

"Oh, one of my ideas," returned Perryman airily; "these clothes are bomb-proof. I invented them."

"Then it was a *real* bomb?"

"Of course it was. Mr. Ketch never plays at killing."

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I am going to offer my bomb-proof clothes to all the crowned heads in Europe. I shall probably make half a million out of them. By the way!"

"Yes?"

"Could you lend me a shilling?"

I lent him the shilling, and he went off, Mr. Ketch trailing after him. I have not yet heard of the result of his visit to the crowned heads, but in the event of his offering me any further Ideas I will make mention of the fact next month.

THE END.

The Chief of the Boondi Blacks.

An Australian Yarn. By G. Firth Scott.

I.

IN the Antipodean land, where things go mostly by contrary, the north has a warmer climate than the south; and, although the year is proverbially separated into the seasons, winter and summer are chiefly distinguishable by the fact that in the summer—that is, at Christmas and New Year—the rainy season fills the air with cyclones, rain at the rate of an inch an hour, and general discomfort; while in the winter—that is, during July and four months on either side of it—the sky is cloudless, the wind steady and light, and the earth dry and dewless. It is a different land to Sydney, and a new country compared with New South Wales, and when Tom Gidley, who was a young Queenslander, asked Teddy Swan, his chum at the North Sydney Grammar School, to spend the winter holidays at his father's station on the north coast of Queensland, Teddy jumped at the offer

He had heard too much about Boondi Station to miss the chance of seeing it. There was a wonderful stretch of sand hard ocean sand—below the house, over which a horse could gallop for miles, just skirting the little rippling waves of crystal water that broke upon it. A wonderful track for a race, Tom said, with the clear blue sea on the one side, and the deep, dense green of the scrub on the other. There were sharks to be caught in the clear water that rippled on to the sand, and looked so tempting for a swim—great sea monsters that would seize and rend a man to fragments without making more than a swirl on the water, till the tell-tale red spread over the green and marked where the prey had been dragged down. In the creek that flowed from the interior into the ocean, just beyond the station homestead, alligators were seen more often than was desirable. The range came down steep to the coast line, and the only pass from the narrow strip of open land where the homestead stood to the fertile plains—where the Boondi cattle grew rolling fat—was along the bank of that creek. Tom told a story of a favourite dog which had gone one day to the edge of a pool to drink, when there was a mighty splash, and before the dog could yelp it had disappeared under the water. For days Tom had waited beside that pool, rifle in hand, to be revenged for the death of his pet, but the great sleepy-looking saurians were too crafty to be caught by that means.

There was a method used by the wild blacks from the range behind the station for the capture of alligators, and some day Tom was going to get some of them to come and help him catch and slaughter a few of the monsters, just to balance the account between himself and them for the death of his dog. But it was an awkward matter to arrange, for the blacks were really wild, and there was no saying what they might not do if they got a white boy in their possession and carried him off to their camping places in the mountain scrubs.

"Perhaps kill him," Teddy remarked when Tom told him the story.

"Yes, and eat him, too," Tom replied. "They are cannibals, the blacks in the Boondi Ranges."

II.

Inside the great Barrier Reef which guards the north coast of Queensland from the big rollers of the Pacific, the sea, saving when cyclones lash it into mad fury, is placid, calm, glimmering and shimmering in all the hues that range from deepest purple to palest green. Outside the reef the breakers foam and thunder, so that when the soft sea breezes float in towards the land they bring the murmur of the distant roar mellowed into a low, booming note that is pleasant to the ear, and soothing even unto slumber.

The "City of Brisbane" had made a good run up the coast, and was ploughing her way steadily through the oily sea inside the barrier. On her port side the land was so near that the miniature breakers could be seen curling on to the sandy beach, the high, scrub-covered spurs of the range rising from the back of the strip of yellow sand in a dark, mysterious wall of olive green, which formed an excellent contrast to the blue of the sea and sky.

Gidley and Swan had been busy all the morning, standing right up in the bows of the steamer, shooting, from a small-bore repeating rifle the former was taking home with him, at a school of bonito which swam along just ahead, leaping from the water every few moments as they rose to breathe. It was at such moments that the boys had a chance of "knocking them," as Gidley expressed it, and more than one smooth-skinned "puffie" leapt from the water to fall back with a bullet-hole through it, to become food for the sharks.

The shooting lost its zest when Gidley pointed

out to his companion a high ridge looming over the coast line.

"That's Boondi Range," he said. "You'll see the whale-boat waiting for us when we're round that point."

They had all their traps on deck by the head of the companion ladder long before the point was reached, and when the steamer swung round it Gidley said a white spot on the summit of a small hill just above the beach was the station, while another speck, which lay on the surface of the smooth sea directly ahead, was the whale-boat waiting to take them ashore.

As the steamer rapidly approached, the white spot on the shore grew in size until Swan could clearly make out the long, low-roofed house with a wide verandah running all round it. The speck on the sea became a white-painted whale-boat with a white man standing up in the stern of it, and three black fellows for a crew. The steamer stopped her engines, a line was thrown to the boat, and in a few minutes Swan found himself in the stern sheets listening to Gidley's father telling them about the big alligator that had been seen in the creek, while the three black fellows sat grinning at him, and the "City of Brisbane" rapidly steamed out of sight to the north.

III.

THE long stretch of ocean sand below the house was all that Gidley had described it, Swan thought, as, on the day after his arrival, he cantered along it. There was to be a trip to one of the outlying paddocks, where kangaroos were to be had in abundance, and Gidley had suggested that Swan might like to try the paces of the horse he was to ride before starting on the trip. The first experience of a gallop on that hard sand was so pleasant that Swan had returned to where his chum was standing, only to say that he was going for a longer spin.

"All right," Gidley answered. "Keep close to the sea, and I'll come after you."

Swan turned and rode off at a long, swinging stride. Winter though it was, the air was still too warm for the Sydney boy to wear either coat or vest. A broad-brimmed felt hat, with a white puggarree round it, a white flannel shirt and trousers to match, and a pair of tennis shoes, were quite enough clothing for comfort, and, Boondi being entirely free from feminine society, comfort was the first rule of the inmates. The soft sea breeze, as it came off the wide, open ocean, struck refreshingly cool against the boy's cheeks as he raced along, only holding the bridle sufficiently to keep the horse skirting the verge of the waves. The delicious rush of air past him, the clear transparency of the water on one side, and on the other the bright yellow gleam of the sand up to the line where the scrub grew in all its tropical wealth of foliage, the brilliant blue of the sky overhead, and the warm flood of sunshine all around him, drove everything from his mind save the pleasure of the moment. When he came out of his palace of delight he glanced back to see if Gidley were coming after him. To his surprise he noticed that the beach swept round in a curve, so that instead of his being able, as he had expected, to command a view to the station, he could only see the dark wall of foliage made by the scrub. Intending to turn back, he pulled his horse's head suddenly—and was flung over its ears on to the sand as it stumbled. He had ridden it off the hard wet sand on to the loose dry bank, and as it sank over its fetlocks and stumbled, it threw him.

He scrambled up and turned to catch the horse, and saw that it was already halfway to the scrub. He started to run after it, but the soft sand, giving at every step, compelled him to walk instead, while the horse made the most of its opportunity and disappeared into the thick mass of foliage. Swan dashed through after it, just catching a glimpse of it as he pushed his way into the tangled growth of vines and shrubs. There seemed to be some sort of pathway where the horse was walking, and he struggled to get clear of the dense undergrowth that lay between them. When he reached the narrow winding track—it could not be called a path—the horse was out of sight, but he could hear it trotting ahead of him, and he dashed forward, as fast as he could run, to overtake it.

The cool sea breeze did not penetrate the outer growth of foliage, and the air under the dense vegetation was humid and enervating. The track turned and twisted, alternately ascending and descending, now smooth and sandy, now rough and uneven, but always covered in overhead by wide-spreading branches, always blocked in front by big tree-stems wreathed round and round with clinging vines and crowded with clustering shrubs. The run soon winded him, and, with the perspiration streaming out of every pore of his skin, and with his limbs and muscles as limp as though they had been boiled, Swan came to a stop as the track turned straight up a steep rise in front of him. The surface was soft black earth where the turn occurred, and upon it there was no sign of the horse's hoofs. He listened. A mosquito hummed past his ear and settled on his cheek, stinging him. As he brushed it off, his hand touched his face, and he realised how hot he was. Over the tree-tops he caught a faint echo of the murmur Gidley had told him on the steamer was the roar of the breakers on the Barrier Reef. Away up the steep, where the track led, another sound came to him; the peculiar half-dull, half-ringing sound caused by an axe striking a tree in the midst of a thickly-timbered spot.

He almost laughed as he heard it. What a fool he was! The horse had taken a short cut through the scrub to the station. He only had to go up the ridge in front of him and he would be there also. He knew where he was, he told himself, as he started up the rise. The sea was straight behind him, and when he had climbed a little way the trees would cease, and he would look across an open space on to the station verandah. He would be back long before Gidley. In fact, Gidley would be wondering how he had slipped him. Gidley had chaffed him on the way up about being a new chum to Queensland scrubs, and had warned him never to go into the bush off a track, because he would get lost in ten minutes,

and it was an awkward thing for a new chum to get bushed. Get bushed! Why he was——

He stopped dead. Casually he had glanced down. The track had ceased. He looked back. It was not there. He looked to the one side and then to the other. The track was not anywhere—only trees were around him, trees and vines and shrubs, and rank and weedy grass. He ran back, as he supposed, until the rising ground warned him that it must be the direction in which he had been going; so he turned, and in ten paces found the ground was still rising. Again he tried, and again the ground rose. Whichever way he turned he was going up hill; whichever way he looked he saw trees and foliage.

He stood still once more, listening. He was in absolute quiet. The leaves did not move to any breeze; there was no echo of the breakers' roar, and so calm was the air that he was startled when a little bush bird flew out of a shrub and settled on a twig near him. If the heat had been trying before it was now overpowering, and he flung his hat from his head and tore the front of his shirt open in his efforts to get some relief from the stifling feeling that was upon him.

He was certain he was going straight for the station. It was directly in front of him, he told himself half angrily, as he plunged into the undergrowth again. Suddenly it gave way before him, and he found himself on an open space some ten yards square, and entirely free from vegetation. The surface was smooth, soft earth, and in the centre of the space was an oval mound about a couple of feet high and six feet long. All round the edge of the space the foliage was dense.

Swan looked round with a good deal of astonishment. It was evidently the work of man, for by no other means could the vegetation be kept away from the open ground on which he stood. He started to walk towards the mound when the sound of a breaking twig caused him to look behind him. Then his blood ran cold, for, staring at him with wide-open, glittering eyes, were the heads of three black fellows, hideously daubed all over with yellow and white lines and spots, and with their black hair and beards wild and unkempt. They were watching him with a hungry intentness, and through his brain there flashed the tales Gidley had told him of the cannibal blacks to be found in the Boondi Ranges.

Forgetful of the heat, fatigue, and everything else in the terror of the moment, he dashed madly forward, and into the dense growth of vegetation. Through it he struggled, fighting the clinging vines, breaking down the smaller bushes, stumbling and falling over roots and low growing branches, tearing his clothes to tatters, and cutting and bruising himself at every step. A snake, sleeping coiled round the fork of a small branch, hissed angrily, and shot out a foot of glistening body towards him as he blundered against the limb, and the spectacle added to the fear that was upon him. He darted away to one side to avoid the reptile, and as the branch swung back he fancied the noise it made was the signal of his enemies' approach. With a short, sharp cry of terror he rushed on again, feeling nothing, seeing nothing, knowing nothing but the horror of fear.

How long he struggled through the dense thicket he did not know, but he felt he had been running for hours when once again the undergrowth ceased, and he staggered—cut, bruised, bleeding, and almost naked—*on to the very spot from whence he had fled.* There was no mistaking it. There were his footsteps on the soft earth; there was the mound over which he had rushed: he had staggered almost up to it before he could recover himself, and he fell, exhausted, face forward, on to it.

A harsh, raucous shout, coming from every side, made him start up. All round the edge of the open space stood the forms of black fellows, their limbs and bodies painted in such a manner as to show a white skeleton on each chocolate-coloured form. Each one stood with his left foot planted in front of him, his left hand holding a couple of spears, and his right arm thrown back, the hand holding a long, thin spear, pointing at Swan and quivering in the air. As the white boy raised himself on his arms and looked, dazed and awe-struck, at the scene before him, the blacks gave another great shout and advanced towards him, chanting a weird, melancholy tune as they approached, and stamping the left foot on the ground in time with their song.

They advanced until the narrowing circle compelled them to stand three deep. Then a shrill cry came from the thicket, and at once the blacks echoed it, turning at the same time to the right-about, and sinking down to a stooping position, in which, still chanting, they retired to the edge of the space. Here they again faced towards the centre, and, with legs stretched far apart, they danced round and round, beating their spears together and making a most hideous uproar of shouts and shrieks.

In the midst of the dance the three men whose faces had first terrified him dashed out from the scrub and rushed up to within a few feet of Swan. One held a long flat piece of dark-coloured wood, something like a sword, but the end of which formed an acute angle. He leaped in front of his two companions and held up the weapon, whereupon every man stood absolutely still and silent. Pointing it at Swan, he spoke rapidly and fiercely, gesticulating angrily all the while. Then, reaching out, he caught Swan's neck in the angle of the wood and jerked him forward. A great shout went up as the boy came to the ground again, and the black fellow stepped back to his two companions.

Swan slowly gathered himself up. The jerk he had received hurt him, and pain is an excellent thing to put a plucky boy on his mettle. It was one thing to be terrified at discovering that he had got bushed; it was quite another to be hurt by a naked savage. The black fellow had let go the hooked piece of wood when he stepped back. It was a clumsy sort of a weapon, but it was better than nothing; and Swan, acting on the impulse of the moment, seized it and sprang at the three men, who stood silently watching him, waving it round his head.

"You lot of——" he began, in a not too steady voice, when the three men turned and ran, shouting to the ring of black fellows, all of whom took

up the shout and recommenced to dance round and round, yelling and shrieking as though they had gone mad, brandishing their spears and stamping on the ground.

The noise and the movement confused him, and he looked from one to the other of the grotesquely-painted, bounding figures; each man, directly he looked at him, leaping forward a couple of yards, shaking his spears in the air, and shouting: "Tungan! Tungan!" The noise, the excitement, and the whirling figures made him giddy; the dust which the men's stamping raised made the air still more stifling to him, and he sank down on the mound again, gasping for breath.

Before he could quite realise what they were doing, some of the men rushed up to him and then back to the ring. The reek of wood smoke stung his eyes and nostrils, reviving him sufficiently to see that, in their rush, the men had placed five little piles of wood around him, from each of which smoke was rising. He understood in a moment. They were going to roast him alive!

For the first time the horror which came to him prompted him to shout for help, but his throat was so dry and parched that he could only utter an inarticulate, hoarse cry, which was at once drowned by the roar with which the dancing throng replied to it. He clutched his wooden sword with both hands, for his dizzy mind became partly conscious that some other men, white-haired and bearded, were slowly approaching him. He tried to rush at one as well as his whirling brain would allow, when he felt himself seized from behind. The wooden sword was jerked out of his hands, his arms were stretched out and held on each side, while his legs were also seized and lifted up as he was carried back and laid upon the mound, the savages who had hold of his limbs retaining their grasp and pinioning him immovably to the ground.

Above him he saw the form of one of the white-haired men carrying, in his right hand, what looked like a long, jagged flake of flint. Swan struggled with all his strength to break loose from the grip that held him, but he might as well have tried to move the earth under him. His efforts were absolutely useless against the iron muscles of his captors, and, in a death-like silence which had succeeded the pandemonium of yells, he was held motionless as the old man stretched out his arm and brought the jagged flint slowly down upon the captive's breast.

Into Swan's mind there came a last and desperate resolve. As he could neither escape nor fight, at least he would show no fear if he had to die, and with teeth hard set, he felt the rough edge of the flint knife grate on his skin. A film gathered over his eyes, until a burning, scorching pain across his chest roused him from the stupor he was falling into, and he saw held out over him the flint knife red with his own blood.

The sight of it was greeted with a tremendous shout from the men around him, a shout which at first sent a shudder through him, and then a thrill of delight, for with it, above it, and after it, he heard the shout of white men. The noise of the black fellows ceased in an instant; those who were holding him let go their grasp as they sprang up. He heard old Gidley's voice cry out: "Don't shoot! Charge them!"—and he was in darkness.

* * * * *

A soft, cool breeze on his cheek and the murmur of a distant roar, mellowed into a low booming note, pleasant to the ear and soothing, formed his next recollection. He opened his eyes and saw Gidley and Gidley's father bending over him. He essayed to move, and a sharp twinge of pain in his chest stopped him—and made his memory clear.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed.

"You're all right, old chap. You're at the station, on the verandah," Gidley answered quietly.

"But the——" he exclaimed, starting up.

"They're all right, too," old Gidley said. "You never need fear a black fellow after this. Just swallow this, and then Tom will tell you all about it."

He swallowed what was offered to him, and then old Gidley, saying that it would soon put him on his legs again, left him alone with Tom.

"They'll help us to get the alligators now, Tom said. "You see, we've only got to——"

"Yes, but—what was it?" Swan interrupted to ask.

"What they were doing? Why, that's it. You see, I saw you go into the scrub and yelled to you, but you took no notice, and by the time I had got up you were out of sight. I knew you'd get bushed, and so should I if I had followed you alone, so I rode back here for some of the stockmen, and Dad came along too. If you'd followed your horse's tracks you would have been all right, because it was home as soon as I was. But you went—well, we followed *your* tracks, and you were going all over the place, up and down, and round and round—why you could not go straight *I* don't know. Then we heard the black fellows yelling, and Dad said they had you, so we hurried a bit, I can tell you, and—well, we found you."

"Yes, but," Swan began, "they were —"

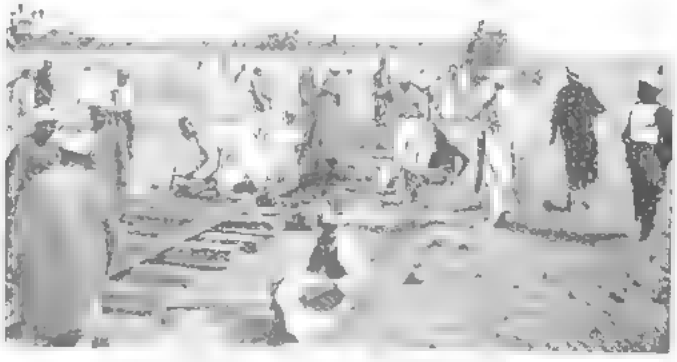
"No, they were not," Tom said quickly. "You didn't know, being a new chum; but you stumbled on to the grave of one of their great chiefs, an old chap named Tungan, who said when he died that he would soon come back—as all black fellows think they will—a white fellow. They say, 'Lie down, black fellow, jump up white fellow'; that's their religion. Well, when they saw you on Tungan's grave, they thought you were him come back, so they came to salute you, and to tell you that they knew you all the time. It was their way of saying, 'How are you, old chap?'; only, being a new chum, you didn't understand. They told Dad all about it. They put the mark of chief on your chest, and they would have covered you with them if we had not come when we did. Oh, it's all right. You're not Teddy Swan any more up here. You're Tungan, Chief of the Boondi Blacks," Tom said laughingly. "And you've got to bring your tribe down to help me catch alligators," he added with a laugh.

NATURALLY my first difficulty was the selection of a camera. Why is it that a compact, handy, and small camera is not put on the market? Hand cameras there are, with most wonderful complications — rising fronts and swing backs, different focus lenses, marvellous adjustable finders, tricky double shutters, no better in any way whatever than the thousands of good ones at half the price, except that they are about fifty times more complicated and easily put out of order.

The only instrument which at all approaches portability for the war artist is Eastman's Two Guinea Kodak, which folds up instantaneously into a tiny space, and is light and difficult to put out of order. Unfortunately it is not good enough for the purpose for which I require it.

I had to make up my mind, however, and chose an apparatus costing close on £30, absolutely *perfect*, all wire fittings and springs, beautifully finished and warranted to stand any climate, nor was it possible for it to get out of order.

The ordinary pattern camera is a small black box, full, for the most part, of emptiness. The lens naturally must be a certain distance from the plate while the picture is being taken; then why not have that distance, as it were, collapsible when not in use — bellows system or anything else? But no, one must carry about that regulation square, bulky, unreasonable, and unnecessary.



KITCHENER'S DESERT RAILWAY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The snapshots are reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Black and White."

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I had my first difficulty at Port Said at the Custom House, as I got off the gangway. "What is in that leather box?" inquired a stern official. "My camera," I replied, and it being a new one I was obliged to pay duty. Why wasn't it collapsible—then I could have carried it under my waistcoat and felt I had done my duty towards my paper and conscience?

HAULING 40-POUNDERS INTO BARGES.

A tedious journey to Cairo and Assuan by rail, and to Wady Halfa by steamer, took five days, and then across the desert by Kitchener's wonderful railway towards Atbara. In the picture one can see the rails being laid over the sleepers, and bolted together while the train is advancing in the distance. The greatest difficulty which the engineers had to contend with was the lack of water, for only at No. 6 station was water found by boring—other than that it was only procurable from the Nile.

At Atbara, which was rail-head, we had to remain ten days before the final advance. Only a brother snap-shottist, perhaps, could understand the difficulties of photography where sandstorms raged continually and the water was perpetually warm. Frequently I would develop a dozen or so of plates at night in my tent—the weather being very calm—and lay them on a box to dry. In the middle of the night I would be awakened by my tent being wrenched up wholesale. My first thought would be to save my plates. Sometimes this was possible, more frequently not. Perhaps the few pictures I show will give you an idea of what a sandstorm in the desert is like. In an instant the whole camp would be enveloped in one huge cloud of sand and camp-sweepings, with Heaven knows how many pounds to the square inch of a hurricane blowing. The plates being damp after developing were naturally destroyed. How many good pictures were lost in this way I hardly dare to think. These storms raged all the way to Omdurman and Khartoum—and back.

When one of these storms comes along the first thing to do is to strike one's tent. Articles of any value we buried in the sand, and sat on top of them to mark the spot. Blankets, bully beef tins, books, clothes, were swept up in this vast whirlwind. It was laughable to see the Highlanders making vain efforts to hold down their kilts.

THE MAHDI'S TOMB AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The difficulties of our cuisine are better imagined than described—words fail. Talking of cooking, it is wonderful what the native servant can manufacture out of a tin of bully beef and a few pots and pans. A pound of beef he places in a saucepan, and covers it over with Nile water. Nile water in colour and consistency resembles chocolate more than anything else. When the concoction is boiling the liquid is strained off and served up as soup; some of its residue appears on

DERVISHES DEAD ON THE FIELD OF OMDURMAN.

the menu as "Boiled Beef"; a portion of the rest is fried in slices; and the remains, rolled and patted into shape, figure as "Rissoles." Of the empty tin the native will frequently make a pipe.

At Nasri Island I left the bulk of my photographic stuff with the reserve ammunition and transport. We started with a ten days' supply of necessaries. Among mine were three hundred plates. I may say here that all my photographs were taken on plates, films being almost impossible to manipulate. Indeed, most of the plates themselves were destroyed and blistered by the intense heat of the sun, and I consider myself lucky in getting so many moderate results.

On the day of the battle the heat registered 120 degrees in the shade.

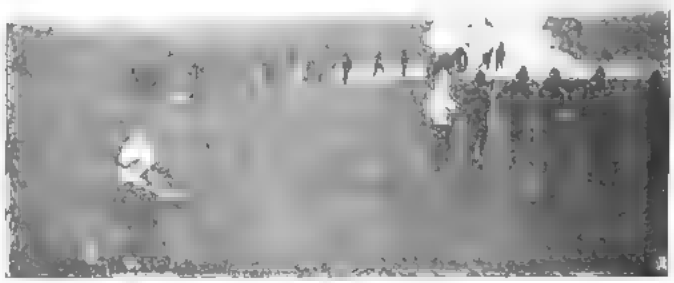
I have little to say of the tedious advance from Atbara to Omdurman by water and land. I will proceed to the morning of the battle itself. At 4.30 a.m. on September 2nd Burleigh and I quitted the square, one side of which was formed by the Nile, and rode towards where the enemy were supposed to be.

THE SIRDAR DIRECTING THE BATTLE

Our cavalry, the 21st Lancers, were out ahead of us, scouting; we could see them on the ridge in the distance. There reached us, too, a deafening hubbub of thousands of voices, and tom-toms beating. The enemy were not far off. Otherwise everything was very still. Suddenly a horseman galloped from our lines, a few of the lancers galloped back, a bugle-call sounded, and in an instant the sand was thrown up in clouds — our cavalry were returning. Burleigh and I swung into our saddles, and were soon back inside the fighting line.

A bugle beside us gave us a call. It was passed on to the next regiment, then the next, till at last it was but a faint echo in the distance.

Day was breaking, and it was getting lighter and lighter; everyone strained their eyes towards the horizon. I searched with my glasses, but could see nothing except that the horizon seemed more and more to waver. It was a living line of enemy charging down in three enormous lines, 50,000 strong. At 5.30 the crash of a gun rang out, followed by a long hiss, then a puff of smoke in the distance, and the echoing report. The first shell of the battle was fired. In an instant the range was found, and the air was lashed with shell. Battery No. 1 on our left flank was in action.



HOWITZERS IN ACTION.

When the fire had dwindled down and

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practically ceased, our army advanced and marched towards the battle-field, and, when about half a-mile out, half turned to the left and marched *en echelon* towards Omdurman, Macdonald's brigade being behind and on the extreme right. I rode past the different regiments, and caught up the Sirdar and his staff, who were making for Signal Hill. When we arrived near the top the din of battle rose again, and then came the second and big attack. Being high up we had a magnificent view of the encounter. It was a grand sight to see the deadly duel between these two great armies, one three times as big as the other. The Dervishes came on again in huge masses, waving their great flags and banners. Macdonald's brigade alone had to resist them. The enemy's cavalry were galloping for all they were worth into Macdonald's "thin red line." The sight was fascinating, and it was impossible to unrivet one's eyes from the scene. One sheet of flame and lead poured from Macdonald's line. Steady as a glacier, with what to some of us looked like inevitable disaster staring him in the face, Colonel Macdonald fought his brigade for all it was worth. The Sirdar stood on the hill with his glasses to his eyes. One could see the anxiety on his face. All this was bad enough, but there was still worse in store; a huge body of Dervishes which had been hidden among the hills towards Kerrari were charging down on Macdonald's right, and would cut off his retreat to the river. All hope seemed to be lost. Reinforcements were tearing up, but would never arrive in time. Quicker than it takes to tell you, Macdonald broke his line in half and formed a right angle, the cannons and Maxims were run back by hand, and the new onslaught was met by a deadly fire.

A DUST STORM RISING

COMING NEARER

WELL UPON US.

As Burleigh in his telegram put it, "Had the brilliant and splendid deed of arms wrought by Macdonald been done under the eyes of the Sovereign, or in some other armies, he would have been created a general on the spot. If the public are in search of the hero of Omdurman, there he is ready made. One who committed no blunder to be redeemed by courageous conduct afterwards."

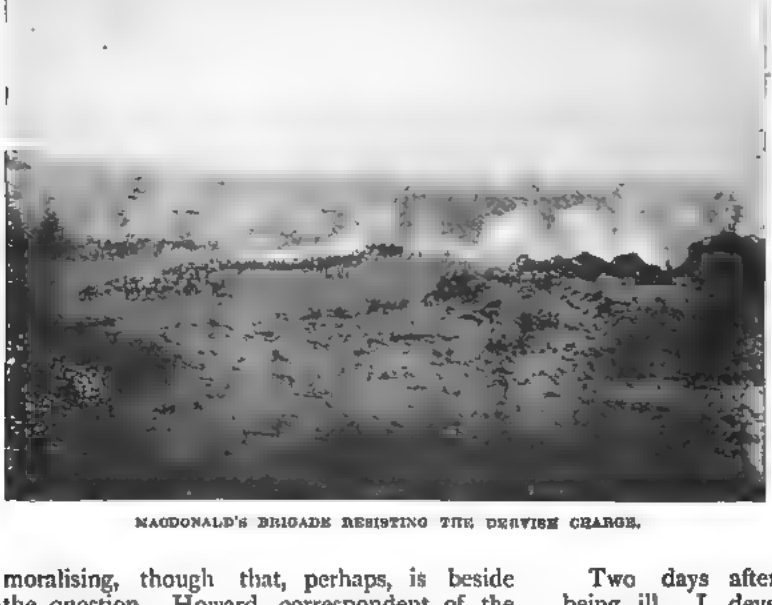
But why should I repeat that which has been already so ably described?

I was there to take pictures. This article I am writing to explain how I took them. I used all the plates in my changing boxes — that is, thirty-six—and only sixteen gave any results whatever.

We marched into Omdurman about 5 p.m., after one of the hardest and heaviest days, and the biggest battle, I had ever been through. There was no rest even then

Goog

Our transport camels were a long way behind; besides, we had to fight our way into Omdurman, and street fighting is very de-

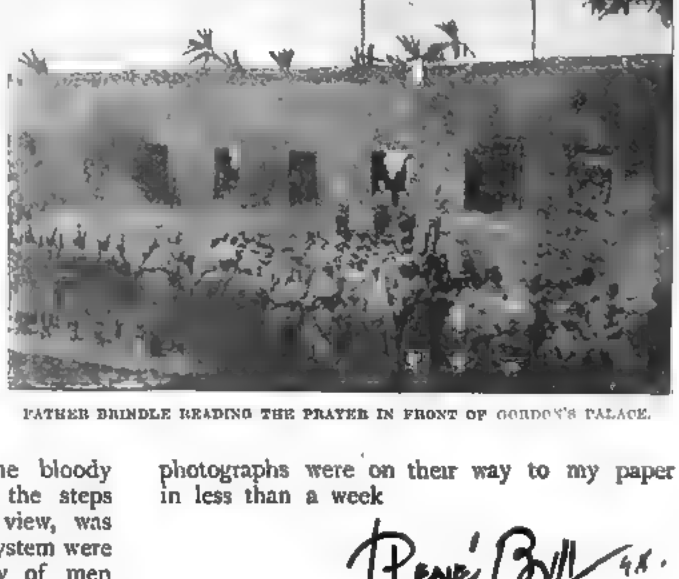


MACDONALD'S BRIGADE RESISTING THE DERVISH CHARGE.

moralising, though that, perhaps, is beside the question. Howard, correspondent of the *New York Herald* and *Times*, was killed by a piece of shell. It was the third casualty among the small corps of correspondents. The camel transport arrived on the next morning with the necessaries for developing my pictures. The night of the battle we slept as we were, lying in the sand with our horse's reins over our arms. The stench from the battle-field, and hunger and thirst, kept us from sleeping.

Neufeld, who had just been liberated, was lying beside us, and, with improvised tools, Burleigh and I struck off his chains. The anklets were afterwards removed on one of the gunboats. The Sunday after the battle we visited the ruins of Khartoum. The Sirdar's boat arrived first, and, as regiment after regiment came in, we could easily recognise that from the highest officer to the humblest rank-and-filer, the bloody event of fifteen years before, on the steps of the palace which was now in view, was being recalled. Military order and system were never more perfect; the vast body of men fell into their places with the ease of a single well-drilled company. The gunboats were ranged along the river-bank in front of the palace, and, at a given signal, the British and Egyptian flags were run up over the ruins to the strains of "God Save the Queen," and the Egyptian National Anthem. It was an impressive moment—almost terrible in its impressiveness—and the heart beat none the less quickly because the hand that raised the British Standard was that of Gordon's nephew. It was then that Father Brindle, acting for all the churches, came forward and read the prayer. It was an occasion to move strong men, and I am safe in saying that it was the first and only occasion on which Kitchener, the soldier, let fall a tear.

Two days afterwards I left Omdurman, being ill. I developed most of my plates on the gunboat going down, and my finished photographs were on their way to my paper in less than a week.

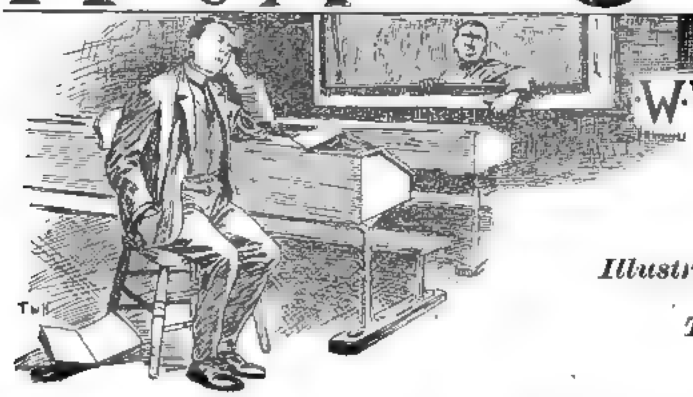


FATHER BRINDLE READING THE PRAYER IN FRONT OF GORDON'S PALACE.

René Bull

Mary Anne's Convict

by W. W. Mayland



Illustrated by

T. W. HOLMES.

"MARY ANNE" was the sarcastic *sobriquet* applied to H. Browne, otherwise Browne Major, of Casterbridge School. He was a big fellow of eighteen or so, soft all over, and even Browne Minor used to cheek him. That will explain what sort of a fellow Mary Anne was considered to be until——

Well, that's the story. Mary Anne belonged to "Donnithorne's"—Donnithorne being one of the assistant masters at Casterbridge. "Donnithorne's" wasn't cockhouse, but it took the lead in matters intellectual, always winning most prizes, chiefly because Mr. Donnithorne was a regular slave-driver as regards "Prep." and was serenely indifferent about seeing his House head of the river, or turning out the winning eleven or fifteen in the Inter-House contests. Those parents who were of the same way of thinking as Mr. Donnithorne sent their sons to his House, and among those parents was the Rev. Henry Browne, father of the aforesaid Mary Anne.

Now Mary Anne was as bad at his books as he was clumsy at games, so he had a pretty hard time of it. First he was badgered out of doors and in school, and then, when he got to his House, he was lectured by Mr. Donnithorne, who had an idea that he was incorrigibly idle. Thus it came about that one exceedingly hot night in July, just in the thick of exams., Mary Anne found himself—by Mr. Donnithorne's command—stewing up his Euclid long after all the other fellows had gone to bed. Mary Anne's father had decided to take him away from school, and wanted him to do as well as possible his last term. Thus it came about that Mary Anne was sitting up late that night, yawning and twitching about, pulling his shock head of hair, and alternately nodding and waking up with a start.

During one of these doxes the prefect of the House came in.

"Here, clear off to bed, Mary Anne!" he said, turning out the gas. "If you want to cram get up in the morning."

Mary Anne gave a drowsy mumble, and the prefect, thinking no more about him, quitted the class-room and went off to his dormitory. So dead fagged was Mary Anne, however, that, instead of obeying the order, he settled his head more comfortably on his elbow, and went bang off to sleep. Soon he was snoring as soundly as any fellow in the House.

The clock of Casterbridge Cathedral boomed out eleven—Mary Anne slept on. The assistant master, who lived at Donnithorne's, came out of his sitting-room and strolled off to bed. Although the class-room door was ajar, he never imagined that anyone was in there, the gas being out. Soon Donnithorne's was in complete darkness. Everybody was fast asleep—including Mary Anne.

The cathedral clock solemnly tolled the hour of twelve. All was silence at Donnithorne's—Mary Anne's intermittent snoring alone disturbed the stillness of midnight. The moon's rays fell full upon Mary Anne's uneven profile; it showed up, in plain distinctness, the slight, nervous lines which six years' bullying and "rotting" had left on Mary Anne's young forehead; even in his sleep he would give, at times, a little apprehensive start. His school term, you see, was one long course of badgering, and he lived the events of the day over again in his dreams.

The cord of the lower sash was broken, and so, some hours previously, Mary Anne had propped the window up with a cricket-bat. A slight breeze sprang up, and coming through the open window fanned Mary Anne's shock head of hair; the breeze was kind and gentle, and Mary Anne sighed softly as he slumbered.

Presently—as the cathedral clock struck a quarter to one—something appeared at the open window. Mary Anne didn't see it, because just at that moment he was scooting away for dear life from his chief tormentor—in his dreams, of course. The something grew larger, and finally took the shape of a man's head and shoulders—a round, close-cropped head and burly shoulders. Then appeared two arms, a waist, and two legs.

It was, in short, a man—the sort of man that frequently enjoys Her Majesty's hospitality. And what curious clothes he had on, to be sure! What were those broad-arrow marks on his stockings?—truly a rum get-up.

The convict—for a convict it was, and an escaped convict to boot—had removed his shoes, and so, as he clambered over the window-sill, he made no noise. Mary Anne snored—the convict glanced towards his corner. The convict's face lit up. As lightly and noiselessly as a cat he leapt over the intervening desks, and effectually awoke Mary Anne by clapping a huge, rough hand over the sleeper's wide-open mouth. Mary Anne tried to yell, but the convict's hand stifled the cry.

"*Stop that—d'yer 'ear?*" And the ruffian backed up his command by placing his disengaged fingers round Mary Anne's wind-pipe.

When the boy was almost black in the face the convict relaxed his grip—slowly and reluctantly. He had it in his mind to throttle Mary Anne—this being a quick and sure way of silencing him—but second thoughts prevailed. He saw that he could put the lad to a variety of uses.

"Not a sound—*d'yer 'ear?* Breathe a word and I'll murder yer. Now, off with them togs—quick. You're wide, and so am I! 'Urry up—an' look slippy!"

Before Mary Anne quite knew where he was or what he was doing, he was standing in his shirt and stockings, and the convict, having rid himself of his prison dress, was hastily donning Mary Anne's clothes, which he found a tight fit—a very tight fit. In fact, he only got them on after a tremendous struggle.

"Sharp, now!" said the man. "You know the run of the place. I want *grub*, and anything that's worth taking. Lead the way. One sound from you," he added, savagely, placing his lips close to Mary Anne's ear, "*and I'll corpse you!*"

Trembling with terror, Mary Anne led the way and showed the convict where the pantry was. The convict regaled himself like a famished wolf. Then Mary Anne conducted the convict into Mr. Donnithorne's study and into the drawing-room. At intervals of two minutes the convict repeated his ferocious threat, and each time Mary Anne's hair stood on end. Meanwhile the convict crammed his pockets full of all the valuables that would go into them. At length he was satisfied and bade Mary Anne conduct him back to the class-room—an order which Mary Anne obeyed with alacrity.

"Now, young feller," growled the visitor, a little thickly—for he had flirted extensively with the beer-barrel in the butler's pantry—"look you 'ere. With a massive forefinger and thumb he embraced Mary Anne's neck. Mary Anne blinked and stood perfectly still.

"I'm goin' to do a guy now. See?"

"Yes, sir," quavered Mary Anne.

"But befaw I goes I wants to give you a word of advice. If you stirs out of this room one inch, or raises any alarm wotever, I'll nip back and keep my previous promise. What did I say I'd do?"

"You said you'd 'corpse' me, sir."

"Aye," chuckled the convict, "so I did; an' I mean it now. Well, just to see that you stay 'ere I'm goin' to stick by the wall and watch yer. See?"

"I shan't move, sir," said Mary Anne, hurriedly.

"If you runs I can 'op through an' catch yer hup in no time. You've got a soft neck," he added, increasing the pressure of his thumb and finger, "and you'd throttle nice. Now—not a sound."

"YOU SAID YOU'D 'CORPSE' ME, SIR."

Releasing Mary Anne, the convict proceeded to stow everything he had taken securely in his pockets—or, rather, Mary Anne's pockets. Meanwhile Mary Anne shivered in his shirt.

"That's all c'rect," muttered the convict; "so I'll be trotting. If, young feller," he added, again applying that affectionate pressure to the nape of Mary Anne's neck, "you so much as say a word concerning my visit, I'll come back and kill yer—I don't say when, but I'll come!"

So saying, he picked up his discarded prison dress and crammed it into a book locker near by.

"Time I was gittin'," he muttered, shooting a

final menacing glance at Mary Anne ere he leaned over the window sill and proceeded, in this attitude, to peer into the garden beyond.

Mary Anne had left off shivering; the blood was coursing furiously through his veins. More even than the convict's appalling threats he feared the morning chaff of his school-fellows. He pictured the frown which would decorate the face of Mr. Donnithorne when that gentleman found all the smaller valuables in his study and drawing-room *had been stolen!* He, Mary Anne, was responsible for the whole job! He had gone to sleep and left the window open, and had shown the convict round the place like a professional guide! He—he was responsible, on his shoulders would rest the entire blame!

Then—agonising thought!—what would the fellows say when it was noised all over Casterbridge that he had deliberately stripped off his clothes and given them to an escaped convict?—he, a great strapping fellow of eighteen!

Perish the thought! He wouldn't stand it! Life wasn't very sweet to him, and he didn't care much if he gave up living. He felt that he would rather die than face his school-fellows and masters in the morning!

His eyes oved wildly round the class-room in search of a weapon. He could see nothing but books and ink wells. At last—the convict was still leaning out of the window and gazing intently into the garden—Mary Anne's desperate glance fell on the cricket-bat with which he had propped up the lower sash of the window.

Without another moment's reflection he dashed forward and grabbed the bat.

Crash! Down came the great window, bang on to the convict, catching him in the middle of his spine. Such was the weight of the great frame that it pinned the ruffian to the window-sill. As he was guarding his pockets with his hands, the window imprisoned his arms as well.

CRASH! DOWN CAME THE GREAT WINDOW, BANG ON TO THE CONVICT.

With muffled imprecations he struggled with all his might to free himself. But, powerfully built as he was, the window was too heavy for him.

Mary Anne was surprised—astounded—delighted! He had not contemplated this result of his hasty snatching away of the bat. For several seconds he gazed upon the panting, furious scoundrel, and then rushed into the passage, uttering yell after yell. So shrill and piercing were his cries that masters and boys came trooping downstairs, all agog to find out what was going on.

"What's up?" cried a score of voices.

"A—a—man!—a villain!—a robber!" howled Mary Anne.

"Where? Where?"

"In the upper class-room. He's caught! The window fell on him!"

A rush was made for the class-room, and in less than a minute the window had been pushed up and the convict secured. It was an easy task; had he remained much longer in that position the weight of the window would have squeezed the life out of him.

* * *

Mary Anne was the hero of the last fortnight of term. On Speech Day he was carried shoulder-high round the playground, and the fellows who had badgered him most were now most eager to stand him ginger-beer and tarts.

The incident put fresh life into Mary Anne's flabby body. He thought the matter over, and decided that he wasn't such a jay after all. When he left Casterbridge he got his father to get him an appointment in the "Cape Mounted"—and the rough, bustling events of a Colonial policeman's career made a man of him.

It happened years ago, but still every new fellow that enters Donnithorne's House is told the tale of that night, and every new fellow repeats at home the story of—

"MARY ANNE'S CONVICT."

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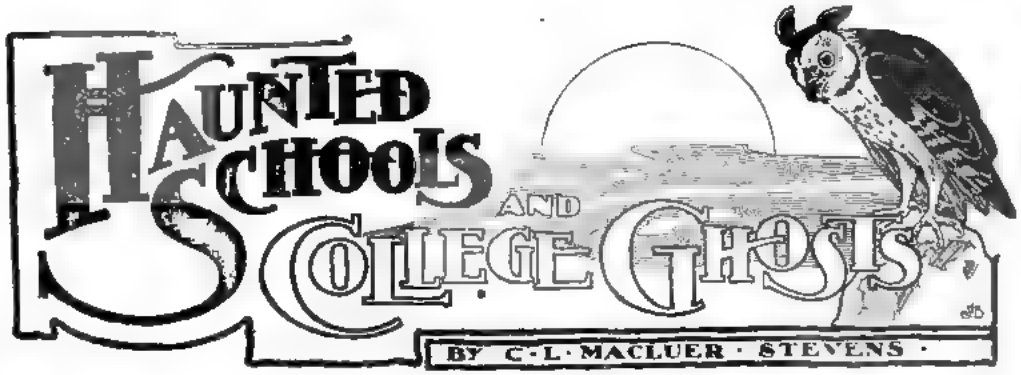
Haunted Schools and College Ghosts



BY C. L. MACLUER STEVENS

LL houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted, says Longfellow; and apparently most, if not all, schools wherein boys have lived, and learned, and played, are similarly afflicted. At all events, there are but few of our older and more pretentious seminaries to which some ghostly legend is not attached.

Even the great universities are not exempt, both Oxford and Cambridge boasting an exceedingly choice and unusually varied collection of spooks. At the former, for instance, there is a "Radiant Boy," who appears at odd intervals to neurotic undergraduates, clad in pure white and surrounded by silver flames; an ancient "scout" of lugubrious mien, who haunts the courts and quadrangles at dead of night; and an unspeakably loathsome apparition of a misshapen being, having a human countenance, but devoid of eyes, nose, or mouth. Luckily this monstrosity among spectres only puts in an appearance once in seventy years—a sort of "span-of-life" spook, so to speak.

One peculiarity common to many university ghosts is that they haunt only certain well-defined and often exceedingly circumscribed areas. Thus the spectre of a certain Mr. John Bonnell, a former commoner of Queen's College, Oxford, who died suddenly and mysteriously on the night of November 18th, 1750, is seen nowhere but in Queen's College. Similarly, Trinity College, Cambridge, is the happy hunting ground of a ghostly child, which wanders from room to room, moaning, its eyes fixed on the floor and the palms of its hands turned downward. Curiously enough, an exactly similar wraith is said to haunt the Duke of York's School, Chelsea. The benefits of this institution are now, as most people are aware, confined to the sons of soldiers. But in the old days

THE LAUNCESTON GHOST

girls also were admitted. One of these latter, a pretty, blue-eyed, golden haired little witch of seven, the pet of the school, fell while sliding down the banisters, and was dashed to pieces on the stone flags below. To avert any further accidents of a like nature, stout, bluntish spikes were driven into the banisters aforesaid, the theory being that the girls would refrain from further sliding for fear of tearing their frocks. The surmise proved correct, at all events so far as the living children were concerned. But the spectre of the dead girl persists to this day in repeating her performance on each anniversary of her fatal escapade.

Eton boasts of two ghosts. In 1529 a boy was drowned at "le watering place," supposed to have been identical with the favourite bathing resort now known as "Cuckoo Weir." Anyhow, it is here that his wraith is said to disport itself on moonless summer nights, when all the countryside is swathed in darkness as with a garment, and the only sounds audible are the swirl of the tortured river and the hooting of a stray owl. The other spook is more modern and prosaic. It is that of a certain Major Sydenham, who entered into an unholy compact with his friend, Captain William Dyke, to return and visit him at Eton after death. He kept his word; at least, so the gallant captain always averred. But the taste for wandering, once acquired, was apparently difficult to eradicate. At all events, on many occasions since, his unquiet spirit has been seen gliding about the famous playing fields.

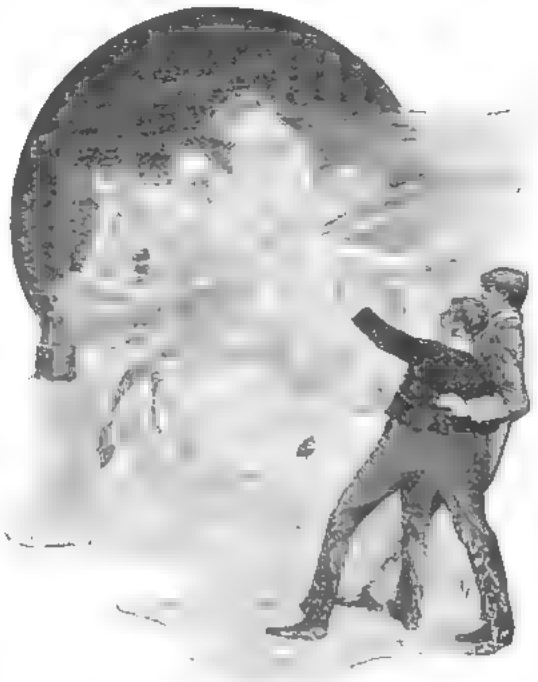
THE BEAMINSTER GHOST.

One of the weirdest and most circumstantial of scholastic ghost stories is that associated with Launceston Grammar School. The credit —if credit it be—of discovering this particular unearthly visitant, lies between the Rev. John Ruddle, who was head master of the school in 1665, and a scholar named Bligh. The master noticed that the boy, usually an exceptionally bright and intelligent lad, had suddenly become pensive, melancholy, and morose; and, very naturally, sought to ascertain the reason of the change. For a long time Bligh stoutly maintained that there was nothing specially wrong with him. But eventually, on being pressed, he said that he had several times met, in a field near the school, the apparition of a woman whom he had personally known when alive, but who had then been dead close on eight years. The ghost, he averred, was dressed in ordinary feminine apparel, and looked sorrowfully at him as though it were minded to speak. It never did so, however, notwithstanding that Bligh several times called it by name, beckoned to it, and otherwise essayed to engage it in conversation.

At first the worthy clergyman, if we are to believe his own statement, received this remarkable story with incredulity; but, the lad persisting, he was at length induced to visit the place himself. On the first occasion her spookship did not deign to put in an appearance, but a second trial proved more favourable. The master not only saw the ghost — he succeeded, after several attempts, in "laying" it; although exactly by what means does not clearly appear. All that he tells us is that he spoke to the spectral woman, and inquired the cause of her trouble. "Whereupon," he continues, "the spirit approached me, but slowly. I spoke again, and it answered in a voice neither audible nor very intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spoke again and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time. Wherefore, the following evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side it quickly vanished, and neither doth it appear now, nor hath appeared since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance." In this latter assertion, however, if we are to credit local tradition, the good man was mistaken, for the apparition is still to be seen at odd intervals near its old trysting-place.

Beaminster School is haunted to this day by the spectre of a murdered boy, and this despite the fact that the place has been entirely rebuilt since the alleged crime was committed. The story of this apparition

presents many unique features in ghost-lore. The spook, it would appear, was first seen on Saturday, June 22nd, 1728. The master had dismissed the boys as usual, but twelve of them loitered in the churchyard, which adjoined the school-house, "to play ball." The hour was just about noon. After a while one of the lads returned to the schoolroom for his book, but soon came shrieking back, crying out that there was a coffin just inside the doorway. His playfellows all thronged back with him to the doorway indicated, and *five* of them, peering within, distinctly saw the apparition of one John Daniel, a former schoolfellow of theirs, who had at that time been dead and buried some seven weeks. The ghost was sitting on a bench within the room, and about the same distance beyond the coffin as the coffin was from the entrance. *All twelve boys saw the coffin*, and it was conjectured that the reason all of them did not see the apparition was because the door was so narrow that they could not approach it together.



THE GUILDFORD GHOST

Needless to say, this weird story caused great and general excitement. The lads were interviewed, jointly and severally, by the local magistrates, but they one and all persisted in their story. Indeed, under cross examination, several additional details came out. One of the party, for instance, had noticed that the spectre wore round its right hand a white linen rag, and inquiry elicited that the woman who laid out the body had swathed that particular hand in just such a bandage. Another of the five boys who had actually, so they said, seen the ghost, happened to be Daniel's half-brother. He was quite positive as to the identity. "'Tis no use you trying to moider (muddle) me, gentlemen," he remarked, at the end of an hour's questioning. "'Twas our John right enough, a coffin by him, dressed in just such a coat as I have on at this minute, with a pen in his hand, and a book before him." In the end the body was exhumed, when it was found that, instead of dying in a fit, as had been supposed, the poor little lad had been strangled. It does not appear, however, that anyone was ever brought to account for the crime.

Guildford Grammar School, an ancient and weather-beaten structure, possesses an equestrian ghost, an old huntsman, to wit, who, mounted on an iron-grey steed, clatters cheerfully around the flagged courtyard at dead of night. He is, however, a good-natured spook, and quite different in this respect from the one that was wont, not long since, to so persistently trouble the Castle School in the same town. This establishment is situated within the grounds of the ancient castle of Guildford, and the spectre was supposed to be that of a too venturesome explorer, who, accompanied only by his faithful dog, essayed to penetrate within the labyrinth of subterranean passages lying beneath the keep, and never returned. The writer well remembers, some five-and-twenty years ago, throwing stones down the almost perpendicular passage through which the unfortunate man was said to have descended to his doom, and listening with bated breath for the series of muffled plashes which heralded their arrival at the water far below. Curiously enough, within comparatively recent years an entrance was effected into a series of artificial passages lying some seventy feet below the surface of a meadow adjoining the castle grounds, and beneath some rubbish was found a number of human bones mixed with those of a hound. These were reverently buried, and since then, so it is said, the ghost of the Castle School has ceased from troubling. This is lucky, as, according to tradition, the person seeing it is doomed to a violent death within a year.

Not infrequently ghosts work havoc with the

reputation of an otherwise altogether excellent school or college. Watton Abbey, in Yorkshire, for instance, where once were educated more than seventy boys, had to be relegated to private use owing to a couple of apparitions which would persist in frightening the scholars. One of these represented a headless nun, supposed to be the ghost of a certain Elfrida, a beautiful novice, who had been first cruelly scourged, and afterwards beheaded, in punishment for an alleged breach of conventual regulations. The other was that of a fair Royalist lady, who was cruelly murdered, together with her hapless infant, by a band of roving Puritan marauders. This latter must have been a very awe-inspiring spook, quite sufficient, indeed, of itself, without any aid from wandering nuns or other intruders, to cause the abandonment of the abbey as a place of instruction for the young. She was described as "headless and bloody, bearing in her lacerated arms the sword-slashed and pike-pierced corpse of a little child."

THE MARLBOROUGH GHOST.

In another instance a large private school at Cheshunt, kept by a well-known and highly-respected clergyman, was practically ruined in a similar manner. The cause of the trouble was, however, not two ghosts only, but three. Number one was an apparition of a short man in a fustian jacket, with a red woollen comforter round his neck; number two was an elderly and very ugly woman, dressed in the costume of a bygone age; and the third was a young female, in rustling black silk, with long dark hair. This trio, it is said, played all sorts of mischievous pranks, blowing out candles, pinching and pricking the boys after they had retired for the night, and even stealing and tearing in pieces their night-gowns and other personal belongings. Boy after boy was withdrawn, and eventually, as has already been stated, the school had to be given up. Nor was this all. Other tenants had similarly suffered. Consequently, the owner, who was no less a personage than the late Sir Henry Meux, found it impossible to let the place again, and it stood empty for a number of years. In the end the entire structure was pulled down, and the spell thereby broken.

The above are, however, but common ghosts, modern, undistinguished, of bad manners, and probably worse lineage. The old, genuine, crusted variety of spook rather lends tone and distinction to a college than otherwise. Westminster School, for example, is proud of being haunted by the spectre of one "Wiseman, a Knight of Kent," the leader of a mob of Puritans which attacked the place in 1642, and who was killed by a tile hurled by one of the scholars. Marlborough boys, too, invariably point out to the visitor the famous Littlecote stile, whereat Wild Darrell, the principal of the terribly weird tragedy of Littlecote Hall, ceases his ghostly rides round about the college. He is represented as galloping madly along on a phantom steed, followed by the apparition of a babe burning in a flame.

It is a constant tradition in Rossall school-lore that the ghost of a certain Lady Fleetwood "walks" at intervals near the old chapel; and there are not wanting, even to this day, veracious boys who affirm that they have seen the notorious phantom. There was also once a certain assistant master—although that is another ghost story—who, returning late from a supper across the square, confessed to having both seen and heard the spectre. But this gentleman's tale lost something in effect owing to a later confession by three big boys that they had purposely personated the long-dead lady on the very night in question.

Similarly, Canterbury King's School scholars faithfully believe that the ghost of the unhappy Nell Cook still haunts the "Dark Entry"; Radley College boys whisper together

of the spectre whose alleged presence there dates from the days of the Bowyers of Leamington, the former owners of the mansion; and students at Marischal College, Aberdeen, watch on each succeeding New Year's Eve for the ghost of the murdered Downie. This latter worthy, it may be mentioned, was a former sacrist, or janitor, of the college, who incurred the enmity of the students owing to the strictness with which he performed his duties. To be revenged, a number of them seized the luckless man, and, after a mock trial, blindfolded him, and "beheaded" him—with a wet towel. It was intended, of course, as a realistic joke. But it proved to be something far different. Poor Downie died of shock; and as his unintentional murderers could not possibly be brought to justice, his unquiet wraith walks abroad to this day on each anniversary of his strange "execution."

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We trust to your honour to send in unaided work, and we hope that everything submitted will be your own work, and absolutely your own

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You may enter for as many competitions as you like (provoking you come within the age limits), and have as many tries as you like for each prize, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope and must have a coupon attached to it

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All competitions must be in by April 24th except Nos. 1 and 2, which should reach us by May 24th

No. 1. **THREE GUINEAS** for the reader who sends the best drawing of his school. There will be ten Consolation Prizes, consisting of Half-yearly Volumes of the "Strand Magazine" and the "Wide World Magazine." Age limit: Twenty.

No. 2.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the reader who sends in the best photograph of his school. Five Consolation Prizes, as above. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 3.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best list of what you consider the fifty best books for a school library. Age limit: Twenty.

No. 4.—**A HANDSOME STUDY CLOCK** will be presented to the reader sending the best parody on the well-known ballad entitled, "Mary had a little Lamb." Age limit: Nineteen.

No. 5.—**THREE PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA** will be awarded, respectively, to readers in (A) England and Wales; (B) Scotland; (C) Ireland. You know that every county is celebrated for some particular article of good cheer, such as "Yorkshire Pudding," "Devonshire Cream," etc., etc. There you are, then. Lists of English counties (including Wales) must have English (or Welsh) addresses on them; the same rule applies to Scotland and Ireland. Only place one article of good cheer opposite the name of each county, thus —

Yorkshire..... .....Pudding.
Devonshire ....Cream.

Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—**TWO GUINEAS** will be given for the best coloured map of the Soudan, showing Khartoum, Atbara, and other places of like interest. Age limit: Seventeen.

No. 7.—**TWO GUINEAS** for the best essay on: "What I would do with £1,000"—if somebody were to present you with that amount. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 8.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best bit of coast-line most resembling a man's face. Any part of the world. Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 9.—**SIX MAGNIFICENT FOUNTAIN PENS** (excellent things to write lines with) for the six best letters criticising No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN. Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 10. **ONE GUINEA** for the best drawing of a postage stamp, omitting perforated edges. Drawings must be four times the size of a stamp. Age limit: Thirteen.

No. 11.—**ONE GUINEA** for the best written copy of the first column of this magazine (Henty Interview). Age limit: Twelve.

No. 12 is a competition for "Old Boys." **TWO GUINEAS** for the best account of the way you spent your first year after leaving school. No age limit to this.

Naval Cadets at Play.

By Hamilton Williams, M.A.

Instructor in Naval History, H.M.S. "Britannia."

Ah, ha! that's the bugle for "Dismiss studies." No need to explain this to cadets, however; almost before the last blast has left the mouth of the bugle studies are empty, and their late occupants—flinging X and Y, cosine and haversine, celestial concave and meridian altitude—stream down the hatchways, over the bridge which joins the two ships, and along the middle deck, clattering, shouting, "ruxing," tumbling over each other, in haste to stow their small but capacious holds, and then bolt for the shore, for this is a half-holiday, and the rest of the day is their own.

For a moment silence holds them in its grasp as the gong sounds and the chief captain says grace; and then—but no matter. I was not asked to describe three hundred hungry boys at dinner. Let it be granted, as Papa Euclid observes in that profusely illustrated work of his, that dinner is over. The exodus is about to commence. The animals are coming out of the ark and going ashore. Figure to yourselves, as our lively neighbours say, that it is summer—a long half-holiday in July. Some favoured ones—favoured, that is, not only by the Officer of the Day, but also by the circumstances of the pocket—rush down the steep side of the ship, discharge themselves (there is no other word) into watermen's boats, head first, feet first, any way first, and hurry off to the shore, armed with cricket bats, racquet bats, fives bats (generally somebody else's, picked up by chance), in haste to be first in the field. Long before the boat has touched the steps they are springing out to face the heavy three-quarters of a mile of hill which lies before them ere they can reach the cricket-field and the "stodge shop." But these are only the advanced guard, the skirmishers of the great army. Two huge black pinnaces drop alongside, and into them pour, in a steady and apparently endless stream, the main body of the cadets, jumping over each other, on top of each other, crashing down among the oars, and shoving right and left as they gain their seats. They toss the oars aloft, and wait impatiently.

A RACING CUTTER.

"Shove off!"

The great boat's nose drops away from the ship's side, and points towards the shore. "Down!" and the oars splash into the water, and, like a tremendous water-beetle, the boat makes its heavy way to the landing-place, literally seething with cadets. Then follows the climb up to the cricket-field, high upon the hill,

The photographs have been kindly supplied by Mr. G. A. Bell.

overlooking the mouth of the Dart, the road shaded with trees, and affording lovely views of the harbour—but "fain I" stopping to look at views. On past the racquet courts, on past the tempting seats inviting a rest, on past the site of the new College, where troops of busy navvies are hard at work, mostly having their dinners; on past the kennels where the beagles reside—as your nose will tell you this hot summer's day—then turn to the left, and there you are, with the pavilion right in front of you, flanked by the scoring shelter and the bandstand.

Cricket matches are on the point of commencing—the First Eleven *v.* the Plymouth Garrison; the Second Eleven *v.* Totnes; the Third Eleven *v.* some neighbouring school—and everyone is on his mettle to keep up the honour of the "Nursing Mother of the Queen's Navy."

CADETS ASHORE.

A SAILING CUTTER.

But, I say! the Plymouth Garrison look a hefty great team as they stroll out of the pavilion—some smart, long-limbed, deep-chested soldier officers; a few active-looking, bearded naval men; a ponderous private, and a professional—surely the boys can't tackle these? Aye, but they can though, with the help of their own "pro" and two lieutenants; and you see if they don't send the Garrison back to Plymouth with their tails down! We take great pride in our cricket, and we work at it quite as hard as, and with much greater goodwill than, we do at the elements of geometry and spherical trigonometry.

When the match is over the elevens stream off down the hill again to plunge into the river from the bathing stage, which adjoins the "dockyard" and its quay. Everything is done by bugle-call. "Advance!" sounds the bugle, and instantly a perpetual shower of punk units "advances" head-first off the stage, disappears in the depths, pops up again, splutters, and bubbles, and gurgles, and then strikes out for the sailing cutters, moored at some distance off, or careers wildly around in pursuit of nothing. Eventually the units collect again by the stage, they clamber up, they run about on the wet planks laughing, jeering, chaffing, and applauding their fellows still in

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the water, while all the time over their heads passes an intermittent stream of naked bodies, hurling themselves from the spring-boards above, and churning the river into foam as they fall, apparently without misgiving, right into the midst of their spluttering chums below. Just one dive more! but "Prup-pup-pup!" goes the bugle, and out they unwillingly come, leaving one or two of their less heedful mess-mates still clinging to the bowsprit of the sailing cutter.

Ah, yes! the sailing cutter!—that reminds me. The "Britannia," remember, is the great and only training establishment for the greatest service in the whole world (foreign nations please copy), the service which occupies its business in great waters. In electing to join the Navy the Queen's boys pledge themselves to abandon the land and take to the ocean. So their play is made to bear a resemblance to their work. The little "dockyard" contains a whole fleet of "blue-boats" (four-oared gigs and skiffs) which are entirely at their service as soon as they have passed the swimming tests, and on a fine half-holiday the broad stream of the Dart and its tributary creeks are alive with these rowing boats and their happy crews, pulling hard when they have a mind to (which is not very often, and does not, as a rule, last more than half a minute), but often lazying along under an oar held up aloft and tastefully decorated with articles of apparel

PHYSICAL DRILL.

But it is the sailing cutters which are the chief prize. Eight of them there are, small cutter-rigged yachts of from three to four tons, which any three boys of the senior terms may take out, within certain bounds, without any supervision or interference, and in which they may sail to their hearts' content, and make all the mistakes and commit all the tom-fooleries which a boy must of necessity perpetrate to enable him to reach that perfection which is only attained by clambering over one's own back as it were. So the sailing cutters, with their smiling, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky trios, occasionally indulge in manœuvres of a kind unknown to the first lieutenant, and generally not anticipated by their own crews. When the wind is light and the ebb tide is strong they may be observed picturesquely arranged upon the mud, heavily listed to one side, painfully remote from aid or sympathy, while their ill-fated crews frantically plunge oars and boat-hooks into the slimy mass of black mud on which they rest. When the wind is hard and squally they may be seen trying the effect of ramming upon various objects on the surface or at the edge of the water, such as coal-hulks, pontoons, quay-walls and the like, with a very creditable amount of success, their capabilities in the way of fouling buoys, getting across the bows of steamers, and entangling themselves in hawsers, are of a high order, and it is a pretty sight to see one of them "in irons" drifting gaily down the river, stern first, on top of the steam ferry.

One incident of some years ago I still recall with a smile of appreciation. I was walking on the sloping hill-side high over the river. There was a tearing breeze. Three of the cutters came romping down the stream close together, right before the wind, with sails boomed square out and main sheets straining, the three crews beaming with delight, roaring out chaff as they tore along, but with eyes and thoughts, alas, directed at each other rather than right ahead. On rushed the cutters, the foam creaming under their bows, and seething away in a white wake far astern, when all of a sudden the leading boat ran bang into a buoy or a hawser, or something

(I could not see what), stopped dead, swung helplessly over, and was instantly rammed in quick succession by the other two, all three bringing up as if they had been struck by lightning. One second more, and then a mast and sail slowly and solemnly fell into the water. Presently one cutter broke away, with only the stump of a bowsprit left, and drifted down the river before the strong wind, stern first, leaving the other two fast locked together in a general catastrophe, and with hopeful promise of a free fight. I nearly rolled off the high bank on which I stood with laughing, and when next I looked they were ruefully lowering the tattered wreck of their sails and signalling frantically to a steam pinnace to come and tow them back to the ship, but not to safety, for, though they knew it not, the commander was grimly awaiting their return on board.

HOCKEY.

But it must not be thought that such accidents are the rule; in general, the cutters return unscathed to their moorings, and even manage to pick up their buoys—no easy matter with a swirling tide under you—with a fair amount of skill and accuracy.

Perhaps the climax of delight is attained when, on a "whole" (oh! rare and exquisitely precious thing a "whole"!) a party of five—four to row and one to steer—gets permission to take a blue gig, well and bountifully stored with provisions, up the river as far as a gig may win. Off directly after an early breakfast, with some twelve miles of lovely water, of tree-swept banks, of winding creeks and shining beaches before them, with none to hinder, none to question, none to interfere, and the only regulation, "*Return at 7 p.m.*" What boy would not jump at such a chance? And back they come punctually, as a rule, half-a-dozen of them often towing in a long string astern of the Totnes steamer, whose good-natured skipper takes pity on the tired boys after their long day on the river.

Of course the natural outcome of all this play with oars and sails is an annual regatta in which the "Terms" and "Studies," the gigs and the skiffs, compete with each other in countless races, and the cadets shout their throats so sore that they can't swallow easily for a week afterwards. But these delights are confined to the narrow waters of the river; the cutters, the gigs, and the skiffs may not show their noses outside the harbour, and it is manifest that the heart of any rightly constituted cadet must yearn for the open sea and its boundless possibilities.

Nor does he yearn in vain. Quite apart from the 1,000-ton steam sloop "Racer" (970 tons, to be exact) which takes him out week by week, and watch by watch, on strict business, there are at his disposal the thirty-ton schooner yacht, "Syren," and the schooner-rigged launch, "Arrow," which on half-holidays in the summer carry him out to sea, and wallow around with him, and heave him in the air, and slide sickeningly away from under him, and wave him wildly to and fro till his whole internal machinery gives way, and his unhappy little boiler begins to "prime"; and when he gets back he swears that nothing shall ever induce him to go out in her again. Yet, the very next chance, away he goes, like the true son of Britain that he is. And that is the sort of boy we want—the eager, undaunted, persevering boy, whose aim, like that of his great model, Nelson, is to do not just as little as he may, but as much as he possibly can. "*Now, had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I should never call it well done.*" That is the key-note of Nelson's character—thoroughness—and that is the note we wish to strike.

Let us be serious for a moment—only for a

moment—it is not in the nature of boys to be serious for longer. Let us see what it is that these boys unconsciously aspire to. They are to be the leaders of that great service "on which," in the grave words of the Articles of War, "under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend." They are to learn to command the hearts and hands of the thousands of gallant sailors of which that service is composed -men who know their own duties thoroughly themselves, but who must be directed and led (not driven) by officers whom they can both trust and look up to as their superiors. The skill, the courage, the steadiness, the resource of the leader should be greater than that of those he leads. No slight matter, this. And in these modern days, when the fighting ship is a mass of complex machinery; when her guns are as delicate as her engines; when the torpedo demands the most skilful of scientific handling; and when electricity permeates the vessel with its mysterious current, the demands on the intelligence of the young officer are greater than ever before. But we cannot all be in the front rank of intellect; what we want is the high average. It is the average man who forms the backbone of every service; it is not given to humanity to breed geniuses in shoals. The boy of high talent will always rise to the top and find his work waiting for him, but we know that the supply is limited. I don't know that a service composed entirely of geniuses would be a success. Give us plenty of good manly boys of fair averageability, and we are quite content. They will pull the Navy through when the next great struggle comes, and when it does come, perchance from some obscure country parsonage—as in the former century—will emerge one with the dauntless spirit and the "thoroughness" of our immortal hero—and when he does come be sure that he will take the lead.

CADETS LANDING IN PINNACE.

But it was play that we were talking about. Confess, ye boys of Eton and Harrow, of Winchester and Rugby, however much ye may beat us in Latin prose and Greek iambics, ye cannot match us in our play. And we play all your games, too. Racquet courts we have and "bat fives" courts. Football we play, both "rugger" and "soccer," well and hard against whomsoever may challenge us. Hockey also, and lacrosse, when the cutters are "hauled up" and dismantled, and when the face of the river is torn and scarred with the wild winds of winter, and the "blue-boats" snuggle closely under their corrugated iron shelter. Then, too, come out the beagles, of whom we spoke a while ago, a merry, noisy pack of dogs, followed by a still merrier and noisier pack of boys, who toil over the perpendicular country keen enough at the start to hunt a tiger if they could put one up, but generally so blown and exhausted at the end that they couldn't catch a broken-winded donkey hitched up to a five-barred gate—and then back to the ship again, there to emerge from the superincumbent plaster of red mud in which the are encased, and sit down clean, hungry, and happy, to the unlimited jam and cream which occupies the place of the bread and scrape of *my* boyish days. After which the band—such a band! The best in England *we* think; certainly a band of unusual excellence; and we dance—yes, after running all the afternoon with the beagles over country tilted high as a church roof—we dance as wildly and madly as if we had only just turned out.

Depend upon it we know how to play on board the "Britannia."

The Missing Finger.

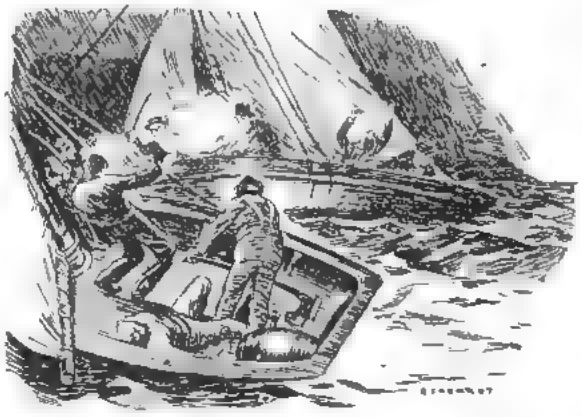
By H. D. LOWRY.

Illustrated by Oscar Eckhardt.

CHAPTER I.

OLD JOHN TRELOAR was the last man living in Lanjeatyn who had really been concerned in the smuggling, in the bygone days, when everyone in those parts had something to do with the traffic. He was now well over eighty, and, as a Methodist of many years' standing, he talked of his exploits with a certain show of remorse. At the same time, he had a way of bragging occasionally of the reckless deeds of daring which he alleged he had once committed.

Willie and I were fond of his company, because he had fine stories to tell. But there came a time when we began to accept them a little doubtfully. We knew all about the old days of smuggling: how the "Nellie" once made fifty voyages to Roscoff in a year, and landed her cargo every time without being molested by the Revenue. Captain Billy, we had heard tell, had been a broken-hearted man at the end of the year because the record of one trip a week had not been attained. Old John used to talk as if he had been almost as great a man as Captain Billy; but after we had heard a few score of his stories we knew that he was not speaking the truth. There were all sorts of contradictions in his tales—for he had a way of forgetting to-day what he had told us yesterday—and it was easy to see that he would have been quite useless in a boat. We soon came to the conclusion that he had been concerned in the smuggling only as a carrier—one of the men who used to come down and wait when a cargo was expected, and help, after it had been landed, in conveying the kegs to the chosen hiding places.



He had evidently not been in the confidence of the leaders, for there were a great many of our questions to which he could never return a satisfactory answer, and they all related to simple things that he must have known if he had been trusted at all. He had been simply a farm labourer, who helped the smugglers when he was able, and took such pay as they chose to give him. He knew no more of their real secrets than the cabman does of the reason why you tell him to take you from St. Pancras to the Strand.

Still, he was the last of the smugglers in those parts, and that made him rather interesting. Willie and I were always exploring the cliffs, partly to get gulls' eggs, and partly to find caves that nobody knew of. We had found many, and each of us had in his collections a chough's egg of his own procuring. We used to take old John presents of tobacco, and question him on any point that occurred to us from time to time. Sometimes he told us useful things, and there was one story that pleased us especially.

Once upon a time a certain boat had been betrayed. She had gone over to Roscoff to bring back a particularly valuable cargo, and only one or two people had known of the journey, or of the night on which she was to return. She got over to Roscoff safely, and that was something, for a boat that went more than

a certain distance from the shore in those days was liable to be overhauled and questioned. She came back in perfect safety until she got to Lanjestyn Bay. She was making for the appointed place when a challenge came out of the darkness, and the form of a revenue cutter loomed out of the night.

The captain knew that his boat could sail well, and shouted back an insulting answer. Shots were fired from the cutter as she followed the smuggling boat. The cutter was new to those waters, and she went more quickly than the smugglers had thought possible. They returned her fire, and on the decks of each some men lay wounded. Finally, while they were still in the bay, the cutter bore down on her prey, took her amidships, and sank her. One or two of the wounded smugglers were drowned at once. The others hated the thought of being captured, and took to the water with the intention of swimming to the shore. They were all bad swimmers, and there are dreadful currents in the bay, and so there was not a man of them that reached the shore. The men on the cutter were much blamed for not giving help, but their boat had been so much damaged in ramming the other that they had all they could do to keep her afloat. Old John still blamed them, but Willie and I agreed that they could not have done anything to help the smugglers, and might have been lost themselves if they had made the attempt.

What made this story the more remarkable was that something almost as strange happened in the self same week. The principal shopkeeper in the village was a certain John Martin. He sold everything that could be desired, from cakes to cheese, from flour to scrubbing-brushes, and he was supposed to be very well off. Besides the shop he had a small farm. The people of the village used to take their eggs and butter and poultry to his shop and exchange them for such other things as they wanted. Then, on Saturdays, he used to drive into Trenear, the nearest market town, and sell the whole at a profit. He was not popular, because he drove the hardest of bargains, and had little mercy on people who had the misfortune to get into his debt. He had had an accident in the days of his boyhood, and the result of it was that his left hand lacked the little finger.

A night or two after the death of the smugglers he complained of having been too much indoors. Telling his wife to mind the shop, and reminding her that there were divers people in the village to whom she was on no account to give credit, he took his walking-stick and set forth for a walk, not stating his exact destination.

"I suppose I was the last that saw him," John would say. "I was just about ten then, and we lived in the last house in the village. He had a bad name among the children, and when he came near to me as I was playing in the roadway I ran into the garden and watched until he was out of sight. He went in the direction of Trenear, and from that moment he vanished into space, like the flame of a candle blown out. His wife waited up for him that night until close upon midnight, and then she put some supper on the table and went to bed. She slept so well that she did not wake at all until the morning, and then she was surprised to find that he was not lying beside her, and that the supper was not touched.

"However, she knew one thing that no one else knew: it had been his habit to go out at night from time to time, and not get back until the small hours. He was a stern man, and she never dared to ask him why he went wandering unaccountably in the night, and for similar reasons she held her tongue now. She knew that if he came back and found that she had been doing anything to let the world know what he had done in private, she would suffer many things from his anger.

"The day passed on and still he did not come. At dusk she began to fear that something had befallen him, and late in the evening she could not but confide in a woman who came to buy some tea. Of course the news was all over the village in a very few minutes, and nobody went to bed till late. The next day they heard my story, and mine was the latest news that could be got of the missing man. He had disappeared absolutely and entirely

from the moment when I last set eyes on him. The matter was talked of for miles around, and a reward offered for information. You know well enough that he had to go a good ten miles before he could get to either coach or ship if he wanted to leave the country. If he had done either he must have possessed the cap of invisibility, for he was not seen by anyone though a man well known throughout the country side, and one that would be hardly likely to be forgotten, even by a stranger who saw him for the first time.

"At last his wife put on a widow's cap, being sure that he must have been killed and put away or that he must have been deep in meditation and walked over the edge of the cliff through not noticing where he was. She offered a reward for the body, and crowds of people went cliff-climbing for many a day after, being set upon getting the £10. But he was never found, and no man knows to this day what became of John Martin."

CHAPTER II.

WILLIE and I had heard this story a hundred times, and often used to wonder what was the secret of the disappearance of this man with the missing little finger.

There was something distinctly uncanny about some of the big empty caves we had discovered, with their occasional tokens of having been used by the dead-and-gone smugglers; and, in a sort of way, the lost man haunted all of them, though it was more than seventy years since the date of his disappearance.

One day we set forth, as usual, on an expedition to the cliffs. We carried a good supply of food, for we meant to spend the whole day in our favourite amusement; and we had also a stock of candles and matches in case we needed to enter a cave.

There was one place of which we were particularly fond. Great masses of the cliff had fallen away, and lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom. Now, if the rock falls away, it is usually because it is undermined by caves. We had made up our minds that there were caves hereabouts, but we had never been able to find them.

On this occasion Willie happened to stand on a big rock which had fallen at the base of the cliff and stood against it. Suddenly he gave a cry: "I can get down here."

The rock did not quite touch the cliff, and there was room enough for him to let himself down on the inner side. I sprang on the rock and watched him as he did this. He descended, and then I saw him stoop, as well as he was able to, and feel at the face of the cliff.

"There is a cave here," he said, excitedly.

Without further words he leaned against the fallen rock with both hands and slowly lowered himself, putting his legs behind him into the opening of the cave. He went backwards on his hands and knees, and as soon as he was lost to sight I followed him.

At first it was difficult work. The floor was all made up of rough and jagged stones. The roof was so low that we continually bumped

our heads against it. At last Willie cried out "It is higher here; this is the cave."

By the time that I had reached his side he had lighted a couple of candles. I did the same, and as we held them up we saw that we stood in a black-walled cave, about twenty feet in height, and the same in width. "This isn't much of a discovery," said he, in tones of disappointment.

At this moment my eyes lighted on a patch of darkness that seemed even more sombre than the utter blackness of the rocky walls of the cave. "What is that?" I asked, and we both sprang towards it.

"It is the entrance to another cave inside this one," said Willie. "We may have done better than we thought."

For some unaccountable reason we did not start immediately to explore the cave beyond

We had been in places of this kind hundreds of times in the past, and had never felt the slightest touch of fear. But now a curious feeling came over me, and I was half inclined to suggest that one cave was enough for one day, and that we should come back on our next holiday to complete the investigation. Willie told me afterwards that he had felt exactly the same, but, of course, neither of us could own up to being afraid, and so we at last went on.

This time we were able to proceed head first, and the roof of the passage was so high that each of us could carry a candle. The passage was about ten yards long. When at last we had come to the end of it, and were able to stand up, we found ourselves in a gigantic cavern, so big that our lights produced hardly any effect on the darkness. Suddenly Willie gasped. "My boy," he said, "we have done it at last! We have discovered a real smugglers' cave!"

We lighted all the candles we had and looked about us. There were scores upon scores of kegs piled up on all sides, and we saw that they had still the ropes which used to be put on them by those who sold them to the smugglers in order that they might easily be carried when they were landed to the place of concealment. There were bales of silk, and cases containing we knew not what. We found a leather bag, and Willie opened it. It contained a great number of guinea-pieces, and we knew enough of the ways of the smugglers to recognise that we had come upon the money that a gang of dead-and-gone smugglers had intended to exchange in France for silk, lace, spirits, and tobacco. We wondered how it was that they had left it here, and remembered the story of the boat that was sunk by the revenue cutter. Then we made a terrible discovery.

At the back of the cave the roof had fallen in, and there was a huge pile of broken rock, mingled with the staves of casks, and covering a score of big cases.

Out of this mass, laid on a dark rock, and gleaming white in the light of the candles, there stretched a skeleton hand, and we saw at once that it had only a thumb and three fingers.

CHAPTER III.

How we escaped from the cave I shall never be able to tell. I only know that I was bruised and bleeding when at last we emerged into the blessed daylight and started to run over the broken rocks towards the summit of the cliff. It was not until we were far away across the heather-clad moor that we stopped running and dared to speak. Each of us used the same words. "We have found John Martin!"

The rest of the story I must tell from knowledge that has come to me since then. Long afterwards I made the acquaintance of a man who had studied all the documents that are preserved as to the deeds of the Customs officers in the olden days. He told me that on the day before John Martin disappeared he was paid a large sum of money for having given information that led to the sinking of the smugglers' boat.

Obviously, he had intended to go on playing the traitor, but he did not tell the whereabouts of the cave, and it was not until he realised that all his associates were dead that he knew how well he had done. The spirits stored in the cave all belonged to him, for it was evident that the secret had been well guarded, and was his alone after the sinking of the smuggler.

On the night of his disappearance he had gone down to the cave to gloat over his ill-gotten wealth, and while he was still there the roof had fallen in, and he was buried under tons of rock. He had lain there for close upon eighty years, and if it had not been for the wanderings of two adventurous boys no man would have known to this day the secret of his treachery and its terrible reward.

That word "reward" reminds me that Willie and I, as the discoverers of the cave, received some £30 apiece as our share of the smugglers' gold, and of the price of such of the other things as had not been destroyed by the action of time. One of the guineas still hangs upon my watch-chain as a reminder of the adventure that killed all my ambition to shine as a discoverer of hidden caves.

ETON COLLEGE MUSEUM

THE MUSEUM, LOOKING NORTH.

ETON COLLEGE MUSEUM.

By Harold J. Shepstone

The importance of a museum for teaching purposes cannot possibly be over-estimated, and it is now difficult perhaps, to name any public school of note which cannot boast of this desirable equipment. Yet school museums are of recent origin, for it is only within the last twenty-five years or so that their usefulness and practical utility as a medium for teaching purposes, have become to be recognised within that short space of time they have more than demonstrated their undoubted value and now almost indispensable aid to the science

CORNER OF THE BIRD COLLECTION.

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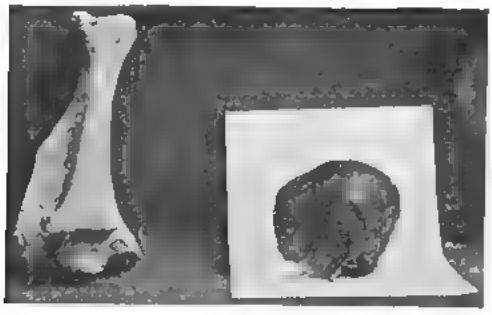
master as the means of imparting knowledge, more especially, perhaps, in relation to biology and geology.

But it is not of the history of school



RHINOCEROS' LEG-BONE AND NEOLITHIC SKULL DREDGED FROM THE THAMES.

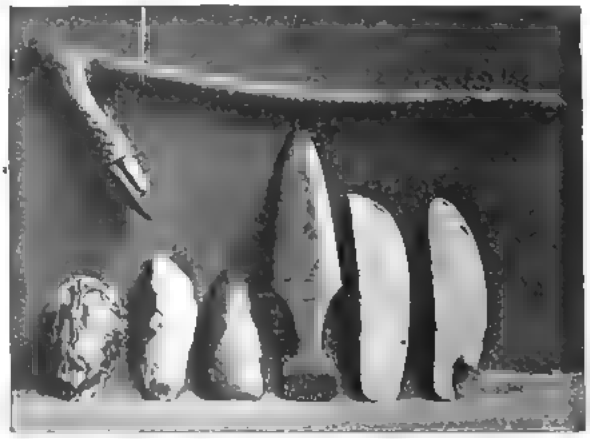
museums, however interesting that may be, that we wish to narrate, but rather to describe briefly that admirable and interesting collection of specimens to be found in Eton College Museum. And Eton may well be proud of its museum, for, though it would be both unfair and unjust to allude to it as an ideal school museum, still we think we are right in referring to it as one of the most advanced school museums in the country. Its valuable specimens are constantly being added to, and everything is done to foster an interest in the museum, and in the study of natural history.

Eton College Museum is to be found in the new block of buildings known as the Queen's Schools, which were erected only a few years ago. Previous to this there existed, on the present site of the Queen's Schools, a large round building called the Rotunda. It was used for various purposes until 1875, when it was fitted up as a museum. About the year 1888 the Rotunda was pulled down, and the present Queen's Schools erected, which consist of a block of buildings on three sides of a quadrangle, with a grass plot in the centre. The museum occupies the eastern side of the block, with various class-rooms on the ground floor beneath. The museum itself consists of a large room, 87ft. by 30ft. It is well lighted—as all museums should be—by a double row of upright skylights, which extend along the whole length of the room, while in addition there are seven large windows.

At the further end of the museum there is a library, which is separated from the museum proper by arches and pillars. It contains a very excellent and extensive collection of books on natural history, boasting of a complete collection of the Palæontographical Society's works, and also of the scientific reports of the voyages of the "Challenger." We would also draw attention to the magnificent stained glass window seen in our photograph, which formerly found a place in the old school library, where it was erected by Old Etonians during the head mastership of Dr. Hawtrey. The arms of Eton, as well as those of various personages and institutions connected with the college, are portrayed in this window.

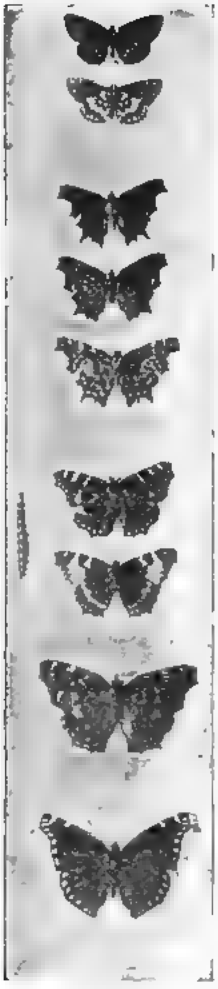
On the tables at the northern end of the museum is a useful collection of invertebrates, most of the specimens having been brought from the Naples or Plymouth Zoological Stations. The collection intended to illustrate the vertebrate series cannot be said to be extensive, and our photograph shows the first division of the wall-case of this collection, which consists of a few skeletons and preparations.

One of the first things that would probably strike the casual visitor to the museum would be the very fine collection of birds. Indeed, Eton College Museum has a very excellent collection of British birds, though, of course, it cannot be said to be in any way complete. They are mounted in glass-fronted cases, and adorn the walls on both sides of the museum. The collection is interesting historically, having been formed by Dr. Thackeray, the late Provost of King's College, Cambridge. Yarrell is said



PALÆOLITHIC AND NEOLITHIC IMPLEMENTS FROM THE THAMES VALLEY.

to have made good use of the collection when writing his celebrated book, "The History of British Birds," and many of the well-known figures in that work would seem to have been drawn from the birds now in Eton Museum.



BUTTERFLIES.

Provost Thackeray left his collection to the school, and, as already stated, the specimens are very fine and in a fair state of preservation, thanks to the skill of the taxidermist. In addition to the mounted series there is a collection of British birds "in skins." These are much more useful for teaching purposes, as they can be more easily handled, and allow of a closer examination.

Of local exhibits, the most interesting, perhaps, is the case containing a collection of prehistoric implements of the neolithic age, which was obtained by Mr. Edward Hale from the men who dredge for gravel in the Thames. Our photograph shows a skull of a man living in the neolithic age, which was dredged from the Cuckoo Weir, and is remarkable for its great length in comparison with its breadth. It is a very pronounced type of dolicho cephalic skull. There are also numerous examples of the ordinary type of adze, as well as chippings, arrow-heads, bone needles, and a rhinoceros' leg-bone, all of which were dredged up in the Thames, and are remnants of the neolithic period.

We also give an illustration of paleolithic and neolithic flints, which also came from the Thames Valley, as well as a sacrificial knife from Egypt, the latter forming one of a collection which were presented to the museum by Major W. J. Myers, to whom the museum is indebted for many other interesting collections and specimens. There is also a small collection of anthropological implements, and our photograph shows some of the larger specimens of savage weapons, which occupy a portion of the wall in the library at the northern end. This collection was made by the late Sir John and Lady Franklin, and were presented to the museum by Mr. G. B. Austin Lefroy.

AN EQUADOR HEAD.

High up on the southern wall of the museum there is a fine specimen of a peacock, while directly beneath is a section of a boa constrictor from Brazil. A massive head of a rhinoceros, as well as a head of an antelope and other large animals, also adorn this wall. A large collection of Gambier Bolton's well-known studies of animals, mounted and framed, as well as maps, are also prominently displayed on the southern wall. Mention, too, might also be made of the diagram of the "Ascent of Man," the fossils in the museum being so arranged to illustrate the different periods shown between the thick lines in the diagram. In the right-hand corner a standard may be noticed which was used by Umrah Khan's men in the action against the Chitral relief forces, and which has been lent to the museum by Captain Warre. It is certainly an interesting curio, with its dirty red and yellow cloth, with a kind of tassel on the top.

Many other interesting objects find a home in the museum which have been presented by Eton masters and others at various times. In the library may be seen a "northern diver," given by Prince Albert, who

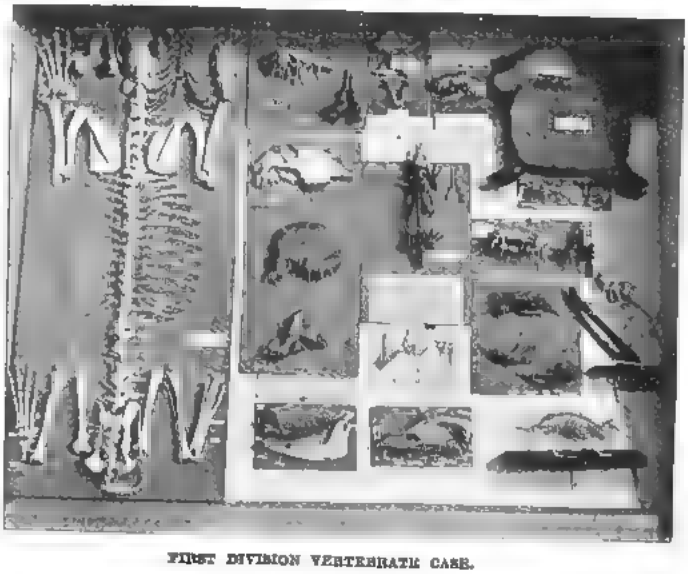
BUTTERFLIES.

THE MUSEUM FROM THE NORTH END.

shot the bird in Windsor about the year 1851. A specially designed cabinet, containing the collection of birds' eggs, was also presented to the museum by Mr. A. C. Benson, one of the masters.

There is also a very good series of British butterflies and moths, arranged in six cabinets, and are interesting on account of their having been given to the school in memory of Arthur Vernon Jones, an Eton boy, who got together the greater part of the collection himself.

The geological collections are arranged in three long table cases, and take up the greater portion of the museum proper. In one case we find fossils stratigraphically arranged, most of the specimens having been purchased from Mr. J. B. Gregory, who also named and arranged them. A fine collection of rocks and minerals fill another case, while a third is chiefly devoted to illustrating economic processes, such as ores, the manufacture of and, tin, copper, steel, iron, pottery, etc.



FIRST DIVISION VERTEBRATE CASE.

An interesting curio in the

library is a shrunk head from Ecquador. It is prepared in a somewhat extraordinary manner by removing the skull without the skin through the insertion of burning sticks of a peculiar kind. The exact process, however, is unknown to Europeans, and the heads so treated are usually those of hostile chiefs killed in battle. The features of the living man are thus preserved in a wonderful way, though the face and head are very much shrunken and the lips are sewn together as seen in the photograph.

Space prevents us from dwelling at any further length upon the other specimens and collections contained in the museum. A description of the collection of local fauna, consisting of species recorded from the counties of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire would alone occupy more room than could be given to them in this short article. Under the new arrangement full data as to class, locality, and history will be found on the printed labels, and in this way the contents of the museum cannot fail to interest the ordinary visitor; and as the museum is open to the public at various hours during the day, and is also thrown open on Sunday afternoon, this method will do not a little to stimulate an interest in the objects to be found within the museum walls.

NORTHERN DIVER, GIVEN TO THE MUSEUM BY PRINCE ALBERT

Much of the success of the museum is undoubtedly due to the energies of Dr. Warre, the present head master, who has always shown a keen interest in anything connected with the museum. No master is more fully aware of the advantages of such an institution, and much credit is reflected upon his labours in this direction. The actual work of a museum, however, such as the arranging, planning, and attending to the specimens, naturally falls upon the curator; and the general arrangement of Eton College Museum would show its present curator, Mr. M. D. Hill, to possess those qualifications necessary for the fulfilment of such a post; and, as the success of any museum depends, in a large measure, upon its curator, Eton Museum bids fair to occupy a prominent position amongst the school museums of this country.

Method in Stamp Collecting.

By H. M. Gooch.

Scarcely sixty years have elapsed since postage stamps were introduced as a method of prepayment for the conveyance of letters, etc., through the post. A still shorter period—less than forty years—marks the commencement of stamp collecting as a hobby. To-day, every second boy at school is in some way interested in philately, while the subject of his pursuit—the postage stamp—is a marketable article, a source of education and pleasure—a pastime; which, though necessarily of a sedentary nature, is nevertheless capable of great attainments.

Every boy has a hobby, but it depends upon himself as to how far his recreation is a source of lasting pleasure and profit. Stamp collecting affords both; but it will be the method of collecting which will be largely responsible for the amount of education and enjoyment derived from the pursuit.

Some advice as to the best means of ensuring a successful stamp collection—given by one who knows—may be of value. As a golden rule,

COLLECT WITH AN OBJECT.

Remember that the amount of enthusiasm, thought, and care bestowed upon the first efforts in collecting will largely affect the ultimate satisfaction derived from the collection. A cheap and nasty album is frequently the cause of disappointment; while a well-bound book, scientifically arranged, will go far towards attainment to the objective. Let your commencement, therefore, include a good album.

Given this, eschew any idea of promiscuous collecting. The number of varieties of postage stamps existing to-day—many of them, alas! "made for collectors"—is very large; therefore any special aim at completeness is superfluous. A decision at the outset as to the scope of the collection is to be greatly desired. "Specialism"—a philatelic technicality of later years—is almost essential in twentieth-century stamp collecting; and, whether it be a continent, group of countries, or a single country, a more satisfactory stamp collection will result if this point be taken into consideration. Let me illustrate by one or two examples of collections. Here is a philatelist whose energies have been exerted towards the acquirement of a collection of

STAMPS OF OUR OWN COUNTRY

one of the most fascinating and instructive avenues of specialism it is possible to tread. He possesses Great Britain complete in singles, blocks, and pairs. The treasures have not been acquired without patience and research, but an object has been attained. Again, the stamps of Europe, inclusive of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany—pregnant with historical reminiscences of the highest utility and interest—are the subject for the prospective inclinations of another collector; while a third divides his interest between British Colonial issues, and, perhaps, a single country which, for some special reason, has attracted his attention. Completeness in a general collection being impossible to-day, the *raison-d'être* of specialism is apparent.

There are certain Medo-Persian laws pertaining to a successful stamp collection. Attention to these laws will be an effectual barrier to any ultimate disappointment in the study of philately. Among boy collectors the majority have not yet become instructed in them—evidenced by their collections. The most prominent lesson to be learned affects the condition of the specimens. In its varied travels, from the time it leaves the companionship of its fellows in the post office,

A POSTAGE STAMP SUFFERS MANY HARDSHIPS,

the greatest, not in being licked, but in being sat upon by the cancellating stamp! Though the label may emerge from this ordeal *more* or *less* besmeared with official grime, admit nothing but the *less* into your stamp collection. In short, fine copies, whether used or unused, are a *desideratum* in stamp collecting. A corner off, a thick black post-mark covering almost the entire design, or some other deteriorating influence, and the inclusion of the specimen in the album will result in disappointment and add no financial value to the aggregate. A lightly-cancelled, "immaculate" specimen, will, on the other hand, beautify the page it adheres to, and enhance its value. The school-boy in exchanging with his fellow-students will act wisely in remembering this.

The use of stamp mounts for the arrangement of the specimens in the album has now become so

general that it is almost needless to refer to the law of the gum pot. We have seen collections—one at the time of writing with an appraised value of £800—every stamp in which was securely glued in its allotted space, without any certain hope of a return to original value. Stamps of extreme value have been sacrificed by this means. The adoption of

SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF MOUNTING

will ensure immunity from future loss. Small slips for the purpose of "hinging" the stamps can be obtained at a cost of something less than 1s. per 1,000. The accepted method of use for these hinges is to affix a small portion of the mount to the top of the stamp, turning over the remainder so as to form a hinge, which allows of the specimen being turned back for the examination of its reverse side. The substitution of any material other than the specially-prepared oiled paper is to be severely deprecated, especially the use of the edges of the sheets of stamps supplied at post offices.

The financial side of stamp collecting is an important factor in a successful collection. Every stamp has a marketable value, as already stated. The methodical philatelist will do well to bear this in mind, and by the aid of some reliable modern "priced catalogue," frame his collection accordingly. The rarest stamp he can possess will probably be the "Post Office" Mauritius with a market value of £1,000, but little chance as there is of his acquiring this *rara avis*, there are ample opportunities of adding to his album, stamps, which, while to-day representing only a few pence in value,

WILL TO-MORROW BE WORTH SHILLINGS, OR EVEN POUNDS.

The new issue market alone is not without its opportunities in this respect; many a collector has by the methodical addition to his collection—at little cost—of new issues emanating from the countries he is interested in, reaped an unlooked for harvest.

One of the most desirable attainments in philatelic study is the cultivation of familiarity with everything that pertains to postage stamps—their design, colours, dates of issue, distinctive features, etc. A thorough grasp of all minor details; an efficient knowledge of everything; to be able to tell at a glance to what country any given specimen belongs—this will become possible in an incredibly short time by patient study.

Next month the subject of Mr. Gooch's article will be, "What to pay for Stamps," with numerous illustrations.

Dangers of Meadow Strolling.

If a dog, horse, cow, or bull comes at you, don't run unless a place of security is close at hand. Face the beast, and let it see that you're not afraid of it. Sometimes the fiercest animal can be quelled with a good steady gaze straight into its eyes.

As with a man, an animal's tenderest—although not weakest—anatomical portion is its nose. Everyone, or nearly everyone, has, at some time or other, experienced the sensation of being struck on the nasal organ, either purposely or accidentally, and so it will be readily understood that almost any animal can be cowed by a dose of this treatment.

There is a story of a man who was attacked and knocked down by a lion, which was just about to finish off his victim, when the latter, seizing a large stone which lay close by, struck the king of beasts with all his might on the nose. The lion, astonished and hurt, speedily relinquished his prey and retired. This in itself shows how tender the nose must be.

With regard to bulls—being run at and tossed aloft is one of the delights of rusticity. Now, a bull generally gives one to understand that it is feeling angry by swishing its tail about and snorting with rising emotion. If the passer-by accepts these omens and "clears out," all well and good, but if he calmly goes on his way and treats the quadruped with disdain, squalls will probably take place. Frequently people are only made aware of a bull's proximity by hearing an angry bellow just behind them. Then, if a gate is close by, or a low hedge, they speedily make for it. Sometimes they succeed in getting over it in time, sometimes the bull helps them over. But in the unfortunate event of there being no gate or hedge handy, the attacked person should summon up all his self-possession and dodge. The best plan is to wait until the bull is close up, and then quickly step aside. As this animal charges blindly, time will thus be given to get nearer the haven of safety. When the bull renews his attack, the same course of action should be adopted, and so, dodging whenever the bull charges, a person can draw gradually nearer a gate, and at length climb over it.

HOW NOT TO TREAT YOUR SISTERS.

By Rosalie Neish. Illustrated by "Jessie C."

Of course, I am only a "sister" myself, so you may think I am not qualified to give an opinion on how you should or should not treat your sisters. At the same time, as a mere girl, I venture to give you a few hints—but offer them, of course, in all humility. My first piece of advice is to beg you to try and not despise your sisters—more than you can help! I know this will be very difficult, but it is a state of mind to be avoided at all costs, because by the time you are men (I think fifteen and a-half or sixteen years is about the age, isn't it?) you will probably fall in love with somebody else's sister, and will then be very glad of the help of your own. Besides, even the "mater" whom you are so fond of was once a girl herself.

If you can bring yourself to do it (this advice is specially addressed to younger brothers), try and let your sisters kiss you when you return from school. I know this is rather a bother, and that you think being kissed is "beastly rot," but you must remember that all girls *love* being hugged, and you had better bear it, because you may want your sisters to fag for you, or do your holiday task.

TRY AND LET YOUR SISTERS KISS YOU.

If you happen to go into the schoolroom one day and find your younger sister sitting in a disconsolate fashion on the floor, surreptitiously wiping her eyes, or openly sobbing over a dead kitten, don't dance an impromptu war dance in front of her and "whoop" loudly in derision, but remember how fond all girls are of crying.

It is the only way they have of showing their feelings, and you should try and be patient with them when you recollect that they are not allowed to blow off the steam by fighting—as you are.

It would also be quite as well not to poke her best doll's eyes in, if you can refrain from doing so, because some girls are rather spiteful, and it might result in a pin being stuck into your new football.

There are several other little things it would be as well for you to avoid. Don't, for instance, put dead mice in her bed, because, although it may cause you an immense amount of amusement, it is poor sort of fun to frighten a girl who can't even thrash you in return. Try very hard not to feel a contempt for your sisters when they are clean, but remember that most girls prefer being clean, and that you are even clean yourself, sometimes—on Sunday before church for instance.

If brothers care to be popular with their sisters, there is one thing they should be particularly careful not to do. When they have committed any special enormity, such as breaking the best plate-glass window with a cricket-ball, or smashing the pony carriage by furious driving, they should not leave their sisters to "face the music" with the governor. Girls may be used to rows, but they are not any more fond of them than boys are, and they have quite enough to bear as it is.

SHOULD NOT LET YOUR SISTERS "FACE THE MUSIC."

Another objectionable thing that boys should try to avoid is making fun of their sisters and ridiculing their personal appearance. Your sisters don't really enjoy being made fun of, and they may retaliate by refusing to clean a bicycle or field at cricket—which you would, of course, find very inconvenient.

You might also refrain from imitating the rather laborious way your grown-up sister manages her first ball-dress train, and also from making game of her fashionable clothes.

It may help you to do this when you remember how funny you looked in your first school top hat.

Above all things, respect your eldest sister when she is in love. If you see her wandering round the garden with an admirer, do not rush up at that particular moment and ask him to play "footer" with you, and do not (this is even more important) ask her for half-a-crown to keep away. This is a species of blackmail that you will greatly despise later on in life. You may, though, of course, feel perfectly justified in accepting a trifle—if she offers it. She will very likely do this, as most girls realise that boys will do anything for money,* and sisters are generally ready enough to offer a small sum to their brothers in return for so great a service.

Never give your sisters away. I know one boy who always did it, and he came to a bad end. If, for instance, your eldest sister's latest admirer is a golf enthusiast, and you hear her telling him sympathetically (and girls are very sympathetic when they are in love) how fond she is of the game, do not say, "Why, Ciss, you told Mr. Walsingham you *hated* golf yesterday, when he said he thought it was a rotten game." Or, if a sporting admirer calls to show her his new hunter, and she timidly pats its nose and says she is "awfully fond of horses," don't say, jeeringly, "Look out, Ciss, you know you're really in a blue funk," because this is apt to make her look foolish, and she will be sure to repay you some day.

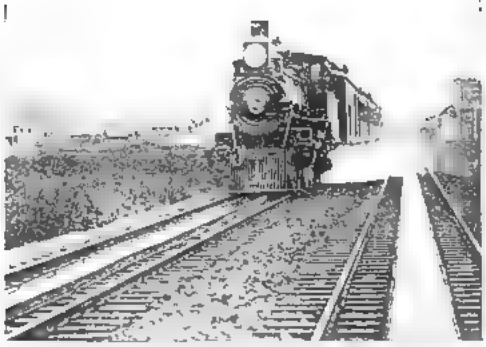
* "Oh! my *dear* Madame!"—ED.

Try very hard to be as truthful as you possibly can be when you are telling your sisters about your school adventures, and remember that, although girls will believe a good deal, they will not swallow everything.

Lastly, remember that, although you now think girls very useless and peculiar creatures, you will probably like them very much by-and-bye. You may even fall in love with one, in which case your own sisters (who are always ready to adore you if you will let them) will, if you have made them fond of you, prove quite invaluable.

HOW NOT TO TREAT YOUR SISTERS.

FAMOUS FLIERS.



A "YANKEE FLIER."

ALL ABOUT OUR EXPRESS TRAINS.

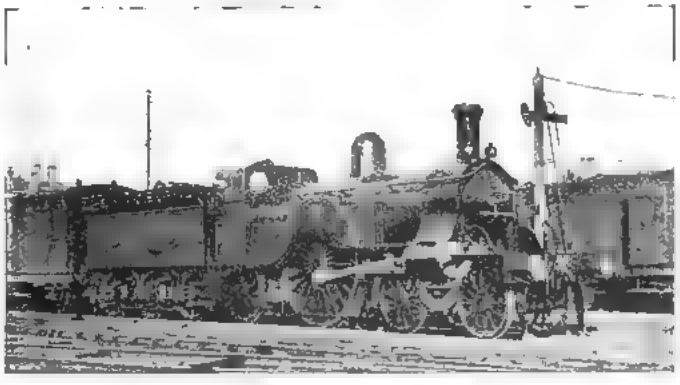
BY

J. A. KAY.

DURING the past few years there has been a great forward movement in connection with increased speed of "expresses" on most of our principal railways.

Not very long past the Great Northern Railway was considered very famous because some of its fastest trains regularly ran the whole distance of 105¼ miles from King's Cross to Grantham, without stopping, in less than two hours. During last summer, however, there were over eighty regular runs of more than one hundred miles without stopping made daily by express trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Many readers, perhaps, do not know at what rate a train must run before it can be called "express." In Great Britain and the U.S.A. anything over forty miles an hour is usually termed "express," while on the continent a speed of thirty miles an hour is considered sufficient to gain this distinction.



THE "MARK LANE CANNON BALL."

To cope with the heavy summer traffic, most of the larger railways run specially fast trains to certain popular holiday resorts. These, however, are only "put on" for the summer months, and do not run during the the winter. The most notable train of this class is undoubtedly what is known as the "Cornish Express." It runs without stopping from Paddington to Exeter, a distance of 194 miles, in 3hrs. 43mins.; making an average speed of 52·2 miles per hour, or about one mile in every minute and nine seconds.

Most people have heard the name of Sir Daniel Gooch, of broad-gauge fame, and the leviathan locomotives he designed to run there on. He was always very strict with G.W.R. men who disobeyed any rule whilst on duty, with the result that all law-breakers had a wholesome fear of being called before "Dan l," as he was known to them.

An engine driver was one night being led home by his mate in a state bordering upon intoxication. As they passed along a certain street they came to a chemist's shop with its red light. Upon seeing this the convivial driver came to a dead stop, and no persuasion on the part of his friend could make him move, as he said :—

The photographs by F. MOORE.

"What? Me pass that red light, and go afore Dan'l in the morning? Never!"

Of course, the long-distance runs of over a hundred miles without a stop could not be accomplished but for the "water-troughs," which are laid down at certain places along the line, so as to enable the engines to replenish their stock of water without drawing up. But with their aid some very long runs without stopping can be performed, as, for instance, the already mentioned run of 194 miles of the "Cornish Express."

THE CORNISH EXPRESS LEAVING BRISTOL.

A few years past, on the L. & N.W.R., a successful journey was made from London to Carlisle without a stop. This trip, however, was purely experimental, and the engine was fitted with a special lubricating apparatus, so as to obtain a constant supply of oil for the machinery.

The system whereby moving locomotives can be supplied with water is in itself remarkably simple, and the honour of inventing it belongs to Mr. John Ramsbottom, the late locomotive superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway. A narrow trough, about a mile long, is laid between the rails on which the engine runs, and is furnished with a constant supply of water. Attached to the tender of each engine is a sort of scoop, which just fits into the trough, and can be easily lowered and raised from the engine. When this is lowered, the high rate of speed at which the engine is travelling causes the water to flow up the curved scoop and thence into the water tanks on the tender.

These troughs have been in active use on the London and North Western and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways for many years, and also on certain American lines, but it is only during the last two or three years that they have come to be generally used, the Great Eastern, Great Western, and other English railways having now adopted them.

The London and North-Western "Manchester Express" is a very famous train, and the engine which usually takes it is the "Charles Dickens." This wonderful locomotive has been working the train nearly every day since 1882, except, of course, when stopped for repairs. The engine is stationed at Manchester, and takes the 8.30 a.m. express from London Road Station to Euston, a distance of 183½ miles, arriving at the latter station at 12.55 p.m. On the

THE CROMER EXPRESS RUNNING OVER WATER TROUGHS NEAR IPSWICH.

Google

return journey the train leaves Euston at 4 p.m., arriving at Manchester at 8.15 p.m. The same driver and fireman work the train on both the "up" and "down" trips, and as this would be too much to do every day, two pairs of drivers and firemen are appointed to work the train, and they take it in turn on alternate days.

A good story is told of an old lady who was travelling between Brookfield and Stamford on her first journey by rail, many years ago now. Curiously enough, in answer, as it were, to the old lady's grave forebodings of dire disaster, the train, on this occasion, met with an accident, and was pitched down an embankment. Not realizing what had happened, she quickly crawled from beneath the wreckage, and asked a passenger —

"Is this Stamford?"

"No, madam," replied the man, who was pinned down by a piece of timber. "This is not Stamford—it is a catastrophe!"

"Oh, dear!" cried the lady. "Then I hadn't oughter get off here!"

The "Cromer Express" is represented in an accompanying photograph, and the engine drawing it is taking water from the troughs laid down at Ipswich. It is one of the new oil-burning "single-bogie" expresses which were only constructed last summer by the Great Eastern Railway Company, at their Stratford works, specially for working the Cromer and other long-distance trains. The Cromer special express only runs during the summer months, and it performs the journey of 131 miles to North Walsham in 2hrs. 40mins., or at an average speed of forty-nine miles per hour. The return train leaves Cromer at 1 p.m., and is timed to reach Liverpool Street at 3.55 p.m. The total distance from Cromer to London is 138 miles.

The following is a table of the principal long-distance railway runs of 1898. This list does *not* include the special trains which were simply put on to cope with the summer traffic, but only those which ran regularly all the year—1898-9:—

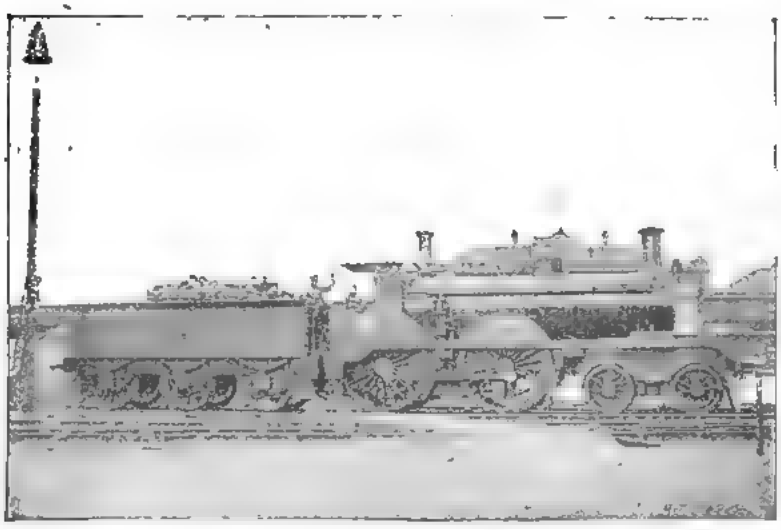
COMPANY.	RUN.	MILES.	JOURNEY BY QUICKEST TRAIN.	SPEED MILES PER HOUR.
			H. M.	
North-Western	Euston to Crewe	158	3 5	51·2
" "	Crewe to Willesden	152¼	2 57	51·6
" "	Crewe to Carlisle	141¼	2 40	52·9
" "	Euston to Stafford	133½	2 38	50·6
" "	Willesden to Stafford	128	2 32	50·5
" "	Crewe to Holyhead	105½	2 5	50·6
" "	Wigan to Carlisle	105¼	2 3	51·3
Great Western	Newport to Paddington	143	2 57	48·4
" "	Paddington to Bristol	118½	2 15	52·6
" "	Paddington to Bath	107½	2 0	53·6
" "	Leamington to Paddington	106	2 5	50·8
Great Northern	Grantham to King's Cross	105¼	1 57	54
"	Grantham to Finsbury Park	102¼	2 1	50·9
Midland	St Pancras to Nottingham	124	2 23	52
"	Leeds to Carlisle	112¾	2 25	46·6
North-Eastern	Newcastle to Edinburgh	124½	2 23	52·2
Caledonian	Carlisle to Stirling	117¾	2 23	49·3
"	Carlisle to Glasgow	102¼	2 1	50·7
"	Edinburgh to Carlisle	100½	2 3	49·1
South Western	Waterloo to Christchurch	104	2 12	47·2
Great Southern & Western (Ireland)	Limerick Junction to Dublin	107¼	2 18	46·6

It must be remembered, in comparing the speed averages of different companies, that on the Great Northern Railway no less than twelve trains daily perform the run of 105¼ miles from Grantham to King's Cross, and *vice versâ*, without stopping, in less than two hours.

To be able to get to Brighton from London within the hour was for many years past the dream of all the regular travellers between the Metropolis and "London-by-the-Sea." Last winter, however, their wishes were for the first time realised, and the initial train made a record by performing the journey in just fifty-six seconds under one hour, the distance from London (Victoria) to Brighton being 51½ miles. On the first trip the train completed the 20¾ miles between Victoria and Redhill in exactly 27mins., while only 32mins. 4secs. were occupied in covering the remaining 30¾ miles.

Few indeed of the people who talk so airily of trains running at ninety or even a hundred miles an hour, realise for one moment

what even the modest mile a minute really means. It is stated by competent engineers that at sixty miles an hour the resistance of a train is four times as great as it is at thirty. Running at this rate of speed, a driving-wheel measuring 5ft. 6ins. in diameter, revolves five times every second, which means that the reciprocating parts of each cylinder, including one piston, piston-rod, cross-head, as well as the connecting-rod, often together weighing some 650lbs, must move backwards and forwards a distance equal to the stroke—usually about 2ft.—every time the wheel revolves, that is to say, in this particular case, in the fifth of a second.



LATEST DESIGN OF BRIGHTON EXPRESS.

Speaking of high rates of speed calls to mind the following incident, which is said to have occurred on a railway in the north of England within the last two or three years. A guard who was in charge of a slow goods train one day reported the driver for slow running.

The driver meant to have his revenge for this, and a short time after, when running a fast goods train, and having a clear road for some miles, thought he would give Mr. Guard a startler, and did the run at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The old van, of course, rocked like a cradle.

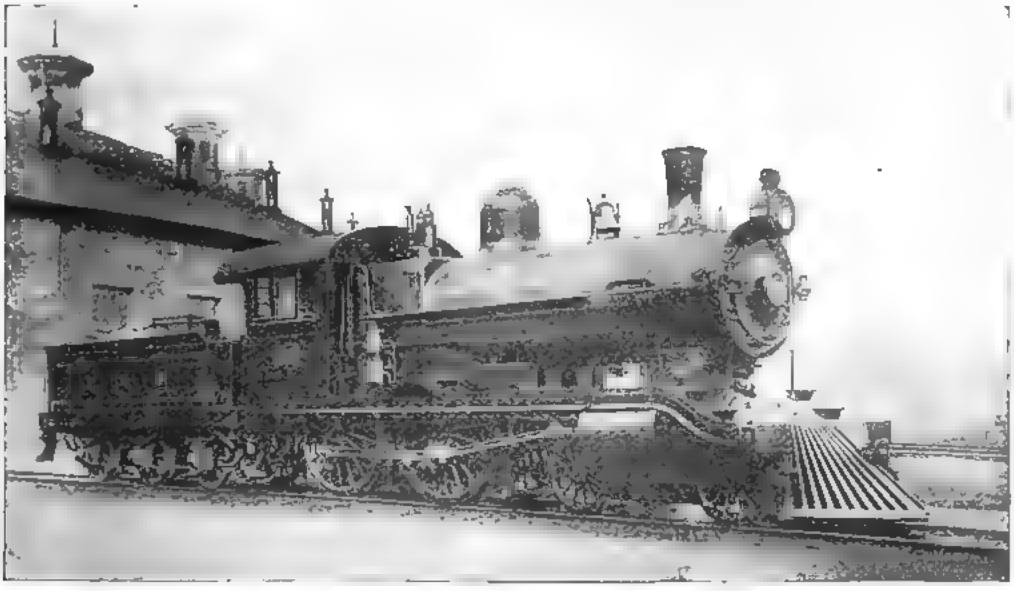
On pulling up, the driver went back to see what the guard thought of it, and found he had lashed himself to the brake-wheel, having previously chalked up on the van side:

"If found dead—killed by furious driving."

Scotland, owing to the severe gradients with which most of its chief railway lines are encumbered, is not particularly noted for high rates of speed, although some of its latest locomotives hold their own with any others in the world. It will possibly be remembered by some readers how much of the result of the last railway race to the North depended on the energies displayed by the rival lines north of the Tweed. Some very smart running is often performed by the Caledonian engines which take the newspaper train every day from Carlisle to the Central Station at Glasgow. The train leaves Euston at 5.15 a.m., and before four o'clock in an afternoon, the London morning newspapers are often to be found on sale at the Central Station. On

THE WEXFORD EXPRESS ROUNDING BRAY HEAD, IRELAND.

referring to the foregoing table it will be seen, too, that on the Caledonian Railway no less than three regular runs are made daily of over a hundred miles without a stop.



A YANKEE FLIER, PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED.

The mention of America recalls to us a rather amusing incident which happened to a commercial traveller during a visit to the States. One night, before going to bed, he requested the sleeping-car conductor to awaken him early, and put him off at a certain station *en route*. When he awoke next morning he was astonished to find himself more than forty miles past his destination. Thinking the attendant had forgotten his promise of the night before, he rang for him. Soon the conductor entered, showing very evident signs of a recent struggle, and imagine his horror when, on seeing the traveller, the truth flashed upon him that he had flung the wrong man off the train! And that man, moreover, it very soon afterwards transpired, was the assistant general-manager of the line, who was starting on his holiday tour!

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Whether America or England can justly lay claim to possessing the fastest regular trains is a rather sore question with many railway engineers, but it is now pretty generally agreed that for distances of from about 100 to 150 miles, English railways are certainly superior to those of our American cousins, while for long-distance runs of over 200 miles, America can justly claim the supremacy.

So many people have heard of the marvellous speed and the luxuriousness of such far-famed trains as the "Pennsylvania Limited," the "Empire State Express," the "Lake Shore Limited," or the "Royal Blue" expresses, that it is only necessary to cursorily mention them here. It may be there is something in the names that so catches people's attention; certainly, the name "Pennsylvania Limited," sounds far more imposing than so modest a title

as "Scotch" or "Manchester" express. In bygone years there was a train nick named the "Manchester Smasher," but one could hardly term this a very imposing title. The "Mark Lane Cannon-Ball" is, perhaps, England's best attempt at an awe-inspiring title, but the fact that this nick-name is not officially recognised by the Great Northern Railway, and is applied to a train that runs nowhere very near to Mark Lane, but to a very ordinary train running from Peterborough to King's Cross, somewhat detracts from its grandeur.

Several other famous expresses in this country are honoured with nicknames—the two best known being probably the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Flying Scotchman"; neither of these titles, however, are recognised by the companies that run the trains so called, and in fact, there are two or three northern running trains that are called "Flying Scotchmen."

Although on the Continent a train which runs at a higher speed than thirty miles an hour for the whole journey is termed an "express," it does not follow that some do not run very considerably faster. As a result of the recently-accelerated mail-train service on the Calais line of the Northern Railway of France, the distance of eighty-two miles—from Paris to Amiens—is now covered in 1hr. 25mins. On some of the first trips the highest speed gained during the journey was at the rate of a few inches under seventy-seven and a-half miles an hour, and it is stated that this speed was kept up for about 20mins.; the average rate of speed for the whole distance being just 58 miles an hour.

A word or two about the locomotives which draw our modern "fliers" would not be out of place here. There are practically only two distinctly different classes of express passenger locomotives now running in Great Britain, as all fast express engines are either "single" or "coupled." The "single driver" is distinguished from the "coupled" express by being propelled by only one pair of driving wheels, whereas "coupled" expresses have two pairs of driving wheels, which are connected by steel rods. The former class of engine, as a rule, is employed on "roads" where there are not many stiff gradients to be encountered, while the latter is used on hilly lines, or to take exceptionally heavy trains.

Mrs. Rampledown Got Out.

"Conductor!" said Mrs. Rampledown, gathering up her parcels.

"Ma'am!" replied the conductor, putting his hand inside the doorway of the tram-car.

"Don't forget to put me down at Heyford's Corner——"

"No, ma'am, it's just——"

"Because I don't want to have to walk about a mile back, like I did last Thursday evening. Besides, in the wot weather, especially when you can't change your shoes after it, a walk might give you your death of cold, and two dear relations of mine—Mary, whose husband——"

"Excuse me, ma'am, but——"

"Whose husband was in India at the time, and was waited on by six black servants, who asked absolutely no wages if he only allowed them as much rice as they wanted, and perhaps gave them a few annas now and then. But they stole dread——"

"I was going to say, ma'am——"

"Stole dreadfully! Oh, *most* dishonest! He said he didn't dare to leave anything about because he was afraid of its being taken. But some servants are dreadfully dishonest! Why, I had a cook, when I lived in the north, who had twelve pounds a year and all found, and who even then——"

"Heyford's Corner, ma'am, is——"

"Yes, yes, put me down when we get to Heyford's Corner! Well, as I was saying, although she had twelve pounds a year and all found, and was allowed to sell the dripping to the tradesmen, she was so dishonest and ungrateful that she——"

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but——"

"Yes, yes; I paid when I got in—she was so dishonest that she used to steal right and left, and taught Emily, the housemaid, who came from a home in Gloucestershire; she was recommended to me by Mrs. Jones-Leslie, whose son, you remember, was in that terrible——"

"If it's Heyford's Corner that you——"

"Yes, just so. Heyford's Corner, he was in that terrible accident in the south, and his wife said to him on that very night before he started, 'John,' she said, 'I have a sort of feeling, John, dear!' they were always very affectionate, you know; in fact, my Aunt Henrietta used to say that she never saw such a loving couple in her life. Haven't we reached Heyford's Corner *yet*, conductor?"

The conductor looked hurt, and stopped the tram.

"I've been tryin' to iksplain, lady," he observed, "only you wouldn't let me, that we was opposite Heyford's Corner when you first started gabbin'; but bless me if I could get a word in, you was so bloomin' thick on yore haunts and hunckles."

Then Mrs. Rampledown got out, and walked half-a-mile back along the wet street.

THE MEANEST THING HE EVER DID

By Keble Howard.

TEDDY, you know, is my cousin. He's fifteen, and goes to a public school. I mustn't say which one, but I'm going there too when I'm old enough.

Teddy's parents are in India, so he spends his holidays with us; and on wet afternoons he tells us yarns about all the chaps at his school, and the things they do. I mean to write down some of the best, and send them up to this magazine. Only don't tell Teddy, because he mightn't like it.

Well, one day, Dollie (that's my sister; she's rather soft, but pretty decent at times) asked Teddy to tell us about the meanest thing he ever did. I wonder why girls always like those sort of yarns. But they do, don't they?

Of course I jumped on her for asking a thing like that, but Teddy didn't seem to mind. He simply picked up a chestnut that had just popped, and said:—

"Promise you won't rot about it after?"

We said we wouldn't, and so he told this tale. It's all about their sports that had just come off.

"To win the Junior Cup" said Teddy, "a chap must carry off the biggest number of events. There are seven events altogether—the hundred, the quarter, the mile, the long jump, the high jump, throwing the cricket ball, and the hurdles. Well, the last two were pretty certain for different chaps, but as neither of them could win anything else, we can put those out of it.

"That leaves five. Of those, Frank"—(that's his great chum)—"was the spot man for the quarter and the long jump; Moss, Frank's rival, you know, could make pretty sure of the hundred and the high jump. In the mile we put them down as about equal, so the cup turned on that. Do you follow?"

We nodded.

"All the fellows wanted Frank to win," went on Teddy, "because he's awfully popular, and Moss never hit it off with anybody. I think there was some tale about something his father had done. Anyhow, everybody agreed to cut him, and they kept it up.

"I was as keen as mustard on Frank winning, partly because he's my chum, and partly because I knew that his sister, who has been awfully ill, was tremendously anxious about it too. The doctor said it might make all the difference to her getting well or not.

"So I determined that Frank should win if possible, and I kept worrying to think how I could help him. But beyond keeping his times when he was training, and all that sort of thing, I couldn't hit upon any good plan. And at last the day of the sports came round."

"Why didn't you——" began Dollie, but we soon shut her up, and Teddy went on:—

"They started off the junior events with the quarter. Frank is a good man at that race, and he pulled it off all right. Then came the high jump. Moss got that. The hurdles and the shying went to the fellows we expected. Neither Frank nor Moss were in for those.

"That only left three events—the long jump, the hundred, and the mile. Let's have another chestnut."

I gave him my best, not a bit burnt, and as he peeled it he went on with the story.

"I began to get nervous," he said, "when the long jump came on. If Moss won it by any chance he was bound to get the quarter too, and that meant the cup. But Frank was in grand form, and in his last jump did sixteen-five."

"What does that mean?" asked Dollie.

"Sixteen feet and five inches," replied Teddy. "A ripping good jump. Moss couldn't get near it. He stopped at fifteen-three. I was

delighted, and began to think Frank might pull off the hundred. I wish he had."

"Why?" said Dollie.

"Because I shouldn't have had to do the mean thing I did. I'll tell you what it was later on. Anyhow, Moss won the hundred in splendid style, and that left them two all, with the mile to decide which way the cup should go.

"I never saw our fellows so excited about anything before. All the big chaps were just as keen, and kept going up to Frank and giving him tips about spurting, and keeping his wind, and all sorts of things.

"I felt rather sorry for Moss. I saw him standing all alone near the tent, waiting for the bell to go, and all of a sudden I made up my mind to speak to him. So I did.

"Two minutes afterwards the bell went, and they all had to go to the starting point. Frank came up to me and asked me what I had been saying to Moss, but I didn't tell him, and then the race started.

"Frank led off at a pretty good pace—almost too hot to last, and a lot of chaps shouted to him to save his wind a bit. He pulled up then, and a fellow called Rutley took the lead, but we knew he couldn't stay. Frank and Moss were running side by side, and all the fellows were cheering on Frank. Moss seemed to be running very well, and he had a curious sort of smile on his face that I didn't understand.

"They had to do four laps for the mile. Rutley led until the middle of the second lap, and from that time Frank and Moss had the race to themselves. First one drew ahead, and then the other, but we knew that, unless Frank got a good start, Moss would beat him in the straight, because he had such a wonderful sprint.

"At the end of the second lap Frank was leading by about ten yards. In the third lap he increased this to twenty-five or thirty, and the

"FRANK AND MOSS WERE RUNNING SIDE BY SIDE."

roar our fellows made could have been heard for miles."

"Steady on," said Dollie.

Of course I suppressed her at once. You have to be very firm and decided with girls; they've got such a frightful lot of cheek. When I had removed the tablecloth from her head, and she had cooled down a little, Teddy continued:—

"Could have been heard for miles. But Moss soon made it up, and when they started the fourth lap they were exactly level. And, somehow, the fellows forgot to shout, so that there was a dead silence all over the ground.

"I don't know what was the matter with me, but I felt funny little cold shivers all down my back, and I believe I walked bang into one of the masters without seeing him. It was awful.

"And so they ran on, and we could hear their spikes going *zip, zip*, over the turf. All the ladies were standing up in their carriages, or on chairs, or forms, or anything they could get hold of. There was never anything like it before.

"Now they were half-way round the last lap—three-quarters—almost in the straight; and still they ran neck and neck. And then they turned the last corner, and everything depended on one glorious burst for home.

"'It's Moss's race,' said Turner, one of the sixth-form chaps, as he rushed past me.

"'Yes,' I heard somebody else say, 'he's as fresh as a daisy, and bound to win on his sprint.'

"I felt awfully bad. All I could do was to jump up on top of something and watch the finish. But the most wonderful thing in the world happened. What do you think it was?"

"What?" we all gasped.

"Why," said Teddy, slowly, "*Moss never spurted!* He simply let Frank draw away, and quietly ran in second himself. And then there was a most tremendous hubbub. Most of the lower school were cheering Frank, but all the big fellows were asking each other why Moss had thrown the race away. Some of them called him up, and questioned him, but he wouldn't say a word.

"The next thing was that we all went into the big tent to see the prizes given. The seniors had their pots and things first, and afterwards came the Junior Cup. Some old Lord Somebody was giving the prizes away. Just as he was going to make a speech about the mile race, Turner got up.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but before that cup is given, I think, and most of us think, that we ought to know why Moss threw the race away.'

"'Certainly,' said the old chap. 'It was most remarkable. Where is Boss?'

"'Come here, Moss,' said the Head. 'Have you any reason to give for not trying to win the race? Don't be afraid to speak out, my boy.'

"I STOOD UP AND YELLED OUT QUITE LOUD."

"Moss walked up to the table slowly.

"'Now,' said the Head, 'could you have won the race?'

"'No, sir,' said Moss, quite distinctly.

"Well, that was too much. I forgot all about the crowds of people. I only remembered that I'd done a low thing, and I wanted to confess it. I stood up and yelled out quite loud, '*It was my fault, sir. I asked him to.*'

"And then I wished I had never been born. I have often heard of people wishing that, and just then I understood. Everybody in that tent was looking at me, and they all seemed to be saying with their eyes, 'You little cad!'

"Then I heard the Head speaking, but it sounded a long way off.

"'Tell us about it,' he said.

"So I told them. I said that Frank was my chum, and his sister was awfully ill, and she had set her heart on Frank winning the cup, and what the doctor said. 'And so,' I finished up, 'I asked Moss to lose the race, and he did.'

"I quite expected that everybody would begin to hoot and groan at me. But that didn't happen. The old lord chap yelled out, 'Bravo! Three cheers for Boss,' and a tremendous shout went up. Everyone crowded round Moss and shook him by the hand, and I believe some of the fellows who had been especially beastly to him blubbed a bit.

"Well, then they talked, and at last the Head said they had decided to let Frank keep the cup, and to give another one to Moss. Of course they all cheered again, and I began to slink out in the confusion.

"But just as I had got to the entrance, somebody barred the way. It was Turner. He lifted me right up and said, 'And now three more cheers for Teddy.'

"I *did* feel a fool. But they cheered again like anything, and the old prize-chap patted me on the back, and made an ass of himself generally.'

"Is that the end?" said Dollie.

"That's the end," replied Teddy.

"And is that the meanest thing you ever did?"

"Well," said Teddy, indignantly, "I should hope so. I'm not always mean, you know."

"I think it was splendid of you," said Dollie. "It wasn't a bit mean."

Which, of course, was quite right. I think, perhaps, with careful training, girls might have some sense *at times*.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Just a word of introduction to this feature of our columns. We propose, in this monthly review of the school magazines submitted to us, to serve two ends—(1) to bring the members of widely separated schools into closer touch with each other, and (2) help, to the best of our ability, the editors of these little journals, enabling them, by a few kindly hints, to avoid those dangerous pitfalls into which the inexperienced are ever in danger of falling.

We know, only too well, the difficulties of getting out a school magazine. We know how it feels to be three days off the time for going to press, and still those long-promised contributions have not come in. We can remember the bitterness of soul aroused by the blue pencil of some censorial master remorselessly striking out the pithiest and most striking paragraphs in our editorial. And he is a lucky editor who cannot recollect some cruel instance of heartless ingratitude when the magazine is at last in the hands of its most critical readers.

Now I want you to accept any criticism you find here in the right spirit. We do not intend to be smart and witty at your expense. We hope that we really shall be able to help you, and that you will consult us in all your editorial difficulties. For this month, perhaps, it will be sufficient if I give you one word of advice.

Give *facts*, not fiction. The charm of a school magazine lies in its school notes, no matter how trifling they may be. Remember this, and your readers will live to bless you. And now to our criticisms:—

The Blundellian.—The readers of this magazine may congratulate themselves that they have got a really capable and energetic editor. We can detect his ready pen in most parts of the November number, and we note with satisfaction that he pays considerable attention to the doings of old boys. That is excellent. It is a great thing for a school to keep in touch with its past members. There is also an interesting letter from an O.B. describing the battle of Omdurman, at which he was present.

The Britannia.—This publication is distinctly interesting as reflecting the life and habits on board a training-ship. A good deal of space, however, is taken up with irrelevant matter, such as a story entitled, "The Senior Snotty, the Dumpling, and Arabella," the genius of which seems to be wasted on a private publication. Apart from this, the contents are strictly in keeping with the motto —*Pro rege et patria.*

Calcutta University Magazine (price 3 annas) is chiefly composed of book advertisements. There are eleven pages of book advertisements and ten of magazine. Mr. Henty's story, "A March on London," has a three-column review. We learn that "The Duff College Football Club, which used to play twice every week in the Marcus Square, has been temporarily dissolved owing to the erection of a plague hospital in that place." Can't they get another pitch elsewhere? Buck up, you Duffers!

The Carthusian.—We cannot believe that the editor of this magazine finds any difficulty in filling his columns. We should have imagined that a record of the Charterhouse football alone would have sufficed to interest all his readers, and afford sufficient "copy" to fill a ponderous tome. And yet he devotes three whole columns to an extract from a guide-book to Waverly Abbey, which ruin, on his own admission, was visited by merely a "small party." Ye shades of Jo Smith! He also treats his readers to an editorial that reads like a rejected essay on "Artistic Culture in its Relation to the Carthusian Iconoclast"; then proceeds to review books, and finally inserts some humorous verses entitled, "The Lay of the Shooting Star." The first atom runs like this:—

> I come, I go, I pass away,
> I leave a light behind me,
> But where I go no man may know,
> No telescope can find me.

I think I have said enough to show that there is a lot of space wasted in the *Carthusian* for December. The remainder of the magazine is good, being concerned with school doings of all kinds.

The Chelmsfordian.—Some of the illustrations are rather suggestive of a parish magazine, and it would seem to the outside reader that Alderman

E. A. Fitch has been treated very generously in the matter of space for his article on Thomas Plume, D.D., a famous Chelmsfordian. But there is plenty of school matter, and the general get-up is good. The number of exam. successes in 1898 appears to have been stupendous.

Cranleigh School Magazine.—Full of life and vigour. Perhaps the key-note of the whole number (December, 1898) is struck in the following chorus to the football song:

Oh, it's "Play up, school!"
And it's "Buck up, school!"
Play the game, and play together,
While we chase the merry leather,
In the brave October weather,
For the school—"Buck up, school!"

The Droghedean. Being the chronicle of Drogheda Grammar School. A remarkable affair, if only for its Children's Corner, an article on the "Cathedrals of Ireland," and its five pages of tradesmen's advertisements at the end. Fie, fie, ye gallant Droghedeans! Are ye fain to run your little school journal at a profit?

The Eagle—which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we may mention is a magazine edited by members of Bedford Modern School. Another advertising medium! Bootmakers, stationers, drapers, ironmongers, grocers, milliners and tailors, all rush in to contribute their shekels towards the production of a paper the private circulation of which should not be much under one thousand copies per issue. But the inside is good. No school matter is scamped, and the editing shows a careful hand.

The Eastbournian.—Quite one of the best. No irrelevant matter will be found in the December issue of this magazine, but the whole contents is kept close to the point, and is literally brimming over—as a school magazine should be—with cheerful optimism. Nothing could be more inspiriting than this swinging Rugger chorus:—

Then it's "College!" "Well played, college!" and "College don't say die!"
But use your wits, and go in straight, and don't you let 'em by.
They're fast, but you must pass 'em;
They're lumps, but you must grass 'em;
And if they don't fall easy you must have another try.

The Fire-Fly.—"Conducted by members of the High School, Newcastle-under-Lyme"—with the idea of saving all expense in printing by running in advertisements. Don't you see, dear *Fire-Fly*, that you are sacrificing the whole idea of your magazine—its privacy, unity, personality—by striving to make a few shillings out of hosiers and bookbinders? Don't do it, sir; please don't. We cannot say of this portion of your paper, *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

The Haileyburian—We congratulate the editor on the evident interest in the school which his journal evidently fosters among old Haileyburians. The Oxford and Cambridge letters are distinctly good. We have not read "Professor Diosy on the New Far East," or "Mr. Frederic Villiers on the Reconquest of the Soudan," although these two gentlemen monopolise one-half of the December issue with their articles. But the other half we like very much.

The Johnian—Of St. John's School, Leatherhead. A modest but tasteful production, not straining after outside articles that interest nobody but the writers, nor descending to sordid means of swelling the exchequer. We should, however, like to see some brightly-written school notes, whilst a summary of the football results would be distinctly useful.

The Ledberghian.—An enthusiastic account is given—we have observed this account in a large number of school magazines, by the way—of Mr. Frederic Villiers' lecture, entitled "Khartoum at Last." It is interesting to read that "Mr. Villiers . . . was dressed in his campaigning outfit, with decorations." Truly the life of a war correspondent is a glorious thing, and, apparently, remunerative. In comparison with this delicious extract the remainder of the contents is slightly monotonous.

The Leys Fortnightly.—Comes from Cambridge, and rejoices in an excellent motto—in fact, our own. We like the idea of the calendar of forthcoming events, particularly the triumphant notice for December 21st, viz., *Exeunt Omnes.* Here is an editor who is in sympathy with the fourth-form boy.

The Lyonian.—Since this publication represents the Harrow Lower School, it necessarily betrays the magisterial hand in its editorial, therefore we are not surprised to find it well and carefully written. We don't quite like the idea of the prospectus at the end, but, as Mr. Corney Grain used to say when he was sitting in a draught, perhaps it can't be helped.

The Malvernian.—Except in point of size perhaps, this journal is everything that it should be. The accounts of the matches are distinctly above the average; a great feature is made of the doings of old boys, no matter where they may be; the lighter articles all touch on school topics; every department receives its due notice, and the editing is beyond reproach. We congratulate Malvernians on their magazine and its editor.

Mason University College Magazine.—We approach this publication with awe, and leave it with depression. For we read that:—

Science passes to control
Of Nature and her hidden powers,
And reaps the fruit of strenuous hours,
So all shall prosper save the soul.

The Millhillian—An excellent number, full of school matters. There is a striking portrait of the Rev. Edward White, and an article, entitled "Christmas amongst the Lake Mountains." Rather chilly, we are told.

Mount Pleasant Reveille.—We welcome the *Reveille* as hailing from America, and congratulate the writers on avoiding the gaudy allurements of Yankee journalism. The accounts of the baseball matches are highly interesting. Here is a specimen:—"Sutcliffe was knocked out of the box in the first inning, and was replaced by Vander Veen, who struck out six men, and gave but one base on balls. Boyd, with two men out and two strikes, knocked a beautiful two-bagger over short-stop's head, bringing in the third and last run, and the spectators, what few there were, went wild with joy." That's the sort of stuff to make the blood leap and glow in your veins! No wonder the spectators tied themselves in knots.

The Olavian.—Remarkable for its lavish style of production, and the following announcement: "The Organ Fund has been started, and several subscriptions have already come in. We should like to see that pushed along by you, O boys, as the V. L. has it; and though we don't offer prizes, we

promise the boy with the biggest subscription list first go at the bellows." We like that. There is a true note about it.

The Pauline.—The thing that strikes one most forcibly about this magazine is the enormous list it publishes of honours and preferments that have lately fallen to the lot of past and present Paulines. Truly their name is legion! For the rest, there is too much irrelevant matter in the way of general articles, though "On Guard" is brightly written.

Pratt Institute Monthly.—This is another American school magazine which has found its way to our office. The price is 10 cents a copy, and eight numbers are issued per annum. The monthly before us is beautifully printed on excellent paper, and is very neatly and carefully edited.

Psychology.—An American journal which appears to be edited from Clark University, Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. It has three editors, and it costs 6s. 2d. a number. In an article on "Migratory Impulse," we learn that some tramps are simply tramps because they are born with a roaming instinct in them. Here's a bit of it:—

> I have known men on the road who were tramping purely and simply because they loved to tramp. They had no appetite for liquor or tobacco, so far as I could find, also were quite out of touch with criminals and their habits; but somehow or other they could not conquer that passion for roving. In a way this type of vagabond is the most pitiful that I have ever known; and yet is the truest type of the genuine voluntary vagrant.

From the same editorial sanctum is edited a merry little magazine (whose receipt we also beg to acknowledge with many thanks), entitled "The Pedagogical Seminary"—say it six times with a plum in your mouth. These Worcester College gentlemen seem to be a deal more serious minded than the members of that college at Oxford which the irreverent call "Wuggins."

The Rossalian.—We like the *Rossalian*. It is quiet, gentlemanly, self-contained, thoroughly attentive to school matter, and makes a great point of the "Poets' Corner." May we extract one gem? It seems that the school dog has died, and thus the bard laments its decease:—

Lugete o juvenes et vos lugete magistri!
A nobis abiit, non revocanda, canis.
Non pede praepes eras, sed cura comesque fidelis,
Sit tibi terra levis, Brendula nostra, precor.

The Salopian.—The editorial stands out as a really clever bit of writing. Many of us know how hard it is to be original in a school editorial, and, in pointing out this fact, the editor of the *Salopian* proves himself to be a neat and promising scribe. The publication is a bulky one, and most of it is to the point. What a number of letters you appear to receive, sir!

St. Winifred's Magazine.—Welcome, little stranger! You give every promise of attaining to most excellent proportions, for you are not too light nor too heavy, you neither sulk nor scream; but live and move a happy, chuckling infant, giving joy to all those around you. May the ambitious hopes of your doting parents be in every way fulfilled!

So far from apologising, after the manner of new papers and magazines, for adding our weight to the bookstalls, we hasten to beg pardon for not having done so sooner. True, there are several boys' papers, but there does not exist a sixpenny magazine for boys—that is to say, a sixpenny magazine which comes out once a month, and only once a month. Having expressed our sorrow that this has hitherto been the case, we can only add that we hope to make up for lost time by giving you such a good periodical that every number will make you hungry for the next.

We have spoken.

The "Captain" on our cover is sure to come in for a lot of criticism. Already a great many people have asked us questions about him. "What costume is he supposed to be dressed in?" "Why is the crowd behind cheering him?" "Why has he got red stockings on?" "Why aren't his knees bare?"

MR. HASSALL.—BY HIMSELF.

To all these questions we have replied by merely shrugging our shoulders and telling our questioners that we don't know anything more about the figure on the cover than they do. Mr. Hassall, the artist who drew the cover, probably made the stockings red to match the title, and endeavoured to make the "get-up" representative of several games. All we know for certain is that in the cricket season the "Captain" on the cover will be clothed in a bright new blazer and white trousers. The same boys will probably go on cheering him all through the year. It's a matter of very little importance after all, when you come to think of it.

Our page of "School Captains" is a most interesting one, and particularly from the point of view of character as expressed by the features. Nearly every one of these Captains has, you will observe, a strong mouth and jaw. To attain such a position a fellow must possess brains and determination, and he must also be a real power for good. You never found a "bad egg" cock of a school yet—of any respectable school, anyhow. This series promises to develop into a fine portrait gallery, and when those who appear in it have left school, we hope they will keep their back volumes of THE CAPTAIN in an honourable position on their bookshelves. By the way, we wrote to a large number of schools, but only those portraits included in the First Series turned up. Will Captains kindly send their portraits along at once? When a Captain "goes down," we trust his successor will lose no time in posting us a picture of himself.

The Idea Merchant has just called up with an idea for a joke. He says that as the Old Fag has to control the doings of all the other fags who work for this magazine, he must rebuke them occasionally, and metaphorically hit their heads—by post, of course. He says that this is undoubtedly the origin of the word *'Ed-itor!*

We shall have to get in a six-chambered revolver for the Idea Merchant, or a bowie knife. Perhaps, after all, a starving bulldog would prove most effectual.

Some people say that it is possible to develop the muscles at the expense of the brain. So it is, but I can assure you that Sandow would make a very capable journalist if he chose to give his mind to it; and as to C. B. Fry—here's the finest athlete Oxford ever turned out showing the soundness of his brain-piece by writing for No. 1 of THE CAPTAIN as neat an article as you could wish to read. No padding—straightforward, nervous, clean English—thinks out

The Competitions will be found on page 78.

an idea, expresses his views on it, and gets on to his next point in a way that all contributors to school magazines should mark and digest.

School yells in this country are, as a rule, of a sane order, and do not run to Bedlamite extremities as do those of American colleges. The difference in the cheers of Yale and Harvard colleges lies in the length of time it takes to give them. Harvard's cheer is long and deep; Yale's quick and sharp. Both have the same cry, which is: "*Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!*" with the name of the college finishing up in a prodigious screech. There is nothing very Bedlamite about this, but take Lennox College, whose yell is: "*Clickety! Clackety! Sis! Boom! Bah! Lenox! Lenox! Rah, rah, rah!*" Then turn to Tabor College, whose cry consists of the following collection of monosyllabic madness: "*Boom-a-lack-a, boom-a-lack-a, I'ow-wow-wow, Ching-a-lack-a, ching-a-lack-a, chow-chow-chow, Boom-a-lack-a, Ching-a-lack-a, Who are we, Who's from Tabor, We, we, we! Ho ro, Ho roo, Dipla Diploo, Ri si ki i, Hot or Cold, Wet or dry, Get there Eli Tabor College Fly high!*"

Blackburn University encourages its players with the following poetic sounds:—"*Za nee! Za nee! Zig Zag Zoo Hommy Haney! Hommy Haney! Ling-a-linga-loo! B.U.!*"

The girls also have their peculiar cries, and we are pleased to say that the Wellesley College young ladies *sing* their cheer, which we give in full:—

At the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, they don't seem to encourage the reading of fiction. Here are three clauses from the "Privileges" extended to students of the Institute by the Free Library:—

(*a*) "Two books at a time allowed to each borrower, only one being fiction."

(*b*) "Three books at a time allowed to Normal Students of the Institute, none being fiction."

(*c*) "Six books at a time allowed for one month to teachers, none being fiction."

Correspondents must note that if they wish their questions to be attended to in these columns, they must possess their souls in patience. Anyone wanting a reply within a week or so should enclose a stamped-addressed envelope for a reply by post. Address to: The Old Fag, Captain Offices, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

Mr. C. B. Fry will answer any letters that arrive at these offices asking for information on athletic matters. Letters of this sort should be addressed to the Editor in the usual way, and not to Mr. Fry.

As regards MSS., we are, of course, always willing to consider stories, articles, poems, and such like, and if any boy has something of interest to say about his school or the district in which he lives, we shall be glad to read it. No MS. will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped-addressed envelope. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any contributions—pictorial or literary—which are sent to us. In knocking off matter for this magazine, please remember that our space is limited, and that we like to have as many features as possible every month. Our experience tells us that poems are apt to run to a great length—like the Idea Merchant. Any poems running to a great length will be promptly consigned to that yawning basket which is one of a vast tribe manufactured for the reception of waste-paper. We shall be glad to consider sketches, but these will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed with them.

But there, we will be as kind as we can. We will not nip a poet in the bud if we think the bud will bloom; we will not discourage if we can encourage. As to Rubbish—that appalling great basket above should surely be sufficient warning.

We know that boys have heaps of little troubles which would altogether cease to be troubles if they were shared with a confidential friend. And big troubles—which gnaw the heart, and cause an occasional sleepless night. A little boy will often confide in his mother, and sometimes a big boy will, but only sometimes. A big boy is apt to think it unmanly and womanish to tell his head master or his chaplain—let alone the folks at home—of what is weighing on his mind, and so he carries his heavy conscience about with him, and is miserable. Many boys will put on paper what they will not say aloud, and so, if the Old Fag can help, advise, or comfort you, do not forget that he is here in his chair waiting to give you the best counsel in his power.

Write to us as much as you like—write freely and frankly. Let us be friends. In after years, when you are "old boys," middle-aged boys, and quite ancient boys, you will remember the pleasant times we had together, although we were here and you there, hundreds of miles away! For, you know, one can waft good wishes over a continent, and shake hands in thought across the sea.

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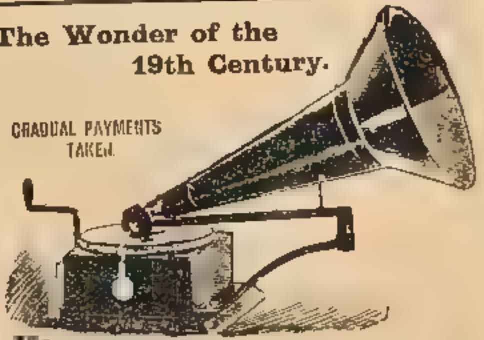

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